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UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS IN SOUTH AMERICA

by

WILLIAMSON BUCKMAN

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS

IN SOUTH AMERICA.

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UNDER THE

SOUTHERN CROSS

IN SOUTH AMERICA

BY

WILLIAMSON BUCKMAN, F. R. G. S.

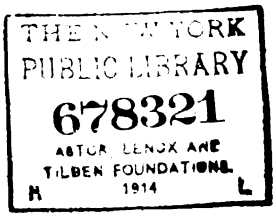
AUTHOR OF "LAND OF THE LLAMA" ETC.

(With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author)

NEW YORK

THE BOOK PUBLISHERS' PRESS

1914



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TO
THOSE WHO WILL BE, FOR MY SAKE,
ITS MOST INTERESTED READERS,

MY BELOVED PARENTS,

THIS SIMPLE RECORD
OF TROPICAL WANDERINGS
IS
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

Until comparatively recent times—only a few years back—South America was regarded by the great majority outside its confines as the least known and, therefore, least understood part of the world; and North Americans looked upon it as the part from which least might be expected as far as their own interests were concerned.

Journalists and newspaper men were accustomed to picture it as a mysterious land whose chief productions were deadly fevers and frequent insurrections. Indeed, in most cases, when the press mentioned it the purpose was only to chronicle some sanguinary revolution or outburst of border warfare.

Several reasons contributed to keep South America in the background and leave it an unappreciated and neglected continent. In the first place its situation was against its becoming more familiar to northern lands. It stretches to the Far South, entirely away from the usual lines of travel and the beaten paths of the ordinary tourist. Few Americans have inclination or time to make personal acquaintance with the peoples and countries below the northern rim of the earth, where the Southern Cross shimmers overhead and where Christmas comes in the heat of summer and July the Fourth occurs in the middle of winter.

In the next place our Monroe Doctrine kept foreign hands off this section of the Western Hemisphere; it prevented the European Powers from making it a battle-ground for the acquisition of new territory; hence, no diplomatic problems presented themselves for solution to bring the country to public attention,—it was kept isolated, as it were, from foreign entanglements, a good thing in one way, but harmful in another, as relegating it to its own obscurity.

In the third place the ephemeral revolutions did not jeopardize in general the lives or property of foreigners, and consequently, our State Department was not called upon to interfere in the settlement of domestic or foreign claims; it is only very lately that its aid has been invoked in this respect.

On account of these reasons the people of the Northern republic of the United States remained more or less ignorant of the geography, area, population, value, possibilities and general conditions of the great land to the south of them, and it was left to work out its own destiny in practically its own way.

An additional explanation of the lack of knowledge in regard to it may be found in the fact, that North American Protestant Societies have been unable to a great extent to establish missions. As a general rule publicity and commerce follow in the wake of such missions. Many believe there is an inviting field for the Protestant missionary down there but such belief is in the minds of only those who do not understand the real situation. The Roman Church has been established so long and has gained such a hold on the people, naturally inclined to old-time institutions and traditions, that it is next to impossible for Protestantism to get a foothold. Of course, there are defections from the Church of Rome, but Protestantism has gained little or nothing thereby. True, a few Protestant churches have been established but the membership thereof for the most part is foreign, not native. As I have said in the chapter on Lima, Evangelistic bodies waste time and money in trying to make converts.

Geographical knowledge in our time has made mighty progress and the kinship of the world is getting closer every day. Now, South America is gaining recognition, and the opening of the Panama Canal, no doubt, will bring it to a mature development among the leading nations. Latin America, as it is frequently called, will soon be a very important integer in the sum total of All America. It presents unusual promise and splendid possibilities which cannot fail to be realized. There is no part of the world where foreign capital and skill are offered so great an opportunity as in the southern countries of this continent. South America to-day, probably, presents larger opportunities for the legitimate expansion of our commerce than any other country or group of countries. All parts of it in the very near future will want our products in greatly increased quantities and we shall correspondingly need theirs.

It must be remembered that nine millions of square miles are occupied by South America, so it is easy to imagine the vast trade possibilities of this section of the Western Hemisphere. The United States has but three million square miles, therefore, Latin America has three times the area of our own country, instead of being, as some one has expressed it, "a mere handful of little

warring republics." When it is borne in mind that all the United States proper could be placed inside of Brazil, and then leave a space of about 200,000 square miles, the reader can form some idea of the vastness of the countries of the southern continent.

The awakening of South America dates back but a comparatively short time, as already intimated, yet its progress has been marvelous. Millions upon millions of dollars have been spent on municipal and sanitary improvements and in beautifying and making healthy the towns and cities. In some of the large centers, like Rio, for example, malarial and yellow fevers have been stamped out almost, and the death-rate lowered to a remarkable degree. Such cleanliness as is observed in the public streets of Rio and some other cities reminds one forcibly of the boulevards of Paris.

The South American of to-day is not by any means content to sit idly by and be satisfied with the incidental benefits which may come to him or his country, through the exploitation of its natural resources by foreign capital and energy. He intends to play the game himself, and in order to do so successfully he has been learning its rules and strategy; and in consequence South America is now on the verge of a forward movement which will before long astonish the world.

The relations of the United States with the South American republics were never more friendly than now, and North American prestige and trade in Central and South America demands that while friendly relations exist, a strong effort should be put forth to strengthen and cement those relations by every means in our power.

The late visit of ex-President Roosevelt, and also the visits of former Secretary Root, and present Secretary Bryan have awakened considerable interest in both countries, and it would be well if some other government officials were to make similar visits more often. They would inspire our people, our newspapers, our legislators and travelers to a new and more active appreciation of Latin-American republics. The above-mentioned visitors, through their speeches and personalities accomplished more in the few months they were there to bring about a new era of conditions and good-will between this country and our southern neighbors than all the diplomatic correspondence and visits of promoters and exploiters in a whole century.

In travelling in South America, the tourist who can speak three or four different languages, will find himself more appreciated than

the man who can only speak one beside his own. The power of a knowledge of languages is mighty. Kinship in this respect brings men closer together, and makes them sympathetic. This counts for much in Latin countries. Spanish is the common tongue of all South America, except Brazil, which has a population of nearly twenty millions and where Portuguese is the chief language, Spanish being seldom heard among its people. A good knowledge of French will carry a visitor through all parts of South America, including Brazil, but if he can speak some other languages as well his welcome will be the more assured.

In the following account of my travels in South America under the Southern Cross, I will take my readers to Jamaica, in the West Indies, through the Caribbean Sea, past the haunts of the buccaneers to Panama. Then we will make our way along the western coast of South America to Lima, the famous capital of Peru. Having satisfied our curiosity in the lowlands of Peru we ascend from sea-level to the roof of that wonderful country over the highest railroad in the world. Returning to Lima we resume our journey from there to Arequipa in Southern Peru, and so on to Cuzco, the Incan capital. A branch line from here takes us up to Lake Titicaca, the highest navigable water in the world. From these great heights we descend to Bolivia and view wonderful La Paz, the most picturesque Indian city on earth. Sailing along the Chilean coast we reach Valparaiso, the New York of the Pacific, and from thence proceed to Santiago, the capital of Chile. From here we take a long and memorable ride by rail over the Andes and thence to Buenos Aires, the largest and most cosmopolitan city of South America. Montevideo, with its beautiful coast scenery, is our next destination. Lastly we visit Rio and other Brazilian centers of interest, thus finishing a long, and let me hope, instructive trip over the principal highways and through the chief cities and towns of the great southern continent. We say *adios* to all, then turn our faces to the North and Home.

WILLIAMSON BUCKMAN.

Trenton, N. J.,
October, 1914.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Chapter I.

JAMAICA, "FLOWER OF THE ANTILLES" 1

Chapter II.

WHERE BUCCANEERS HELD SWAY 38

Chapter III.

DIGGING THE BIG DITCH 50

Chapter IV.

PANAMA TO LIMA 64

Chapter V.

LIMA, THE CAPITAL OF PERU 102

Chapter VI.

THE HIGHEST RAILROAD IN THE WORLD 128

Chapter VII.

IN SOUTHERN PERU 152

Chapter VIII.

ON TO THE INCAN CAPITAL 175

Chapter IX.

SAILING ABOVE THE CLOUDS 229

Chapter X.

IN WONDERFUL LA PAZ 242

Chapter XI.

FROM MOLLENDO TO VALPARAISO 288

Chapter XII.

IN BUSY VALPARAISO 306

Chapter XIII.

THE CAPITAL OF CHILE 327

Chapter XIV.

CROSSING THE ANDES 350

Chapter XV.

THE CAPITAL OF THE ARGENTINE 368

Chapter XVI.

MONTEVIDEO AND ALONG THE COAST 397

Chapter XVII.

IN RIO DE JANEIRO 414

Chapter XVIII.

AROUND AND ABOUT RIO 457

INDEX 471

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Author	*Frontispiece*	Page
"Remember the Maine"		3
Morro Castle, Havana		3
Maine Street, Havana		5
The Arcades, Havana		5
Cathedral, Havana		9
Marti Park, Havana		9
On San Juan Hill, Cuba		11
Harbor Scene, Port Antonio, Jamaica		15
Early Morning, Port Antonio		15
"Little Rosie," Port Antonio		19
The Author, Port Antonio		19
Blue Hole, near Port Antonio		23
Main Street, Kingston, Before Earthquake		23
Terrible Havoc of Earthquake		27
Among the Ruins, Kingston		27
Main Street, a Year After Earthquake		29
En Route to Market, Kingston		29
Constant Springs, near Kingston		33
Old Church, Spanish Town, Jamaica		33
A Typical Scene, Jamaica		35
Author under the Palms, Jamaica		35
Street Scene, Cristobal, Colon		41
Suburb of Colon		41
Columbus Statue and De Lesseps Cottage, Colon		47
Home of Negro Laborers, Canal Zone		47
Culebra Cut, Panama (1908)		53
Drilling on Culebra Cut (1908)		53
Gang of Drillers on the Isthmus		59
Chinese Vender on the Isthmus		59
Life on Shipboard, West Coast		65
Preparing to Load Steer on the *Huasco*		69
A Few Minutes Later		69
Guayaquil, Ecuador		73
Waterfront, Guayaquil		77
Cathedral, Guayaquil		81

Treeless Payta, Peru 85
Another Treeless Town, West Coast 85
Bamboo Houses and Sand Street, Payta 87
A Street Scene, Payta 87
Dried Fish Market, Payta 91
Custom House, Payta 91
On the Plaza, Payta, "the Only Bit of Green" 95
Cathedral and Plaza, Payta 95
Water-Carrier, Payta 97
"Little Perla" from Payta 97
Harbor Scene, Callao 99
Suburb of Callao 99
Cathedral, Lima 105
Façade of Cathedral, Lima 105
Cathedral and Plaza, Lima 109
Distant View of Cathedral and Plaza, Lima 109
Street Scene, Lima 113
Rimac River at Lima 113
Milk Peddler, Lima 117
Bull Ring, Lima 117
Bolivar Statue, Lima, Author and Friends 125
Quebrada Chaupichoca-Oroya, Peru 131
Scene from Oroya R. R., Rimac River 135
Andean Plateau, *en route* to Cuzco 139
Foothills of the Andes from Mollendo 139
Indians at Home, Cuzco 143
Indian Types, Andean Highlands 143
Indian in Poncho Carrying Rug 149
Bit of Mollendo Harbor 155
Cathedral, Mollendo 155
A Quiet Chat, Arequipa 157
Indians at a Station, Spinning 157
"Chicha" Sellers 161
Mt. El Misti (19,200 ft.) from Arequipa 161
Sand Crescents, Desert of Islay 163
Bleak Foothills of Andes 163
Business Street, Arequipa, Showing Cathedral 167
Street and Church Façade, Arequipa 167
Llamas, Cuzco 169
Indians in Ponchos, Arequipa 169
Cathedral and Plaza, Arequipa 173
A Beautiful Façade, Arequipa 173
Patio of Hotel Ratti, Juliaca, Showing Author's Room 177
Indians Dining, Nature's "Knives and Forks" 177
Native Porters, Cuzco 179
Small Indian Shop, Cuzco 179
Water-jar Carriers, Cuzco 181
Quaint Signs of Indian Shops 181
Quichua Woman With Baby 185

Incan Fountain and Water-Carriers 185
Incan Wall, Cuzco 187
"Seats of the Incas," Overlooking Sacsahuaman Fortress.. 187
Spanish Doorway, Cuzco 191
Terrace of Colcompata, Beheading Stone in Foreground... 191
Main Entrance, Sacsahuaman Fortress 193
General View of Sacsahuaman 193
Another View of Sacsahuaman 195
One of the Salients, Sacsahuaman 195
Massive Stone, Sacsahuaman, Author..... 199
Cyclopean Wall, Palace of Inca Rocca, Cuzco 199
Incan Wall, Showing Snake Ornament 201
"Little Rosita," at 12-Sided Stone, Cuzco 201
Incan Terrace Wall Above Cuzco 203
Author, Plaza del Cabildo, Cuzco 207
Plaza and Market from Cathedral Steps, Cuzco 207
Cathedral and La Compania Church, Cuzco 209
Jesuit Church and University, Cuzco 209
Santa Domingo Church, Site of Sun Temple, Cuzco 211
Cloisters of Santo Domingo Church 211
Corner Cross Near Santo Domingo Church 213
Market Scene Before Cathedral, Cuzco 213
La Merced Church, Church Cuzco 217
Court of La Merced Monastery 217
Arcade and Balconies, Main Square, Cuzco 219
Picturesque Spanish Gate, Cuzco 219
A Picturesque Patio, Cuzco 221
In Front of Hotel del Commercio 221
Strange Companions, Cuzco 225
Again in Company, Cuzco 225
Llamas, Main Square, Cuzco 227
Getting Ready for Market, Cuzco 227
Steamer *Coya*, Lake Titicaca 231
Sunset, Lake Titicaca 235
Descendant of a People Who Ruled This Land 239
Bird's-eye View of La Paz 243
An Indian Group, La Paz 243
Aymara Indians, La Paz 247
Chola Woman and Baby, La Paz 247
Chola Girls Going to Market, La Paz 249
Market Scene Before Cathedral, La Paz 249
Sunday Market Scene, La Paz 251
Indian Costumes, Market, La Paz..... 251
Chola Girl Leaving Cathedral, La Paz 255
Old Spanish Residence, La Paz 255
Gateway, Niche Cemetery, La Paz 257
In Niche Cemetery, La Paz 257
At the Fountain, La Paz 259
Jug-Filling at Fountain, La Paz..... 259

Selling "Chuno" or Frozen Potatoes, La Paz 263
An Outskirt of La Paz 263
Village of Obrajes, Near La Paz 265
Roadside Scene, Obrajes 265
Group of Llamas, Obrajes 269
Indians at Home, Tiahuanaco 269
Author at Entrance to Underground Passage, Tiahuanaco.. 271
Stairway of Kalasasaya Palace, Tiahuanaco 271
Monolithic Doorway of Old Cemetery, Tiahuanaco 273
Monolithic Gateway, Tiahuanaco 273
Cathedral at Tiahuanaco..... 275
A Reminder of the Past 277
Author at Incan Idol, Tiahuanaco 281
Monolithic Idol, Ruins of Tiahuanaco 281
Indian Girl Spinning, Ruins of Tiahuanaco 283
Poncho Weaving, Tiahuanaco 283
View of Guaqui 285
Tin and Silver Ore, Guaqui 285
Mollendo, Peru, Roughest Harbor on West Coast 289
Thinking of Other Days 289
Guano-Covered Rocks off Coast of Chile 295
Tocopilla, Chile 299
La Serena, Chile 303
Harbor View, Valparaiso 309
Valparaiso and Harbor 309
Old Houses, Valparaiso 315
A Ravine, Valparaiso 315
Niche Cemetery, Valparaiso 321
Training Ship, Naval College, Valparaiso 321
Naval Monument, Valparaiso 325
Bird's-eye View of Santiago from Santa Lucia..... 329
Avenida Delicias, Santiago 329
Another View from Santa Lucia 333
Santa Lucia Park 333
The Alameda, Santiago 339
Ladies in Mantas, Santiago 339
Cathedral from Plaza des Armes, Santiago 343
Congressional Building, Santiago 343
Female Conductors, Santiago 347
Before the Railroad 355
Volcano of Cotopaxi in Eruption 357
"Christ the Redeemer" 363
Bird's-eye View of Buenos Aires from *La Prensa*..... 371
Looking from *La Prensa* Dome 371
Avenida de Mayo, Buenos Aires 375
Calle Florida, Buenos Aires 375
Plaza Victoria, Buenos Aires 379
Capital and Congressional Building, Buenos Aires 379
Picturesque Fountain, Buenos Aires 383

Tomb of Belgrano, Buenos Aires 383
"We Must Walk, Others Can Ride" 387
In the Zoölogical Gardens, Buenos Aires..... 387
Lazama Park, Buenos Aires 391
A Delightful Walk, Lazama Park 391
Palermo Park, Buenos Aires 395
El Tigre River, Buenos Aires..... 395
Plaza de la Constitucion, Montevideo 399
Harbor Front, Santos, Brazil 407
Santos, Brazil 407
Unloading Coffee, Santos 411
The Cathedral, Santos 411
Bird's-eye View of Rio de Janeiro 415
Rio from Gloria Hill 415
Beira Mar Showing Sugar Loaf, Rio 417
Street Scene, Rio 417
An Old Dwelling on Castle Hill, Rio 421
Over Red Roofs and Thro' Tall Palms 421
Santa Anna Church, Rio 423
Hotel International, Santa Thereza, Rio 423
Royal Palms, "Corinthian Architecture," Rio..... 427
Royal Palms, Botanic Garden, Rio 427
Dom Pedro Monument, Rio 429
A Bread-Fruit Tree, Rio 433
Street-Hucksters, Rio 433
"From House to House He Goes," Rio 435
A Chicken Peddler, Rio 439
"Chickens for Sale"—Another Style 439
"Dulces" Peddler, Rio 441
"Sweet Drinks," Rio 441
"Not All Is Carried on Foot," Rio 445
Quaint Street Vender, Rio 445
Front of a Drink Shop, Rio 447
The Monroe Palace, Avenida Central, Rio 447
Good Type of Negress, Rio 451
Broom and Basket Peddler, Rio 451
"Scissors to Grind," Rio 453
Fish Vender, Rio 453
View from Curvello, Rio, showing Sugar Loaf 459
En Route to Corcovado, Rio 459
Gate of Carioca Aqueduct, Rio 465
At Top of Corcovado, Rio 465

UNDER THE
SOUTHERN CROSS
IN SOUTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER I

JAMAICA

"FLOWER OF THE ANTILLES"

Annually, during the summer months, and even at other seasons, thousands of Americans rush off from their own shores to feast their eyes on the boasted beauties of faraway lands, which have been chronicled in song and story for centuries and depicted on canvas by the master spirits of successive ages. From childhood they have heard and read of these places, they have longed to see them for themselves, so when opportunity comes to gratify the longing they eagerly embrace it and start off with high hopes and keen anticipations of the delights which, they believe, await their coming.

They wander in the nooks and byways of old Europe, from the banks of the Thames to the banks of the Volga, from the capes of Italy to the bluffs of Lapland; they ramble through romantic Spain, vivacious France, classic Germany, and rugged Switzerland. With bounding hearts they sail down the placid waters of the blue Rhine, frowning fels and castled crags towering on either side; they gaze with wonder and awe on the majestic Alps, on Mont Blanc, "the monarch of mountains," lifting his snow-capped head amid the rack of clouds; they skim the sunkissed waves of the murmuring Mediterranean, and glide into the Bay of Naples, above which Vesuvius, like a fiery sentinel, rears his lava crest against the cloudless cerulean

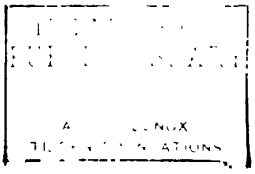
sky. Imperial Rome, with her crumbling ruins, the Forum and the Colisseum, has many a charm for them; ancient Greece, with hoary Athens, and the Acropolis, still standing to testify to the splendors of a long-dead past, engage their attention, till, turning eastward to the land of the Turk and the home of the Cossack, they bid adieu to Europe and pass over into Asia. There Palestine hallowed by the footsteps of prophets and apostles and sanctified by the Redeemer of men, appeals to the fundamental instincts of their nature. Nazareth, Bethlehem, Gethsemane, Mount of Olives, and above all, Jerusalem—theatre of the world's greatest tragedy, and arena of the world's greatest triumph—are taken in their order. Still continuing East—Arabia, Persia, and the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris, are reached. Occult India, with its temples, pagodas, and sacred streams; "Ceylon's lovely isle, where every prospect pleases and only man is vile"; the Orient—Cathay—"jealous China, strange Japan," with their sun-temples and flowers and mysticism,—all have their attractions for the untiring tourist. The dreamy Philippines and Australia, lying directly under the shimmering stars of the Southern Cross are not neglected. Then back by the smiling islands of the "Paradise of the Pacific"—back to great America, the "land of the free and the home of the brave," and the American tourist feels he has seen all that the Old World has to show him. Thus is the circle of the earth completed by many American globe-trotters.

Is the game worth the candle? Does the sight-seeing repay for the fatigues and inconveniences of travel, not to speak of the time spent and expense incurred in "doing" foreign lands? What is to be seen abroad that is so widely different from what we can look upon at home?

After all, the world is but a small place, and one country is much the same as another; the difference is only a matter of climate and season. Earth, sky and water are non-variants. The grass is just as green in America and the ethereal dome as blue as elsewhere. Our mountains and plains, lakes and rivers and natural landscapes can very favorably compare with those of any other continent. Our cities and towns may not be quite as old, nor yet as solid in regard to masonry; but in architectural splendor they can easily vie with and even surpass the boasted piles of other lands. Of course, we have not the historic associations of older civilizations, but apart from this consideration, our own country can rival any other. We have enough at our own doors to engross attention and arouse en-

"REMEMBER THE MAINE"

MORRO CASTLE, HAVANA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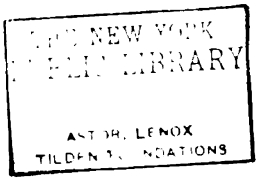
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thusiasm,—why turn our backs to it and seek far-off shores?

A mountain, when limned against the perspective of the far horizon appears blue and of magnificent proportions, with its contour standing out in bold relief against the skyline, but on near approach it loses much of its impressiveness, and finally, when we reach it, we find it dull and uninteresting, nothing more than stones and boulders and stunted vegetation.

It is the same with many foreign resorts. We conceive them as places of beauty and interest, but when we visit them they fall far short of our expectations.

Within our own confines and around our coasts are sights and attractions quite as worthy of visiting as any the Eastern Hemisphere can offer from a scenic standpoint.

Of all the regions adjacent to the United States, probably none are more attractive or present such varied scenes of both natural and artificial beauty as the lands lying in and around the green waters of the Caribbean Sea.

From the islands of the West Indies, with their teeming heterogeneous population of Spaniards, English, Negroes and Indians, to the lowlands of Central America, where, in the primeval solitudes of the dense wilderness the voices of humankind are all but unknown, we find truly a variety to please the tastes of all.

These lands in their emerald settings present for consideration a great many natural contrasts in snow-capped mountains, temperate uplands, broad savannas, grassy plains and plateaus, open valleys, dense jungles, and mighty rivers rushing their muddy waters onward to the sea. As for natural products, they yield everything known to the American tropics.

There is a strong commerce, even under present conditions. With the opening of the Isthmian Canal there can be no doubt that trade will get such an impetus as will give these islands and Caribbean countries a very prominent place in the traffic and barter of the nations. There will also be an influx of immigration. Many will turn to the South, looking for business in the cities; and many, too, will penetrate into the wilderness with a view to development or for the purpose of seeking the products they supply.

Of the West Indies, Cuba has been the most prominent in the public eye. Trampled for centuries under the iron heel of Spain, at length, thanks to the United States, the island is arising gradually from an inglorious past and will be eventually able to work out its own salvation.

Cuba has been poetically styled "the Pearl of the Antilles," the group which also includes Haiti, Porto Rico, and Jamaica. If, on account of delicate tracery of landscape and general color scheme, such a name can be fittingly applied to this, the largest island of the group, Jamaica is no less worthy to be styled "the Flower of the Antilles," for, as regards arborage, foliage, vegetation and horticultural loveliness, this little bit of the British Dominions, lying at Uncle Sam's side-door, only ninety miles south of Cuba, by far eclipses all the other lands of the Caribbean. Its flora is rich, rare, and varied, including the wilder growths of the Temperate Zone with all the gorgeous luxuriance of the Tropics, and its vegetable and mineral resources are abundant.

Jamaica has the oldest history of any of the larger islands. It was discovered by Columbus on his second western voyage in May, 1494. It was taken possession of and settled by the Spaniards in 1509. Under their despotic sway the natives dwindled fast away until, by the middle of the seventeenth century, with the exception of the Maroons (runaway slaves), they were totally extinct. Some of these half-breed descendants of the old natives still survive.

In May, 1655, a British expedition under Admirals Penn and Venables captured the island, and Great Britain was confirmed in possession by the Treaty of Madrid in 1670. The British, on becoming masters, quickly realized the possibilities of the sugar plantations, and, to cultivate the latter, great numbers of Negroes were imported from the African slave-stations. In six years, between 1780 and 1786, more than 600,000 blacks were bought and brought over by Englishmen for a life of slavery in this island. These slaves were treated with merciless severity, much worse than those under the Southern planters on the American mainland. Often they were goaded to desperation by their cruel taskmasters and on several occasions during the eighteenth century, they rose in open rebellion against the white tyranny, but superior physical force and the munitions of their taskmasters quickly subdued them.

At length the eyes of civilization began to look with angry glances on Negro slavery in Jamaica. Several of the home statesmen became ashamed, spoke bitterly against it, and arraigned their own country in the pillory of public scorn. Wilberforce denounced the slavery in withering scorn; Gladstone, then a young man, spoke out against it in no uncertain tones; Daniel O'Connell thundered his Irish invectives against the "damnable system." American statesmen, too, said, "British West Indian slavery must stop."

CATHEDRAL, HAVANA

MARTI PARK, HAVANA, FORMERLY CENTRAL PARK

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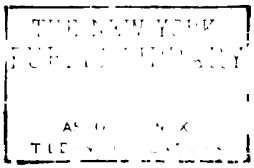
ON SAN JUAN HILL, CUBA



The Negro insurrection of 1831 hastened the approach of emancipation. In 1833 the Emancipation Act was passed, providing for the total extinction of slavery in the island after August 1, 1838. The Act awarded some thirty million dollars as compensation to the slaveholders.

Still, after this time there were much bickering and conflicts between the blacks and whites, and in 1865 another formidable insurrection took place. As a result the old Parliamentary Government was abolished in 1866 and the island reduced to the grade of a Crown Colony. Representative government was re-established in 1884. The ruler is a governor appointed by the Crown, who is assisted by an elected council.

The population of the island is about 800,000, of whom more than one-half are black. There are over 120,000 half-breeds, 120,000 Indians, some 50,000 coolies, and the remainder, consisting of a little more than 20,000, are whites, chiefly English. The principal exports are sugar, tobacco, rum, coffee, bananas and dyewoods.

There are some very fine agricultural districts. A great part of the soil is formed by sedimentary deposits derived from the red and white limestone formations from the primitive granite that forms the main structure of the island. Some 200,000 acres are under tillage and 400,000 acres in pasture. About one-seventh of the tillage is devoted to sugar and coffee plantations. The growing of sugar-cane being no longer profitable, the banana has now taken its place. The whole area of the island is about 4,200 square miles; its length 144 miles, and its greatest width 50 miles. The coast is indented with small harbors and inlets.

The climate is humid and warm at the sea, but in the interior or high regions it is mild and dry, and is said to be well adapted for those suffering from pulmonary affections.

Education is very well looked after in Jamaica. There are more than 800 elementary schools, while a university, college, and high school at Hope, near Kingston, provide for the higher branches of learning.

This really interesting little island is within a short sail from our shores and will well repay a visit in the experiences gained.

With modern conveniences in our advanced stage of navigation, going South is now a very easy and pleasant journey. Swift and comfortable steamers leave New York at regular intervals. The traveler on his way can watch at his ease the colors of the ocean

change day by day until from the dark blue of the North they merge into the deep sea-green of the sunny South.

During our four days' voyage to this land of flowers and sunshine, of wooded mountains and tropical glades, of handsome villas and picturesque towns, we traversed the Gulf Stream, touched the western fringe of the Sargasso Sea, sighted San Salvador, now Watling's Island—the first soil of the Western Continent trodden by the feet of Columbus, who landed there October 12, 1492—crossed the Tropic of Cancer into the heat and sun-glare of the Torrid Zone, steamed down through the Windward Passage, past Cape Maysi, the eastern extremity of Cuba, and came into the glittering waters of an unobstructed sea, on the horizon of which we caught glimpses of "fair Jamaica," basking like some living thing of beauty amid the emerald waves. Soon its Blue Mountains appeared in profile against the cloudless sky, and in a few hours the harbor of Port Antonio unfolded itself before our gaze like some grand panorama which compels the admiration of beholders. The scene was one of impressive grandeur, not to be duplicated outside these latitudes and probably in no other place elsewhere in the islands. A flood of glowing sunlight surrounded us, while overhead the deep blue vault was unobscured by the tiniest speck of cloud or shadow. The Negroes, on the wharf in their white clothes, accentuated by the ebony of their countenances, presented a moving color effect which diversified the charm of the surroundings. Beyond the wharf lay the palm-fringed streets leading up to the town.

Having got through the routine of the Customs, with a few congenial friends I repaired to the justly famous Hotel Titchfield, a hostelry conducted on the American plan and which can favorably compare in cuisine, comfort, polite attendance, and prices with those of much greater pretensions in America and Europe. From the verandas and balconies of the Titchfield the visitor may enjoy a view of some of the most beautiful scenes in the Tropics. I have visited many of the renowned haunts of both the Old and New World and looked upon nature with enraptured eyes when she donned her fairest garments and flashed her rarest jewels in the sunshine of Eastern lands, but never did I look upon her in more dazzling array of gorgeous loveliness than from the verandas of the Titchfield Hotel in Port Antonio. A wealth of tropical scenery lay before us, unrivalled in the rich coloring of tree and flower, perennially kept green by showers and sunshine. Here, in the presence of ocean and mountain—those two grandest physical

HARBOR SCENE, PORT ANTONIO

EARLY MORNING, PORT ANTONIO HARBOR

expressions of sublimity—the traveler beholds on every side the charm of this entrancing region. Sea and sky, mountain and valley, houses and plantations, forests and flowers, all combine to produce an effect truly indescribable in its appealing and diversified beauty. One is compelled to exclaim in rapture: "Surely this is a land beloved of the gods, one on which they have showered their choicest gifts and breathed their sweetest incense."

At our feet rolled the sea in its ever-changing aspects of light and color. In the morning its waters take on the splendor of the sky and reflect such a brilliancy in a myriad of iridescent tints as would be the despair of any artist, however great his mastery of colors. At eventide, when the western sun, before sinking behind St. Mary's blue hills, kisses a night farewell to the dancing wavelets and with his slanting rays gilds them with sheens of living light, it seems as if the onlooker were gazing on some golden avenue leading to the splendors of another world.

The sky, too, is a never-ending source of delight, especially when the pink and purple lights of dawn flood land and sea with soft effulgence. At sunset the clouds, mingling with and reflecting the flaming shafts, present such a maze and medley of variegated lights and colors and kaleidoscopic beauty as defy man to even attempt an imitation of the glorious reality. The night also is particularly impressive, either when the sapphire sky is studded with brilliants scintillating down to earth their diamond points of light, or when the moon rides high in the cloudless vault of heaven while the waves of old ocean croon their eternal lullaby to the palm-fringed shore.

Apart from the surrounding natural scenery, the quaint old town of Port Antonio is not without a luring power over the visitor. It has a population of about 2,000, but outside those engaged in the fruit exportation business and tourists there are not a score of white people in the town. The harbor is divided into two parts by a jutting promontory of coral rock, carpeted with green turf. On this peninsula stand the remains of a picturesque ancient fort, and behind it the old barracks. From the farther margin of each harbor the hills rise step by step, profusely covered with rich vegetation and plumed with many a tall cocoanut, among which the green blinds and the red roofs of the houses look out seaward. Behind these again mount ridge upon ridge of the Blue Mountain Range to a height of more than 7,500 feet, right up into the clouds that hang about the peaks. A little way outside the mouth of the

harbor white-crested waves break against the iron rock on which the red Folly Point lighthouse is perched. The fort, the remains of which are still seen, was built by the English in the rugged and perilous days when they first wrenched the island from Spanish control.

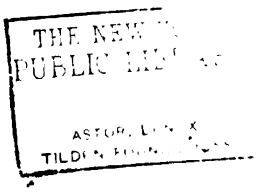
The most commanding artificial work in Port Antonio is the Titchfield Hotel, which is built on the hill of the same name, overlooking the harbor, and from which it is reached by a short, circling drive. Many travelers have said that the site of this hotel is the most beautiful on earth. The building itself is an imposing, modern structure. The piazza, stretching along three sides of the house, is over 800 feet in length, and from 16 to 26 feet in width. The hotel is lighted throughout by electricity, has its own cold storage, plunger elevator, and every contrivance exacted by modern patrons. The rooms are adapted to the tropical climate, being large and airy. The door of every sleeping-room is of lattice, so as to allow a free circulation of air. The hotel was named for the Marquis of Titchfield, whose father, the Duke of Portland, did a great deal for the island of Jamaica. It is leased by a Boston firm, Ainslie & Grabow. The good management and comfort of the Titchfield doubtless have much to do in attracting visitors.

The people of Port Antonio are more interesting than the buildings. They are of a varied assortment. Of course, the Negroes preponderate, as everywhere else in Jamaica. There is a goodly number of East Indian coolies. The first coolies were introduced into the island in 1840 to cultivate the fields. There are some crimson-colored Maroons, half-breed descendants of the early inhabitants who refused to be conquered by the English; originally Maroons were the issue of the native Indians and Africans. Other blood has since mingled in their veins. They still keep independent and aloof. They have nothing in common with the ordinary Negro, on whom they look down with supremest contempt. The almost ubiquitous Chinaman is also found in Port Antonio. White transients are always coming and going in large numbers.

There are many places in the vicinity of Port Antonio well worth visiting. The Golden Vale, once a great sugar estate, now one of the largest banana plantations in the island, is situated in a very rich district, watered by the Rio Grande, one of those swift, erratic streams which flow pleasantly within narrow limits one day, but the next are swollen to turgid torrents by the storms in the surrounding mountains. Hundreds of acres of the old cane-fields have

"LITTLE ROSIE," PORT ANTONIO

THE AUTHOR, PORT ANTONIO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been converted into banana plantations. Near the boundary of what was the old sugar estates are great stone buildings formerly used in the crushing of cane and the general manufacture of sugar and rum; also for storage and other purposes; now they serve as shops, depots, and schoolhouses for the children of those engaged on the plantations.

One day during our stay at Port Antonio we drove over to the Blue Hole, six miles from the town. It is a basin of water fringed around by a dense growth of cocoanut palms, bananas, and other tropical vegetation. When these are reflected in the pool the water seems to turn from a pale turquoise to a deep amethyst. With the sun shining full upon it from a cloudless noonday sky the water appears a brilliant sapphire blue, presenting a wonderful picture of vivid coloring, like a veritable sapphire in an emerald setting.

Fain would we have lingered longer around the seductive old town, but our itinerary compelled us to say good-by to its associations and charms. We were indeed loath to leave the Titchfield, with its dreamy surroundings, beautiful vistas and real comforts, but there were other places to see on the island, so we had to be on the move.

We crossed the island by automobile on our way to Kingston. It was one of the pleasantest journeys of my experience. For a time we glided along the coast between the sea and magnificent groves of cocoanut-trees and plantations of bananas, passing St. Margaret's Bay, Hope Bay, Buff Bay, and other coastal indentations, until Annotta Bay was reached. Here, after a few winding turns, our horseless carriage began to toil up rather steep grades, for we were now crossing between the foothills of the Blue Mountains. The up-grade wasn't of long duration. Soon we began to descend through wildly picturesque scenery, all that the eye could desire in that respect. We passed little villages and hamlets embowered in tropical shrubs and plants, many of them gorgeous in splendid blooms and multicolored flowers.

We made a stop at Castleton, the Government Botanical Garden, where we had luncheon on the grounds of an excellent hotel amid feathery bamboo trees and other tropical arborage and foliage. Castleton is situated in a deep valley, entirely surrounded by lofty mountains. Through this valley tumbles and foams the Wag Water River like the true mountain stream it is. Nature and the government have made a garden of this place, with all the advantages of loveliness and fertility that a rich valley and a beautiful stream com-

bined can furnish. Here are found not only the native flowers and plants, but hundreds of specimens imported from other lands. North, South, East and West, the Occident and the Orient, have been called upon to contribute to its beauties of natural selection. It contains some fifty thousand plants, such as kolanuts, cacao, olive, sugar-cane, rubber plants, nutmeg, clove, black pepper, mango, vanilla, cardamom, pineapple, cinnamon, tobacco-plants and tea-shrubs. I noticed a fine specimen of palmatum and a magnificent collection of East and West Indian orchids. Some of our party particularly admired the Victoria Regina, or Queen Victoria lily, which down there is commonly called the Amazon water-lily; others were interested in the upas-trees and the traveler's tree of Madagascar, from the latter of which the thirsty wanderer may obtain a cooling drink. Taste and skill have combined to arrange the beautiful plants and flowers in a way most pleasing to the eye. The place truly looks like a veritable Eden, a spot indeed in which nymph or naiad, or the gods themselves, might dwell.

A nineteen-mile "spin" over a fine macadamized road brought us from Castleton to Kingston. This road, to my idea, is the best on the island. At intervals trees arch and interlace overhead, like the roof of a Gothic cathedral. In places the Wag Water River can be seen, with alluvial meadows on either side, tobacco-fields, fields of sago, ginger, tamarind, cocoa and coffee, groves of cocoanut, miles of plantain and banana, hillsides covered with ferns, houses wattled and mortared with clay, surrounded by orchids with their great red flowers glowing like spots of flame from the cotton-wood branches. We were almost sorry when our arrival at Kingston brought an end for the time being to our pleasant trip from Castleton.

Kingston, with a population of 50,000, is the capital. It stands on a plain, backed by mountains, at the head of Port Royal Bay. Port Royal was the former capital, but its destruction by an earthquake in 1692 led to the foundation of the present city. Kingston also has had its share of earthquakes, and such a large share that the city of the present day is but little better than a wreck of its former greatness. Nevertheless, the streets are wide and regular, the houses of good structure, with broad verandas, for the most part surrounded by well-cultivated gardens of flowers and tropical plants.

There is a museum, an hospital, public library, botanic garden, street railway, electric power and light, warehouses, stores, hotels,

BLUE HOLE, NEAR PORT ANTONIO

MAIN STREET, KINGSTON, BEFORE EARTHQUAKE

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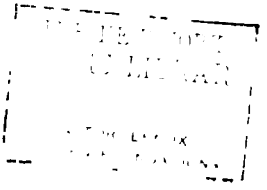

public marts, in a word, all the addenda of a modern commonwealth. The harbor is one of the finest in the world, protected from the sea by a long point of land, at the extremity of which are the forts and naval arsenal of Port Royal. Being the principal naval station of Great Britain in the West Indies, there is always a considerable military force stationed on the hills behind the city, where the climate is dry, cool, and pleasant.

I had visited Kingston some years before, but its architectural pretensions had suffered much in the interim. It is a city which time and again has felt the fury of the elements. In 1880 it was severely injured by a hurricane; two years later a great fire caused much destruction. The inhabitants bravely tried to repair the damages of both misfortunes, and had very well succeeded when in 1907 an earthquake left the place almost as great a wreck in proportion as was San Francisco after the terrible calamity of 1905. I remembered very well how beautiful, how even imposing Kingston had looked previous to the 1907 disaster; now, though the plucky town has tried to rally, many marks still remain to show the heavy blows that were dealt. The Hotel Myrtle Bank bears the same name, but it is not the same building. The old one went down to ruin in the earthquake. Many other fine buildings tottered and fell. Some have been rebuilt, but many houseless sites still remain with their ruins mutely testifying to the damage of the earthquake. As I look upon them a cold tremor runs down the back, I think of the poor Italians of Calabria and the sufferers of Sicily and other victims of these awful visitations. I faintly realize their feelings in time of calamity and learn to sympathize with those left homeless by the paroxysms of nature and the cataclysmic fury of the elements.

Despite the misfortunes that have befallen it, Kingston is still a town of energy and bustle—there is more of both than one encounters in any other of the West Indian towns. It holds an important place in the commerce of the world, and a vast amount of trade is carried on through its port. Its water-front teems with shipping; along its docks there are always to be found steamers and sailing vessels from all parts of the world. Vast quantities of the products of the island, such as sugar, coffee, rum, logwood, fruits, pimento and indigo, are shipped from its port, while the imports from Europe and America are large. Banks, life and fire insurance companies, building societies and discount associations flourish and do a large business.

The architecture of the town is a curious combination, part Spanish, part Old English. Some of the principal buildings are the Theatre Royal, the Hospital on North Street, the Colonial Bank on Duke Street and the Court House on Harbor Street. Some of the parish churches, the Cathedral, the Library and other buildings named above, which had interested me on my first visit, were no longer standing. They were in ruins from the earthquake. The Institute of Jamaica, which was on East Street, contained the Museum and Library. In the Library were the famous "Shark Papers" which led to the destruction of the brig *Nancy* in 1799. The *Nancy* was owned by naturalized Germans of the United States, and was commanded by Thomas Briggs. She left Baltimore in July, 1799, and cleared for Curaçao. In the latter part of August she was captured by the English cutter *Sparrow* and taken to Port Royal. It was declared that the *Nancy* was a lawful prize, seized on the high seas as the property of persons who were enemies of the British realm. The matter was brought before the Court of Vice-Admiralty at Kingston and probably nothing would have resulted but for the discovery of papers which a Lieutenant Fitton found in a shark caught off Jacmel while cruising there, and which were of an incriminating nature, showing that the brig was engaged in contraband service.

There are many beautiful residences in and around Kingston. In driving through the suburbs the traveler may notice unattractive, high, dusty walls, but let him step through the door of the wall and he will find himself in the midst of charming grounds, gardens and lawns, made beautiful with exotic plants; he will see great sumptuous houses with wide verandas commanding splendid views; he will feel the air balmy and scent-laden, and above all he will find the truest and freest of hospitality.

Kingston is not at all the hot, unhealthy city that the imaginations of many people picture. As to sanitary conditions, it is quite healthy. A strong breeze springs up about ten o'clock every morning and continues till about four in the afternoon. This fresh ocean air, locally and popularly called "The Doctor," gives free medical aid to all. The immediate and pleasant result of the "Doctor's" visit is the preservation of health and conservation of comfort.

It is very interesting to walk about the streets of Kingston and watch the people going about their every-day avocations. You will see whites, blacks, coolies, Chinese and many other nondescripts, mingling in easy familiarity. Here you will meet a tall negro

KINGSTON, SHOWING HAVOC OF EARTHQUAKE

AMONG THE RUINS, KINGSTON

MAIN STREET, KINGSTON, YEAR AFTER EARTHQUAKE

EN ROUTE TO MARKET, KINGSTON

Zouave, with turban and in tight jacket, swaggering along in all the pomp of uniform; there you will see an Indian coolie woman gorgeously apparelled, her small hands and feet ornamented with silver bangles and her lithe, sinuous body enmeshed in parti-colored garments. You will see vehicles of all kinds—stylish turnouts from the fifty-horsepower tonneau of the wealthy and the burnished carriages of the Governor to the crazy mule carts and lumbering drays of the poorer classes. You may be pestered by the hackmen, soliciting trade, for it is claimed they are the most obtrusive and offensive in the world. In Jamaica, however, as in every other up-to-date center, the taxi is fast taking the place of the hack.

There are several fine hotels in Kingston. The largest and best is the new Myrtle Bank, on the site of the old one, three stories high, built of brick, on three sides of a square in the centre of which is a flower garden. The charges are quite reasonable, $2.50 and $3.00 a day, and less by the week.

The markets of Kingston are one of the sights of the town, the Jubilee Market at the northwest of the Parade and the Victoria Market at the foot of King Street being famous. They are well stocked with much variety. Here are found meat, poultry, fish of rainbow colors, turtle, tropical fruits and vegetables of all kinds, brought down overnight, mainly on women's heads, from the interior parts of the island.

Food supplies are generally cheaper than in the North. Fruits are especially low in price and of great variety, such as mangoes, oranges, bananas, custard-apples, sappodillas, guavas, star-apples, papaws, avocado pears, lemons and many other kinds indigenous to the soil.

Some of the chief delights of the tourist are the many curio shops, with their great varieties of curiosities and knick-knacks at very low prices. I visited several of these places. In one I was shown what to me appeared a very peculiar texture. For want of a better name I may term it "nature-woven lace." I was told that it comes from the fibre of a small native tree called the "bira-bira." When a branch of this tree is crushed, there is a fibrous pith, instead of a soft one, which contains a mass of lace-like filaments apparently woven into fabric form in the loom of nature. When pressed out to fullest extent a branch yields about thirty square inches of fabric. The material is used especially by American ladies to trim their ippi-appi hats while on the island, also by the

natives as bridal veils, handkerchiefs, mosquito curtains, etc. Although very delicate in single sheet form, it can be used for tow-ropes on the small streams, for mule harness and for fence-rope when well twisted. In its fibrous pith form, after the bark is removed, the matter is of a soft, creamy white, beautiful in itself. When in lace form it is soft and lustrous, and after being exposed to the tropical sun for a little while it becomes bleached to a dazzling white. I have looked on many of Nature's handiworks, but I regard this wood-lace as one of her most exquisite achievements. Whether the beautiful fabrics will become of any commercial value is hard to tell. The fibres that produce them are there,—it is for the ingenious to find out if they can be utilized in such a way as to cover the cost of manufacture and yield a margin.

The Constant Springs Hotel is situated six miles from the capital city on one of the old-time estates, now out of cultivation, at the foot of a range of the Blue Mountains. It is a delightful hostelry, and many attractive spots are in the vicinity, the chief center of interest being Spanish Town, thirteen miles from Kingston. It is an old place founded by the Spanish about 1523, who christened it Santiago de la Vega. In early times it was a place of wealth and fashion, but to-day it is little more than a country village, its principal attractions being its beautiful public square, filled with tropical plants and flowers, its fine old cathedral, one of the best specimens of Spanish architecture on the island, and the temple erected in honor of Admiral Rodney. In the cathedral we saw many handsome monuments and tablets, and under our feet were numerous slabs with curious records such as one often finds in old cemeteries. One of these especially attracted attention, as, after recording some facts relative to the deceased, it assured us that the sleeper "died amid much applause." Was he an actor who fell before the footlights, we wondered, or some great orator haranguing a multitude who hung entranced on his words?

This slab reminded me of a still more remarkable inscription carved on the tomb of Lewis Galdy at Green Bay. That unfortunate, or rather fortunate, individual was one of the lucky victims of the great Port Royal earthquake. His epitaph states that he "was swallowed up by the earthquake, and by the Providence of God was, by another shock, thrown into the sea, and miraculously saved by swimming until a boat took him up. He lived many years after in great reputation, beloved by all who knew him and much lamented at his death."

CONSTANT SPRINGS, NEAR KINGSTON

OLD CHURCH, SPANISH TOWN, JAMAICA

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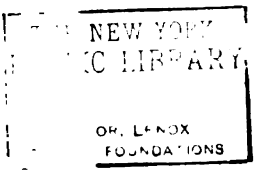
A TYPICAL SCENE, JAMAICA

AUTHOR UNDER THE PALMS, JAMAICA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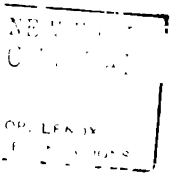

I have endeavored to give a sketch of the "Flower of the Antilles," but I know how very imperfect it is. Jamaica is simply indescribable, beyond the most graphic pen to give a word picture of its captivating, entrancing scenery. To a marvellous beauty of mountain form, rivalling the Hartz of Europe or the Appalachian chain of America, it adds a luxuriance of tropical vegetation which neither Europe nor America can give. From almost any situation there are views so diversified that wherever you may turn a new picture delights the eye—depths of shadows, bursts of light, charming dells and woody plains. The heavy timber trees on the mountainsides, the lovely verdure of the cultivated plains and hills, the common flowers and even the weeds, are rich in rare coloring. The banks of the rivers and smaller streams are fringed with every growth that abundant nature can produce in this congenial clime. The seashore is lined with trees and shrubs in picturesque confusion. The wild seaside grapevines are in many spots turned into verdant arbors, and groves of stately bamboo-trees often form themselves into systematic archways like the aisles of some splendid Gothic church. On every hand grows the palm and the cocoanut, the mountain cabbage, the plantain, the African rose, the tamarind, with oranges, oleanders, scarlet cordiums, grenadillas, lilacs, silken-leaved portlandias, mixed with a prodigious variety of minor flowers, fruits and shrubs, all combining a picture to ravish the soul of the artist and captivate the heart of the botanist. Truly, Jamaica is a dreamland where life glides onward like a summer stream kissed by the sun of noon.

Lost Garden of Eden, Flower of the Antilles, Bower of the Gods, Fairyland of Flowers and Sunshine, in dreams I revisit thy shores and bask in the delights of thy heaven-blessed clime, waking I salute thee and exclaim, *"Ave atque Vale!"*

CHAPTER II

WHERE BUCCANEERS HELD SWAY

SHIMMERING SEAS AND LAUGHING LANDS WHERE PLUNDERING PIRATES PREYED

On leaving the harbor of Kingston our steamer was surrounded by a veritable swarm of seemingly aquatic human beings, mostly negro boys and girls, churning the water into foam with their arms and legs as they jostled one another while importuning the passengers to throw them coins. "Just a shilling, Massa!" "Missus, a sixpence!" "Only a penny, lady!" and such like solicitations. Many, leaning over the taffrail, hearkened to their appeals, more for the sake of seeing these apparently amphibious creatures dive for the money than for the purpose of gratifying their impecunious requests. Certainly the divers displayed great skill, for almost as soon as the coins struck the water they were seized and brought up in their shining white teeth, themselves spluttering and splashing the while, and shaking the water from their hair like so many huge Newfoundland dogs after a plunge. They remind one of the nimble nymphs of the Hawaiian Islands, who swim out to the steamers anchoring off the coral reef at Honolulu, but the Kanaka maidens are more graceful and skilful in their movements.

As we glided out into the smooth waters of the Caribbean we looked back to shore. Port Royal, with its low, red-roofed houses, crouched on our right amid the sheltering cocoanut palms, like some silent sentinel lurking in an Eastern jungle and trying to hide from view in the dense foliage of the surroundings. The last vestige of the Blue Mountains, rising abruptly from the water and covered with dark masses of vegetation, looked as if hanging over Kingston and keeping watch like a guardian genius over its sleeping beauty. This was the farewell glimpse of fair Jamaica, for soon

the shores of the island faded away on the receding horizon and we found ourselves encompassed only by sea and sky. With the prow of our vessel turned almost due south we were cleaving those sun-kissed waves of the green Caribbean which constitute part of what was once known as the Spanish Main, and which was the scene of many desperate encounters in the wild and lawless days of the bounding buccaneers, when these seafaring robbers and cut-throats swept both sea and land, instilling terror into the hearts of all who had the misfortune to cross their path.

These buccaneers were European adventurers and desperadoes, principally English, French, and Dutch who, both separately and in combination, harassed the Spaniards, stole their property, and seized their vessels on the high seas. The origin of the term is peculiar. The natives of Hispaniola, the modern Haiti, were accustomed to hunt cattle and hogs for food supplies. When slaughtered the flesh was dried and smoked over a fire of green branches and leaves. When thus prepared it was called *boucan,* and was very palatable and good to eat. When the first roving traders and privateers came to the island, they liked the *boucan* so well that they began hunting and *boucanning* for themselves, and several remained permanently on shore for this purpose. These were joined by outlaws and refugees from the other islands, and soon there were so many of them that they established a base of trade and supply for the rovers and smugglers on the small island of Tortuga, lying off the northern coast of Hispaniola. They became known as *boucaniers,* a word which finally came to be spelt b-u-c-c-a-n-e-e-r-s. They made the little island of Tortuga their headquarters for a lengthened time until 1638, when a Spanish force in the absence of the hunters, swooped down upon it and massacred wantonly every man, woman, and child they found. When the hunters—there were three hundred—returned and looked upon their slaughtered dead, they took an oath to avenge them. They recruited their number from still more desperate bands and from thenceforward waged relentless fury against the Spaniards and all things Spanish. They took to the sea, and in a few years had gathered together a considerable fleet of vessels, the sole object of which was plunder, pillage, and marine marauding of every kind against Spanish merchantmen and privateers, or those sent out to hunt down these crimson-stained corsairs of the Indies. These fierce fomorians of the deep were as wild and sanguinary a band of frenzied freebooters as ever trod a quarter-deck, yet they

were picturesque withal. They dressed with a view to inspire terror in their prey. Their bodies, mostly naked to the waist, were tanned and weather-beaten and inured to the scorching suns of the tropics; they wore pantaloons of coarse canvas, dyed and stiffened with the blood of bulls and pigs, held up by belts of raw-hide, bristling with deadly knives, dirks, and daggers. On their feet were huge, square-toed, pigskin boots held together by cleats and long nails; they wore no stockings. They allowed their hair and beards to grow and never combed them, so that their appearance was more of the brute than the human. Slung across their shoulders or girdled to their sides they carried long-barrelled firelocks, loaded with ounce balls. In any engagement they never asked for quarter and they never gave any. It was war to the knife and the knife to the hilt every time. Hatred of the Spaniards was the breath of their nostrils—their religion, an undying enmity to the race of Castile and Leon. They imagined themselves justified in every attack on Spanish person and property.

In the encroach of the British on Jamaica, of course the buccaneers espoused the side of the English, and after that island's capture by Cromwell's fleet, they established their headquarters at Port Royal and entered upon a flourishing career of freebooting and plunder. The British and even the French winked, if they did not connive at their marauding. In fact, the bold buccaneers sometimes carried letters of marque to give them license for their depredations.

The first great leader of these vampire vikings of the Spanish Main was a Frenchman named Montbar, commonly called Pierre le Grand, or Peter the Great. This sanguinary sea-wolf once captured the ship of a Spanish admiral while lying off Caicos in the Bahama Channel. Another French leader of the pillaging, plundering bands was François L'Olonnois, who had come out to the West Indies as a common sailor. This reckless rover of the seas captured a Spanish frigate which had been sent from Havana to put down the freebooters and which had on board a negro executioner, who was to hang on the yardarm every man caught. L'Olonnois took the Spanish crew of the frigate, ranged them in a convenient row, and cut off the head of each man, licking his bloody sword clean with his own tongue, after each death-dealing blow.

Probably the most famous leader of the gory gang of buccaneers was Captain Henry Morgan—we say famous, rather than infamous —for at length he cried *peccavi* and made amends for his pillaging past. Morgan was a Welshman by birth, who had to leave the old Gal-

STREET SCENE, CRISTOBAL, COLON

A SUBURB OF COLON

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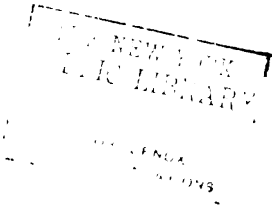

lic mountains on account of youthful escapades. He was of a daring, impetuous nature, and it suited him well, when he came to the islands, to throw in his lot with the daring daredevils scouring the seas for Spanish loot. He brought his plunder chiefly to Port Royal, which became a resort for desperate and vicious characters, and grew rich and wicked from the profits of freebooting. Morgan's greatest exploit was the burning of the city of Panama in 1671, but this feat heralded the departure of buccaneers from the waters of the Caribbean, for it excited such a hostility to the villainous system that the sanguinary sea-rovers had to betake themselves to other waters. England and Spain called a truce to their quarreling, and both combined to put down the power and prestige of the marauders in West Indian seas. Morgan saw the game was up. He squared himself with the authorities and settled down at Port Royal. He became twice Acting Governor of Jamaica and was knighted by Charles II. He died rich and honored, reversing the generally accepted principle of human conduct, that a youth of crime and folly is crowned by an age of shame and sorrow. He had sown tares, yet he reaped good wheat for his harvest.

One of the last of the notorious buccaneer bandits was a ferocious Fleming, named Van Horne. The most conspicuous deed of this daring desperado was an attack on Vera Cruz with six vessels and at the head of twelve hundred men. He took possession of the town, plundered the houses and demanded an enormous ransom from the inhabitants in recognition of his sparing the place from absolute destruction. While he was waiting for the ransom, a Spanish fleet of seventeen ships sailed into the harbor and Van Horne had to flee, but not without the booty he had already taken from the unfortunate people.

The Peace of Ryswick in 1679 practically gave the finishing blow to buccaneering in the West Indies, for it was through this peace that hostilities were brought to an end between France and Spain. As has been intimated, England and Spain entered into friendly relations some years before this time. England and France, however, were not on good terms, and buccaneers that hailed from both countries took sides each against the other, which fact, together with the general hostility shown toward their atrocious exploits, especially the looting and burning of Havana, led to the breaking up of the notorious gangs on the Spanish Main. Moreover, Spanish trade by the end of the seventeenth century had well nigh gone from the West Indies, so there was nothing much for the murdering marauders to seize as prey.

But when buccaneering departed, piracy on everything worth seizing, no matter to whom it belonged, sailed to the front and for a long time kept these waters in a state of turmoil.

The greatest, or rather the worst of the pirates, was an Englishman named Teach, who was facetiously termed "Blackbeard," from the hue and size of his huge whiskers. This delectable desperado preyed as freely on English commerce as on that of any other nationality. All was fish that came to his net. There are many stories of his bravery, brutality, and butchery, but most of them must be taken *cum grano salis*. He did not confine himself alone to the Caribbean, but penetrated north as far as the coast of the Carolinas. At length the Governor of Virginia put a price upon his head and he was finally captured by an English lieutenant and promptly executed.

Another enterprising character of this unsavory class was Captain Bartholomew Roberts, who in the early part of the eighteenth century spread terror over the Caribbees. He even made seizures in the very ports of Martinique and Dominica.

It may not be generally known that the notorious Captain Kidd began his career of privateering in the waters of the West Indies. It was Lord Bellamont, Governor of the Barbados, who secured Kidd's commission as Commander of the *Adventure* to put down pirates. As everybody knows, he turned pirate himself, but he afterward exercised his wild calling in another part of the world.

All through the eighteenth century and for the first decade of the nineteenth century piracy continued its nefarious work in the Caribbean, and had many lurking places and refuges throughout the islands.

As we sailed over these sunny seas formerly traversed by these bounding buccaneers and predatory pirates, we could not help recalling their exciting and troubled times, and detailing to one another stories we had heard or read concerning them. Almost every one had something to relate from his portfolio of memories. We conjured up pictures of them in their wild and fantastic costumes, bronzed and bearded daredevils, bristling with daggers and guns, carbines, and cutlasses, swaggering, shouting, swearing along the decks of their pointed sloops and square-nosed galleys as they skimmed the waves flying the black ensign of death at their mizzenmasts or the red pennant of plunder from their gaff-peaks. In our minds' eye we could see the carnage of blood when they grappled with their prey, the fury of the onslaught, the dead and the dying as their bodies were hurled into the sea. What red demons

of slaughter they must have been! Their very memories strike terror to our souls, and at length, as if by common consent, we refrained from dwelling on that bloody past of rapine and licentiousness which gave such an unenviable notoriety in those days to this part of the world. We turned our thoughts to the living present and the beauties of sea and sky surrounding us, and beautiful they were, so much so, indeed, as to be lastingly impressive. The wind was light and balmy and the waves gave us but a gentle, swaying motion, yet gentle as it was, it kept some below in their state-rooms to whom it had already given *mal-de-mer*. Two days passed quickly away, making most of us accustomed to the undulating sway of the dark-green Caribbean. Life seems an endless morning and the vista an unlimited horizon. The colors of sea and sky blend in such a harmony of tints, reflections, and refractions as to give a picture-panorama of loveliness which enchains the eye, ravishes the soul, raises the thoughts in reverence and impels the tongue to utter praise and prayer to the Master Artist of the Universe who limns the canvas of nature with such an indescribable glory. In these warm waters, unclouded sunshine and fragrant breezes of the South there is a tranquilizing influence which tends to mental repose and dreamy existence. The hours pass away in such a *dolce far niente* fashion that they slip unnoticed through the glass of time. The world and its cares and concerns, trials and troubles, sins and sorrows are forgotten, gliding through this paradise of the Caribbean which seems like a foretaste of the paradise of the Eternal.

We were satisfied to sit the greater part of the time on deck and gaze on the waves lazily rolling toward us from the perspective of the hazy distance, until they exhausted themselves in tiny sprays of foam against the sides of our vessel as she steadily ploughed onward on her course; or to watch the wayward flapping of a few stray sea-gulls like white specks between us and the azure vault of heaven, and the antics of the flying-fish as they darted from the waves in pursuit of some morsel of prey.

Finally, Porto Bello appeared on our lee, and in a couple of hours more our steamer was alongside the wharf at Aspinwall, or Colon, as it is now generally called. The town is situated on a detached piece of ground, the tiny island of Manzanillo. Here many of us looked forward with anticipations as being

> " . . . . . Nearer to the wayside inns
> Where sea-sickness ceased and rest begins."

Landing amid the usual scenes consequent upon custom inspection, with its attendant confusion, we took carriages for a drive about the place to view the sights and limber up a bit after our voyage, before starting on our railway journey to Panama.

Colon is not such a forsaken place as many would have us suppose, nor is it so undesirable a spot as commonly reported. That it is hot goes without saying, but the heat has been so tempered by American enterprise and modern conveniences that it is no longer an insurmountable object to the comfort of persons from Northern latitudes. Since Americans have been in control they have paved the streets, made cement side-walks, put in sewers, graded the heights and hollows, raised the houses of the inhabitants, introduced mosquito-screens to protect the dwellers from the ubiquitous pests, and brought about many other improvements. These sanitary aids have done much to prevent disease and make the town normally healthy for both natives and foreigners.

In most respects Colon is just like any other tropical seaport. From a casual view it has something of the appearance of a Northern fishing village. A breeze wafts in from the Caribbean at all times as soft and sweet as a virgin's breath, but it is somewhat erratic, doubling at angles and turning corners, which makes it extremely hard to catch. When it does fan the cheek it is like the waft of an angel's wing, transporting one as it were from the heat and glare of the tropics to some heaven-blessed clime where roses eternal bloom, the scents of which regale the nostrils with a fragrance worthy the incense of the gods.

Colon is the port of supply for the Canal Zone. Every morning at four o'clock a train pulls out laden to the last car with foodstuffs for the Commissary Department at Panama. Aside from the imported commodities the town turns out quite a respectable amount of edibles on its own account. There is a pie-bakery with a daily output of more than a thousand of the appetizing little disks of mince, apple, pumpkin and other ingredients. A bread-bakery yields fifteen thousand loaves of bread daily from its ovens, while facilities would allow this daily supply to be increased to sixty thousand loaves. An ice-plant manufactures seventy-five thousand tons of the frozen product every twenty-four hours, the output being distributed clear across the Isthmus to the Pacific Slope. Vegetables are sent in season to hotels, messes, and kitchens at merely the cost of handling. Many other home products are distributed from this little port of entrance.

COLUMBUS STATUE AND DE LESSEPS COTTAGE, COLON

HOMES OF NEGRO LABORERS, CANAL ZONE

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There are not many remarkable sights in Colon. The dwellings are principally little frame cottages of neat appearance and very well kept since the advent of the Americans. The coral drive surrounding the bay is very pleasant during the daytime, but at evening, when the mosquitoes come forth in swarms from the marshes, travelers are glad to seek protection from *Culex Anopheles* behind the screens of the wooden verandas.

An object that attracted our attention was the colossal bronze statue of Columbus, a gift from the late Emperor of the French. (Colon itself in name is the Spanish equivalent for Columbus.) The great navigator is represented as protecting with his right hand the kneeling figure of an Indian maiden, whose features apparently seem moved by the kind act. To the rear of the Columbus statue is the De Lesseps house, where the famous French engineer lived for a time when he essayed (to him) the insurmountable task of cutting the isthmus.

Apart from these landmarks Colon is not a Mecca for the sightseer, nor is it interesting in historical associations; therefore, when the time came, we were glad to take the train across the isthmus to Panama, in eager anticipation of seeing for ourselves the great work on which Uncle Sam has been engaged, the work in which all the world is interested, viz., the excavation for the Panama Canal, or what is popularly known as "the Digging of the Big Ditch."

CHAPTER III

DIGGING THE BIG DITCH

THE MOST COLOSSAL ENTERPRISE OF MODERN TIMES

As we sped away from Colon, through the car-window we caught glimpses of the muddy Chagres River sluggishly wending its way through dank vegetation, its banks thickly matted in many places with dead aquatic plants, through which new growths were springing up. Ranges of hills which reach to within six miles of the shore at Gatun encompass the valley of this river.

As we ascended higher into these hills giant forest trees appeared on each side of the track, all clambered with pendant blossomy vines and gorgeous with flowers of varied and brilliant hues. Many abandoned locomotives and old steam-shovels, lying here and there in the dense growth of underscrub, recalled to our mind the history of the great undertaking which at last has been successfully accomplished. A sad history indeed it is in some places, punctuated by the sacrifice of many human lives.

The cutting of a passage through the isthmus connecting the two Americas has not been an idea solely conceived in our time or within the past century. The problem has engaged the attention of navigators, scientists and men of thought for upward of four hundred years. Hernando Cortez first discussed the idea, and his successor, Ceron, actually made plans for cutting a waterway through from ocean to ocean. When Columbus set out over the waste of waters he was seeking a new route to the Eastern countries of the Old World, but the continent which he discovered intervened, or he would have realized his object.

When it was learned through exact geographical knowledge that only a narrow neck of land separated the two great oceans and was

the sole barrier which prevented navigators from gaining the East by sailing far enough to the West, thoughtful minds began to consider the question, whether this barrier could not be removed.

From the advent of Europeans as settlers on the American continent this same question has been a matter for consideration and deliberation. Time and again the importance to the commerce of the nation of a passage between the Atlantic and Pacific at this central point has been accentuated and emphasized by the demands of modern growth and development.

During the exodus of '49 to the gold-fields of California the Canal question was very prominently brought to the front. It was six years later that, in order to facilitate travel in some degree, the Panama Railroad was constructed. Previous to this the journey from New York to San Francisco by way of the Horn was 13,200 miles, or more than half the circumference of the globe. The Panama Railroad lessened this by some 7,500 miles, making the total journey between the two cities in this direction about 5,700 miles. Ten years later the first railroad through the United States from coast to coast was opened. The company's franchise included the right to construct a canal, but nothing was done. The need of a water-way for commerce was still felt and still engrossed practical minds.

It was not, however, until 1879 that the Canal project took its first practical form. In that year the French Company obtained a concession from the Colombian Government and, having secured De Lesseps, who had gained fame in constructing the Suez Canal, they went to work to construct a sea-level canal across the isthmus.

For ten years the French toiled at the enormous undertaking, which cost them millions of money and hundreds of lives. Science had not advanced as far then as now, the hygienic laws adapted to the climate or preventives of disease were not understood, and so the men died by hundreds. "Yellow Jack," enteric fevers, dysentery, cholera and kindred maladies carried them off in their deadly embraces. The region actually became the pest-hole, the lazar-spot of the world. To breathe its air was to inhale the deadliest of poisons. The miasma arising from the swamps and marshes was charged with toxic bacteria, all kinds of disease-breeding germs and bacilli, and the mosquitoes and ants, which could not be kept off, spread contagion everywhere around. The French fell the easiest victims, they were soft and unaccustomed to work under such con-

ditions; the West Indian negroes were little better, even the Chinese coolies succumbed in great numbers.

Ten years were enough for the French. The company collapsed; they would have had to stop anyhow, for no more men would go to that pestiferous region of disease and death. De Lesseps went home. Instead of adding new laurels to his crown, the old ones faded and he soon passed away, the world scarcely noticing his departure. All work was stopped and silence brooded where the locomotive had tooted and the steam-shovel clanged. The world seemed to forget Panama, and looked upon the work already done as France's Folly, and many prophesied that it never would be resumed again. The prophecy was correct as far as France was concerned, but in 1904 Uncle Sam got on the job. Panama had won her independence from Colombia, so the United States thought the time opportune to try what could be done with the "Big Ditch." The Government purchased all rights from the French Company for $40,000,000, paid Panama another $10,000,000, and leased in perpetuity, at a rental of $250,000 a year, a strip of land ten miles wide and forty-five miles long, running across the Isthmus from sea to sea. This strip of land is what is now known as the Canal Zone.

The object of the American canal builders was to complete the work the French began and construct a waterway by which the largest steamer afloat could be lifted up a flight of three "steps" on the Atlantic side, carried on a water-way between the mountains at an altitude of eighty-five feet above the sea, and let down a flight of three "steps" into the Pacific in ten hours' time. It seemed a big contract, the biggest ever undertaken by man, the Pyramids nor any of the mighty works of the ancient world not excepted.

Certainly the American people deserve credit for having tackled such a stupendous task. Their doing so emphasizes the mighty spirit of Progress which animates the go-ahead Republic of the West.

In this titanic work the United States has had not only to surmount obstacles and conquer difficulties which would have been impossible to any other nation, but has had to live down the evil reputation of the past which caused men to shun this locality as a plague-spot, the very air of which was contamination and death.

As we have said, it cost the French, besides money, hundreds of the lives of their own people, while the poor negroes literally died by thousands. Even the railway over which we now travel from

CULEBRA CUT, PANAMA (1908)

DRILLING AT CULEBRA CUT (1908)

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Colon to the city of Panama cost the life of a Chinaman, it is said, for every tie driven.

What a change has been effected since then! With the occupation of the Americans, Hygeia waved her magic wand and lo! the grim spectres of disease were exorcised, the Black Knight of Death was unhorsed and conquered by the Sir Lancelot of Modern Science, and to-day the Canal Zone is almost as healthy as any of the most favored parts of the American Continent. There is much more discomfort during the hot spells in New York, Chicago, or any other of the large cities than there is in the "Strip." The sanitation is as perfect as possible. Money has been lavishly expended, with a view to procuring comfort and health. Instead of the huts, shacks, and bungalows one might naturally expect to see in a tropical belt, the visitor sees modern, neatly kept cottages, much similar to those found all over the States. These little houses, for the most part, were perched, where possible, on the hills along the canal route. Those in the lowlands crouched on high, wooden stilts, and thus they defied any malarial vapors exuding from the soil. The broad verandas were protected with screens from floor to roof. These kept off the mosquitoes and all other tropical insects, enabling the inhabitants to enjoy the cool of the evening in unmolested contentment.

There are dozens of schoolhouses scattered over the territory from the flagstaffs of which flutter the Stars and Stripes, and in which American teachers train the "young idea how to shoot."

There are stores, hotels, restaurants, clubs, playgrounds, in fact all the appurtenances and conveniences of any modern commonwealth. Uncle Sam allows no saloons in his strip of territory, but there are plenty of these wet-goods emporiums across the border. where the thirsty traveler can refresh himself with as varied an assortment of beverages as he would find in any "wide-open" town of America. He can ask for Jamieson's "Seven Year Old," and a bottle bearing the brand is immediately produced, but there is no guarantee that the contents came from the Emerald Isle. It is more likely to be a sample of "Kentucky Moonshine," "Jersey Lightning," or some native distillation equally as vile. But, as Shakespeare says, a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, so whiskey by any name is a toxic compound, and all blends are alike in their final destroying effects.

As there were some forty thousand human beings in the Canal Zone to be supplied with the life-maintaining necessaries, the Com-

missariat Department was the most important consideration. Through this department Uncle Sam was the keeper of one of the largest storehouses in the world, one which did an annual business of over $6,000,000. There were thirteen commissary stores scattered along the canal route, where the canal employee could procure almost anything from a needle to an anchor. Purchases could be made by employees only. Tobacco sales alone amounted to about $25,000 a month, and during a similar time more than $50,000 worth of clothing was bought at these stores. The meat contract was enormous. The monthly consumption of beef, mutton, and veal averaged 350,000 pounds the year round. The total supply came from the packing-houses in Chicago and was shipped from New York in cold storage. The daily consumption of butter approximated 800 pounds, of eggs 1,230 dozens, of potatoes 17 barrels, and of milk 500 gallons. In general the Commissary Department maintained an equipment and a force capable of serving about 220,000 meals and rations monthly.

Besides the stores there were some sixty messes and kitchens conducted at various points along the work. The Spanish laborers, of whom there were about 6,000, patronized these. They got three meals a day for 40 cents, and the Government gave them free lodgings. As their wage amounted to $1.60 daily, they had $1.20 left, but out of this they had to provide clothing.

There were about 30,000 West Indian negro privates in the army of construction. Most of them displayed a tendency to shun the Government quarters and kitchens, preferring the native villages, or setting up shacks for themselves, but the authorities discountenanced this tendency, on sanitary and hygienic principles.

The Americans were the principal meat-eaters of the Canal Zone, and on this account, it was pointed out, the strain on their digestive organs made them less fit to resist climatic influences than the negroes and Spaniards, who depended on the carbohydrates, like the starches and sugars, which are easy of assimilation and digestion.

In connection with the actual work of Canal construction the problem of human efficiency merged itself in that of machine efficiency, and the influence of the latter factor in the question of labor saving. In making the dirt fly in the big ditch there were some one hundred and ten steam-shovels swinging their buckets in the Canal belt all the time, many of them capable of loading about one hundred and fifty cars a day. These shovels were of two kinds, viz., seventy-

ton shovels and ninety-five-ton shovels, the latter carrying buckets with a capacity of five cubic yards. Many of these enormous shovels tore from the earth, scooped up and loaded on cars as much as 2,175 cubic yards of rock and dirt in a single day of eight hours. In the Culebra Cut, each shovel on an average excavated 744 cubic yards of *rock* a day. The best workman could have handled and loaded only six cubic yards in eight hours, therefore one shovel performed the work of 124 men.

In the blasting of rock a similar labor-saving process was exemplified. Thousands of pounds of dynamite were daily used. In many places a hundred compressed air drills could be seen in line chugging away like giant pistons, boring the blasting holes to receive the charges that split the rock into fragments.

Scores of locomotives were kept busy hauling the trains of cars of dirt over the network of tracks to the dumping-grounds around the edges of the reservoirs.

We made a special trip to Empire to see the giant shovels at work. Empire is about twelve miles from Panama City. We watched them with wondering curiosity until we became tired. The clanging of the shovels and chugging of the drills were too noisy for our unfamiliar ears. Before we left they were about to set off a blast, so we had quickly to retreat to a safe distance, nevertheless many fragments of rock fell thickly around us.

From Empire we walked back three miles to Culebra to have a look at the famous Culebra Cut, the barrier which daunted nations in the past, but which is conquered at last. The problem of digging the ditch through this cut was one of mere physical force, which was after a while solved, and the digging took out an average of a million cubic yards of dirt and rock a month. The cutting of Culebra may be regarded as the final triumph of intelligent and perserving energy over the resistance of material obstacles.

The dams and locks constituted the most formidable work in the final construction of the Canal. By damming up the Chagres River at Gatun a lake was formed, the surface of which is eighty-five feet above sea-level, and which has an area of about one hundred and ten square miles. By damming the Rio Grande the same object was attained on the Pacific side. In connection with each dam is a system of locks connecting the Canal with the two mouths or channels at sea-level.

The great difficulty about building these dams was in the foundations. On the Pacific side, where there are two dams, one at Mira-

flores and the other higher up among the hills at Pedro Miguel, trouble frequently arose. The original site at La Boca was abandoned for that at Miraflores. The gaps between the hills at Miraflores and Pedro Miguel are not very wide, so these dams were comparatively small, and consequently easy to build.

But on the Atlantic side the conditions were different. Here lay the *crux* of the whole lock canal project. If Gatun Dam should have failed, the plan for a lock canal would have failed also, and the great ditch would have had to be dug to a depth of forty-one feet below sea-level from ocean to ocean. Gatun Dam lies across the valley of the Chagres River, its ends supported by two hills. Its foundations lie on the dirt formation of the river valley, for there is rock within 250 feet of the surface.

This dam is by far the largest of its kind in the world, the next largest being San Leandro in California, and even that is only one-third the length and breadth of the great pile that harnesses up the Chagres River. It is a mile and a half long, half a mile wide, and one hundred and thirty-five feet from base to top. This height gives it a rise of fifty feet above the highest water-level required for canal purposes. In its building hundreds of thousands of piles were driven into the ground to support the vast foundations, and millions of barrels of cement and millions of tons of rock were used, not to mention the earth that was required. The cement and piles had to be shipped to the Isthmus, while the rock and most of the dirt was hauled some twenty-five miles from the Culebra Cut. So during the construction of the Canal a large part of the material taken from Culebra had to be handled over and over again until it was packed solidly in the great structure at Gatun. After this was done then came the finishing touches—the cementing of the bottom and walls of certain parts of the Canal, the equipment of the locks with machinery for operating the massive gates, and then the first filling of the reservoirs.

Both Ex-Presidents Roosevelt and Taft predicted that the great work would be finished in 1915; many thought them over-sanguine, but results have more than justified their predictions. The year 1914 witnessed the practical completion of the great work.* The Atlantic and Pacific have been wedded, the dream of ages is accomplished, and the commerce of the world soon will be revolutionized. Doubt-

*The first freight passed through the Canal in May, 1914, a shipment of three barge loads of sugar from Hawaii consigned to New York.

A GANG OF DRILLERS ON THE ISTHMUS

CHINESE VENDER ON THE ISTHMUS

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less, however, it will take a year or two to put everything in complete working order, and it will probably be 1917 before a full traffic is established. Steamers will then be able to reach San Francisco from New York in from eight to ten days, saving 7,875 miles. Sailing vessels taking from four to five months to make the same voyage around the Horn will be able to do it in six or seven weeks. Proportionate saving will be made between all Atlantic and Pacific ports. The Canal will open a bee-line route between Liverpool and Sydney, Australia, making the distance 12,590 miles, instead of 15,160.

So, while incalculable benefits will accrue to the United States from a commercial as well as many other points of view, the other nations of the world will be benefited as well.

Besides, the glory of carrying out the undertaking will add a lustre to the prestige of this country and establish the United States on an eminence to which all the world will look up with respect and admiration. In fact, the cutting of the Panama Canal will be the victory of the ages, and will crown the brows of America with the unfading laurels of fame for all time, for its skill, courage, and humanity.

To see the great work in progress was well worth a visit to the Canal Zone. The American tourist should list Panama in his itinerary, if from nothing else than a patriotic motive. It makes Americans feel proud of their country, which has the spirit, the will, the determination and the genius to carry such a colossal enterprise to a successful issue.

During our stay on the Isthmus we put up at the Hotel Tivoli at Ancon, just on the edge of Panama City, and where are situated the General Offices of the Canal Commission. This hotel was certainly a contrast, and not an agreeable one, to the pleasant, well-kept, well-ordered Titchfield at San Antonio, Jamaica, with its delightful views, fine cuisine, and reasonable prices. The Tivoli is a hostelry where the visitor, to enjoy the dance, must certainly pay the piper. The prices are outrageously out of all commensuration with the treatment and attendance. Charges range from $8.00 a day upward. When the tourist is first told the price he is liable to console himself with the thought that silver dollars are meant, eight of which, in accordance with the Panamanian par of exchange, amount to a sum equivalent to four dollars in the United States, but when the reckoning comes he is sadly disillusioned to find that the rate is in keeping with the currency in the home land of Uncle Sam.

While in the city of Panama we visited most of the interesting places. Although called by courtesy a city, as being the capital of the little republic, it is but a small place, having a population of about 30,000. The streets are narrow and sinuous, the houses mostly of wood with red-tiled roofs; the second stories—few exceed two stories—project over the sidewalks. These houses very forcibly reminded me of many similar ones I had seen in the quaint old towns of Andalusian Spain. There are no pretentious buildings. The cathedral is of brick and whitewashed, the interior decorations very plain and simple. Most of the church bells are cracked, and instead of being rung with clappers are struck with hammers, the noise thus made being very discordant and trying on the tympanum of the ear.

We saw many children playing on the streets, their dress conspicuous by its absence, their little bodies being almost nude under the fierce glare of the tropical sun. Still, they gave a variety to the surroundings and added something of a charm to the general picture. Water-carriers passed along somewhat after the manner of Eastern lands. Venders dozed over their wares of fruits and dulces—the latter being the Spanish name for sweetmeats. Boatmen and idlers lazily lounged past us in all the careless abandon and lethargy of the tropics.

In many places we came upon tangible evidence of poverty and squalor, as much so in proportion as in the slums of any of our Northern cities. The air was redolent with garlic, for many of the poor here are necessitated to make a meal of the pungent leek for lack of anything more substantial or nutritive.

It rained while we were in the city of Panama, and when it does rain there it rains heavily. The surcharged heavens seemed to let down their contents in veritable water-spouts and cataracts. When the rain-storm was over the sun came out from the great black drift, and under his fierce, almost perpendicular rays, the streets exuded white clouds of mist like that which issues from a vapor-bath. In the mornings there is generally a heavy dew, so heavy that one might imagine it had rained during the night.

Throughout our visit to Panama we experienced many abrupt transitions from the pleasant to the unpleasant, from the agreeable to the disagreeable. In the Canal Zone we saw the employees well-fed, well-housed, well-clothed, not overworked, and most of them contented with their lot. On the other hand, in the city of Panama itself we were confronted with many cases of real poverty, filthy

homes, unsanitary conditions, ragged men and women, discontented and unhappy.

There are many contrasts in Panama, not only in the manner of living and general social condition of the people, but in many other respects. The traveler often finds himself passing from the sublime to the ridiculous and *vice versa*. I, myself experienced such situations during my sojourn. Anyhow, there is only a paper wall between these conditions and I am not ashamed to say I toppled through it several times. But I always managed to get back again, if not to the height of the sublime, at least to the level of common sense.

On the whole I was well pleased with my visit, not only from the sight-seer's standpoint, but in the experience gained and moreover by the pleasure it afforded me to see my own countrymen by their indomitable energy and unrivaled genius carrying to a successful finish the great work which defied all others to consummate.

To picturesque Panama let me say, *Hasta la vista.*

CHAPTER IV

PANAMA TO LIMA

THE WESTERN COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA FROM THE ISTHMUS TO PERU.

We left Panama on the *Huasco* of the Compañia Sud-Americana de Vapores, which, in plain English, means the South American Steamship Company.

We had every expectation of a pleasant voyage, dreamy, placid, nerve-soothing, for this tropical water-way along the Western Coast of South America seldom, if ever, is disturbed by storms, or in fact ruffled by maritime commotions of any kind. There is never a heavy sea, never a rolling swell encountered. And the boats are specially constructed to meet such calm conditions. They are in nowise built for speed, therefore they make no attempt on any occasion in the way of a spurt or dash to reduce their mileage time. On no run do they make more than 100 miles a day, often less. The entire voyage from Panama to Valparaiso, a distance of some 3,100 miles, consumes from twenty-three to twenty-five days. Any North Atlantic ship could easily accomplish the journey in eight days or less. Of course these South American vessels make many calls on the way, but leaving this out of consideration, they are about the slowest steamships in the world. They glide along at a regular ocean snail pace, like apathetic acquatic living things, and seem to say,—"If we don't reach port to-day maybe we will get there to-morrow or the day after."

These quaint Pacific arks are almost as large as our regular Northern steamships. They have extraordinary deck-space, and all the cabins lead out on the decks. These cabins or state-rooms have large doors and windows so as to catch whatever breeze is blowing, for at times in the early part of the voyage the weather is close

LIFE ON SHIP-BOARD, WEST COAST

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and stifling, especially at night, and passengers are very grateful for even the faintest breath of air.

Freight is of the first importance on these boats. The decks are constantly choked and cluttered with all kinds and descriptions of merchandise, from bales of Manchester-manufactured cotton to boxes of Chinese-spun silk, and from chewing-tobacco to fresh lettuce. There is also animate as well as inanimate freight. The beefsteak you will eat to-morrow is standing on the hoof to-day, looking up at you with great docile eyes from the hatchway below and giving an occasional bellow, as if dreading the fate the future holds in store. In big double-decker coops, fat chickens blink suspiciously through the slats, as if knowing they soon will be served up as *pollo con arroz** to coax the sluggish appetites of the idle passengers whose digestive organs suffer from lack of action and exercise. Ducks and other barnyard fowl are also cooped up by the dozen awaiting the spit and the broiler. The squawking, clucking and cackling on occasions are very annoying, particularly in the early mornings, but the greatest and worst disadvantage of carrying such living freight comes from the odor and effluvium arising from the coops and cattle-pens, and which is often so strong and disagreeable as to be nauseating.

The stewards and attendants are chiefly Chilean *rotos,* swarthy, hang-dog looking fellows, something after the pattern of Sicilian brigands; they look as if they would be delighted to stick a stiletto between one's ribs for a few *pesos* or even a bottle of *pisco.* Their very appearance instils terror into the peacefully inclined; they certainly look as if their absence would be preferable to their company on a dark night in a lonely place, if a person had anything valuable in his possession to incite their cupidity. In the very light of day they look fierce enough to send shivers down the spine of the timid.

There are always a goodly number of passengers, and these constitute a heterogeneous crowd indeed, being made up of divers nationalities. Englishmen and Americans predominate, mostly engineers and prospectors going down to the mines of Bolivia and Peru; commercial travelers and business men representing the great mercantile, manufacturing, and producing houses of the United States and Europe; globe-trotters and cosmopolitans who are at home in all places in all lands; some scientists and naturalists

*Anglice=chicken with rice.

athirst for investigation and a few Asiatics, earth-wanderers in quest of the golden *ignis-fatuus* which leads them ever on from the extremest Orient to the farthest Occident.

We had a young college man on board who hailed from California. He was on his way to a mine in Central Peru. He had entered into a contract with the company in charge of the work, and he told us he would extend it, if the engagement should prove agreeable to him.

With such a varied company there was much material to attract the attention of a student of social conditions, but most were otherwise inclined than to a study of their fellow-travelers and the objects they had in view in undertaking the voyage. The scenery of the surrounding country claimed the attention of almost all.

As we sailed out from La Boca, the harbor of Panama was very beautiful, as it lay before us shimmering in burnished glory in the sunlight. I could not help calling up memories of the unfortunate wanderer "Balboa," the first white man to look upon this shining sea. It was in September, 1513, that Vasco Nuñez, commonly called Balboa from his birthplace in Spain, sighted the waters of the Pacific from the lookout of a mountain peak in the isthmus of Darien. Nuñez was an adventurer, a bold and fearless one all his life. As a young man he had come out from Spain in 1501 to the fertile island of Hispaniola, but he was not a person to settle down to the tame life of a planter and agriculturist. He was born for action, and his spirit craved adventure and excitement. Having got into debt he made his escape from Hispaniola and reached Darien, where he became chief of a band of like adventurers and made friends with the Indians, marrying the daughter of Caretta, chief of the Coyba district. He had been told of the great sea that lay on the other side of the isthmus, and visions of wealth rose before him, for he believed this sea would lead him to the rich East Indies which Columbus had set out to reach by a Western route.

When at length Balboa gazed upon the shining water from the mountain top he knelt down and thanked Heaven for the glorious vision. After a march of a few days he reached the shore and took possession of both sea and land in the name of the King of Spain.

But poor Balboa was not to enjoy any results from his discovery. There were enemies pulling the wires against him at the Spanish Court. A cruel and heartless wretch called Davilla was sent out as Governor. This man hated Balboa with a hatred begotten of

PREPARING TO LOAD STEER ON THE "HUASCO"

A FEW MINUTES LATER

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jealousy and envy. The latter was preparing to explore the ocean he had discovered. At enormous labor his men had taken to pieces the ships in the harbor of Darien, carried those pieces sixty miles across the isthmus to the Pacific, and reconstructed them into four brigantines. Instead of searching for the East Indies first, Balboa made up his mind to seek the golden land of Peru, for he had already heard of the immense wealth and gorgeous treasures of the Incas. He set out on this quest and had reached the Pearl Islands when lack of pitch and other necessities rendered his vessels unseaworthy and prevented his going farther South.

In the meantime Davilla's jealousy and envy increased. If fame and riches were to be had the small-minded governor wanted the glory and wealth for himself. He caused trumped-up charges of treason to be made against Balboa, had him arrested, put on trial, and speedily condemned to death.

In Balboa perished the ablest of the Spanish adventurers. But for Davilla's treachery and jealousy, the bold pioneer would doubtless have added to his fame the conquest of Peru, forestalling the scoundrelly Pizarro. And had fate permitted Balboa to be the conqueror of the land of the Incas, the most shameful chapter that disgraces Spanish history would never have been written in her annals.

As we glided down the bay, the Pearl Islands, where Balboa, with his brigantines, was compelled to halt, appeared hazy in the distance. We could just catch a glimpse of their outlines, but such was enough to emphasize what we had heard and read of the daring adventurer who was the first white man to churn the slumbering waters of the great ocean.

These islands have another claim to notoriety, if not to fame. It was in their lee that the bold buccaneers lay in 1685 under the command of Edward Davis, awaiting the Spanish treasure-fleet from Lima. They waited in vain, for the Spaniards succeeded in landing the treasure betimes. Had there been a battle and the buccaneers had won, as they probably would in such an event, the whole course of South American history might have been very different from what it is.

Looking back over the waters we have just skimmed, the strip of land connecting the two Americas, rising in jagged hills here and there, looks like the backbone of some huge leviathan of the prehistoric past, wrapped in a winding-sheet of gray, its either end disappearing in the mists af Colombia and Costa Rica. As we

proceed and it recedes, or rather seems to recede, the hills appear smaller and smaller until they dwindle into little cones resembling bee-skeps on a lawn and finally disappear in a cirque of clouds, the upper part of which is crested with sunshine while the lower seems like fleecy strands of pink dripping into waters of indigo blue.

At sunset, when the West is a blaze of mingled light and color, the indigo merges into a deep maroon, which quickly fades to give place to the reflection of the dark blue vault overhead, in which strange stars come out, one by one, and stud the infinite fields of space. The north polar star is just a little above the horizon; soon it will disappear, followed by Ursa Major, Orion, the Pleiades and others of the familiar Northern constellations. Other groups will come into view and, coming up from the rim of waters we shall see the famous Southern Cross which will ascend higher and higher in the heavenly arch the farther we proceed south. This constellation of the Southern heavens, called by astronomers the Crux, consists of a group of stars, four of which are visible to the naked eye; two of the first magnitude, one of the second, and one of the third. These do not form an exact cross, but the outlines of a cross can be imagined from their positions, just as the form of a bear can be traced in the "Plough" or Ursa Major. The Southern Cross is in the zenith over Australia, and for this reason the island continent is called "The Land of the Southern Cross."

As we meandered down past the coast of Colombia the weather was very trying. Our modern galleon crawled along under a heat shimmer which sent the mercury up to 90 degrees Fahrenheit in my cabin. I had commenced taking notes of my impressions, but had to stop writing to wipe the perspiration off my hands and stand in the draught of the doorway to catch a little breeze. For two days we experienced this kind of weather, the nights being especially disagreeable owing to the stuffy heat of the cabins. In the daytime we selected those spots on deck most sheltered from the sun's rays from which we watched either the outline of the shore on the one hand or the wavelets lapping the starboard side of our vessel on the other, as they lazily rolled in from the almost illimitable expanse of ocean.

But for the motion of the ship there would have been no wavelets at all, for the sea here is like a mill pond. It was this part of the great ocean which confirmed the name, Pacific, the one Ferdinand Magellan first applied to it when he sailed through the strait now

GUAYAQUIL, ECUADOR

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bearing his name and found the water so calm in contrast to the Atlantic storms through which he had passed.

On the third day we crossed the Equator, or as it is popularly called, the Line, and passed imperceptibly into south latitude. There was no ceremony of receiving old Father Neptune as is customary on such occasions. Indeed most of us were too passive, too inert to exertion, in short too lazy in our day-dreaming to arouse ourselves to meet his Marine Majesty; therefore, no one personated the mythical god with his trident and there was no commotion.

From this time onward the weather was pleasant and agreeable, due to the cool Humboldt current which rolls up along the western coast from Cape Horn. The change in the temperature was very refreshing and was enjoyed by all.

When the soft breath of evening would waft into our *camerote* and the Southern Cross come out in the darkling sky, when the pulsating throbs of the engine would send a gentle tremor through the stanchions of the ship and the bell would sound its bi-hourly announcements, while the musical cadence of a few soft Spanish voices could be heard from the upper deck, it seemed as if a romantic glamor was cast over the surroundings, favoring the idea of enchantment.

There was neither poetry nor romance, glamor nor enchantment in our daylight view of the coast of Ecuador. The shoreline was a disillusion to those of us who may have entertained any fancies or imaginings of beauty. It is a low, dull, lumpy land, and the sky over it is generally gray and overcast. Higher up there is a dense vegetation.

We were four days from Panama when we ran up the Guayas River and anchored off the city of Guayaquil which serves as the port of Quito, the capital of Ecuador. The Guayas River is the largest that drains the western slope of the Andes. It has a huge mouth and the main river is from one to two miles wide. Along the banks are villages of thatched bamboo cottages looking as if they were set up on stilts. All sorts of tropical vegetation grow down to the water's edge. Looking up the river the vista is one of conical and pinnacled hills of living green, sparkling in verdure like the glistening of leaves after a rainstorm. Plantations of cacao and sugar-cane can be seen, as well as groves of cocoa-nut palms and bananas. Beyond are the foothills of the Andes, the grazing land on which pasture large herds of sheep and goats. Above these rise the peaks of the Cordilleras, but only the summit of the majestic

volcano, Chimborazo (snow mountain) can be seen from this point on a clear day, though it is claimed that Cotopaxi can also be seen on occasions.

The water of the Guayas is very muddy, reminding one strongly of pea-soup, and it always contains much *débris* which comes down from the upper woodlands. Among the dense vine-clad forestry along the banks, we noticed here and there beautiful specimens of the feathery algaroba and many fine ebony trees from which comes the hardest and most durable of timber. From time to time beautiful blue water-hyacinths, set in their deep green leaves, floated past, giving a dash of local coloring to the swiftly flowing muddy stream.

The city of Guayaquil is forty miles inland, but the Pacific steamers are able to make the entire distance. They load and unload in front of the city by means of lighters. We were not allowed to land, as yellow fever and bubonic plague were prevalent during the time of our visit. As soon as we arrived off the city the ship was surrounded by tenders and lighters to take off and put on merchandise. Other kinds of craft were aplenty and many visitors came on board. As at all the ports along the way, quite a number came out for purposes of trade and barter. There were venders of limes, oranges, and other fruits, peddlers loaded down with great bundles of native gew-gaws and knick-knacks, clay drinking vessels, curiously shaped pottery and various kinds of wicker or willow ware. Women were going about selling, or trying to sell, candy made of raw cane-sugar wrapped in banana leaves and flat cakes of unleavened pie-crusty bread which looked as if it would give dyspepsia to an ostrich. Below, stokers were haggling over fruits, dulces, and black cigarros, and doubtless some surreptitious flasks of *pisco* changed hands in the bargaining. Pisco is a white brandy much affected along the coast, and is so called from the place of that name.

As Guayaquil is the great depot and distributing center for Panama hats, of course many venders of the costly headgear came aboard. The Panama is passing, its great day is over, the day when wealthy planters and business men were willing to give $100 and more for one of the finest make. Still many thousands of inferior grades are yet sold annually in this section. They are not made at Guayaquil, but at a little group of villages some fifty miles inland from the coast. The grass of which they are composed is called *peita* and is found chiefly in the neighboring province of San

WATER FRONT, GUAYAQUIL

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Cristobal. The best are braided during the night or early morning as the heat of the day renders the grass brittle and it breaks in the braiding. It takes a native about two months to fashion a hat of good quality. We were told of a hat on which eighteen months were spent and which was valued at $400. Such are no longer made. There is no demand for them. Most of the Panamas of commerce are but mere imitations of the genuine article. Nearly all the hats the venders brought on board the *Huasco* ranged in price from $5 to $15. A few went beyond the latter figure and we could easily recognize their value as they were of very fine braid, so closely woven as to resemble linen.

If a large price were demanded the would-be purchaser seemed to intuitively feel the figure was exorbitant and that the vender was trying to get the better of him, so the amount was sure to be resented and a much lower sum offered, or the seller ignored altogether.

"How much?"

"Viente, Señor!"

"What! Heaven and Earth! Twenty dollars for that rag-piece!"

"Quince? Diez? Cinco?"

"Calla! Calla! Anda! Shut up! Go away! I don't want it at any price."

Patience becomes exhausted, and thus the intended victim expresses his indignation in both English and pigeon Spanish. But the persistent vender is not yet through with him. After awhile he comes round again with the same hat and holds it forth—

"Cinco? Cuatra? Tres? Dos? Uno?"

Too disgusted to reply the traveler turns away and with a far-away look in his eyes, as if he were thinking of home and friends, gazes longingly toward the foothills of the Andes.

The onlooker watching such a scene and listening to the extortionate prices demanded and the deductions made to effect a sale is forced to ask himself: "Is there not some strain of the race of Father Abraham in these wily natives who try to impose upon their fellow-men by asking for an article a price more than twenty times its real value?" Verily, one would think there was, and that, after all, the Lost Tribe of Israel, which has puzzled the ethnologists so much and so long, must have wandered down to South America and left descendants worthy the prominent traits of their fore-fathers.

Guayaquil looked so enchanting from the deck of the steamer

that we were sorry we were not allowed to land, but on account of the yellow fever and the black plague, it was impossible to do so.

Several newsboys were running about the deck crying the daily papers with a lustiness and persistence which would have done justice to the gamins of Park Row in New York. One passing my cabin was shouting, in shrill staccato, *El Grito del Pueblo!* that is, "The Cry of the People." It seemed to me that *La Voz del Pueblo* would have been a better title. I hastily purchased a copy and on looking over its columns learned that the day previous there were thirty-one cases of the "Peste negra," or black plague, in the city, together with eight cases of yellow fever, and that five deaths had resulted from the latter scourge. It was reported that the black plague cases had increased to forty-three for the current day, and we inferred that this number was an underestimate, for the newspapers are averse to publishing full details, lest the people should become panic-stricken. In diseases of this kind they minimize, never exaggerate.

To one who has never experienced the creepy spell of a fever-laden atmosphere, it is hard to explain the grewsome feeling that takes hold of one in the very shadow of the contagion. And as we had to remain two whole days for the purpose of unloading and reloading we had reason to feel somewhat uneasy. However, the first scare over, length of time accustomed us to circumstances and surroundings and made us, at least, immune to fear.

Seen from shipboard the city of Guayaquil presents a view of spires, domes and roofs surmounting apparently handsome buildings. The houses give one an idea of solidity, and look as if they were constructed in the solid masonry of stone and marble, but in reality they are mere shells, fashioned of split-bamboo, laths and wooden joists, and covered over with stucco, fashioned into many shapes and designs. A person might easily jab the blade of a knife through the walls. In fact, the greater portion of nearly all the South American cities and towns are built on the same flimsy lines. There is little of solidity about them, they have the semblance, but that is about all. The architecture for the most part is patterned after the old Spanish—open patios, latticed balconies overhead and corrugated roofs. The buildings are low, one and two story, to provide against earthquakes—they may shake, but they do not fall.

Guayaquil was founded by Orellana, the explorer of the Amazon, in 1537 on a site much farther inland than where it now stands. The

CATHEDRAL, GUAYAQUIL

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present location was chosen in 1693. Its population to-day is about 60,000. It is called a city by courtesy, but town would be a more fitting appellation. However, Quito, the capital, has only 20,000 more people and is not by any means so important a commercial center.

Guayaquil extends along the river for at least two miles. It has a custom-house, town-hall, cathedral, and some very good warehouses. The mode of transit is represented by mule tramways. Generally speaking, the streets are narrow and unpaved.

With the exception of Valparaiso, Guayaquil is the most populous and important port south of San Francisco. It is the entrepot for the interior region as well as much of the coast. Fully ninety per-cent. of all the commerce of Ecuador passes through it. Three hundred foreign vessels enter and clear the port every year. The imports annually amount to upward of $7,000,000 while the exports for the same time figure up more than $9,000,000. Chief of these is cacao, from which chocolate is made. Ecuador furnishes about fifty million pounds of cacao beans yearly, or almost one-third of the world's output. The cacao tree somewhat resembles a bush in our northern latitudes and is from ten to twenty-five feet high. The fruit-pods are rough, oval in shape, and of a pinkish yellow color. They are filled with a white pulp which has a sharp though pleasant taste. In this pulp the beans are imbedded in long rows, from twenty-four to thirty in each pod. When taken from the pod they are rubbed, washed and dried.

Other exports that pass through Guayaquil include vegetable ivory from the tagua or ivory nut of which from forty-five to fifty million pounds are gathered annually, valued at almost $1,000,000, and crude rubber, some twelve hundred thousand pounds a year, worth from $600,000 to $700,000.

No one can doubt that Guayaquil will be a very important center when the Panama Canal is opened. The distance from Guayaquil to New York at present by water is 11,500 miles. With the opening of the Canal this will be lessened to 2,800 miles. Think what an impetus will thus be given to commerce between the two ports!

We left Guayaquil on the morning of February 24th, and aided by both steam and tide rapidly descended the river. The water was alive with craft laden with produce. We observed many dugouts and canoes with Indians in bright colored blankets. Near the mouth of the river we passed a couple of *balsas* or house rafts, tenanted by men, women, children, pigs and poultry. These *balsas*

are said to be unsinkable, the keel being constructed from cork. Indeed some of the men and women seemed to be made of cork also, for they were taking a bath, bobbing up and down in the water seemingly wholly oblivious or regardless of alligator or man-eating shark.

Right at the mouth of the Guayas River lies the island of Puna, where some say Pizarro first landed on his way to conquer Peru. But it is doubtful if this was the place. I am inclined to believe that Tumbez, farther along the coast, was the first landing-stage of the bold ruffian who afterward, with but one hundred and eighty men at his back, set out to subdue the powerful Empire of the Incas.

Leaving the Guayas behind we glided into the Zambelli Channel. We could discern a hazy ridge ahead —Isla de Plata, Little Silver Island, where the Spanish pirates of these waters buried great quantities of plunder. None of the gold and silver has been found. Many such treasure islands, holding buried booty of buccaneers and pirates, lie off the Pacific Coast, but nobody seems to have either time or inclination to go after the hidden spoils.

Passing Tumbez we saw a line of sandy beach, bordered by mangroves and algaroba trees, and inland a low crest of mountains. Probably through a slit in such a fringe of woody growth Pizarro and his few famishing followers, on his first expedition, forced their boats along, well nigh four hundred years ago. If this was indeed the place, the Spanish Conqueror first entered it in 1527. He returned to Panama and thence to Spain, bringing tidings of the rich land he had seen. It was in 1532 that he came back again, to undertake the conquest of the country.

We were now looking on the shore line of Peru, dull looking and uninteresting truly, with long stretches of gray matter, which we were told was guano, the droppings of innumerable wild birds that frequent the coasts. This is the beginning of the great South American Desert lying between the mountains and the ocean and extending through Peru and Chile for more than two thousand miles. It is certainly bare and barren looking with not a leaf of grass or vegetation, nevertheless it is considered very valuable on account of the guano and nitrates.

Dull as it appears from seaward, who can look on this land for the first time without thrills of emotion? Peru, the ancient, with a history as old as the eternal hills of the Cordilleras, whose civilization extends farther back than any of which the Old World can boast, antedating that of Assyria or Babylonia, Carthage or Mem-

TREELESS PAYTA, PERU

ANOTHER TREELESS TOWN, WEST COAST

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BAMBOO HOUSES AND SAND STREET, PAYTA

A STREET SCENE, PAYTA

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phis, whose people were skilled artisans one thousand years before the Pharaohs cut their hieroglyphics on the obelisks of Egypt, whose bronzed and bearded bards sang of love and fame, two thousand years before Homer lisped his numbers in the myrtle groves of Greece, and whose sons and daughters had set up the throne of Enlightenment in the Temple of Knowledge three thousand years before Europe had emerged from the darkness of ignorance. Peru! whose grandeur, magnificence and riches eclipsed the regal glory of the Court of Solomon, and whose treasures would have made the vaunted wealth of Imperial Rome pale into almost insignificance by contrast. Peru! whose temples, palaces and towers flashed their gold-incrusted roofs and bejeweled walls in the sunlight, defying all succeeding time to duplicate their splendors.

The wealth of the Incas, in the light of modern conception, really appears fabulous. Gold was everywhere. The yield of Ophir and of Ind was small in comparison to the yellow output of Peru. And not only the Incas but the common people literally wallowed in wealth. Spears, swords, shields, breastplates, helmets, armor of many shapes, were fashioned out of virgin gold. They also used it in the construction of their dwellings and they dined off gold plates incrusted with gems. They adorned their persons with jewels of the rarest kinds. We read of giant emeralds as big as men's heads and of diamonds and sapphires as large as hen eggs.

The Spanish conquerors only got a small part of the treasures. Like the Aztecs of Mexico, the Incas had secret treasure-houses and secret palaces wherein they stored vast quantities of gold, jewels and other precious belongings. No amount of torture could make them divulge these hiding-places, and it is supposed that in the foothills of the Andes and other secret places, there are to-day tons of gold and other precious stores awaiting the lucky discoverers of the hidden recesses.

Lately some relics of the long-gone past have been discovered in Peru. Highly artistic masks and toys, made by the Chimu race at least five thousand years before Christ, have been recently unearthed; the workmanship of these show the high state of skill and civilization these people had reached at this early period.

There to larboard lay this wonderful land of Peru, this former empire of wealth and power; soon our feet would tread its soil.

In the gray dawn of the morning, the next after that on which we had left the Guayas River, after passing Punta Parina, the extreme western point of the continent, we crept into the harbor of Payta

and anchored. This is the first Peruvian port reached from the North. The town has a population of 5,000, most of whom are Indians. It is a miserable collection of mud-huts, a desolate place in a surrounding desert, with seemingly nothing to justify its existence, but we find it is the port for Piura, a cotton-producing center some miles inland. There is nothing green to refresh the eye, not a spear of grass or leaf of vegetation of any kind, only the bare, brown hills of the desert around it. One is forced to wonder how people live at all in such an arid place, but live they do, and most of them to a good old age too, as we were told, besides getting ocular proof of the fact. Some only die through extreme old age and sheer weariness of existence. There are many cases of remarkable longevity.

There is no lack of commotion in the harbor when the steamer anchors. The captain of the port, in brilliant uniform, with his crew in white caps, blue blouses and red trousers, comes out for inspection. Numerous rowboats pull alongside, the *fleteros* or boatmen soliciting custom by shouting, *"A tierra, a tierra, Señor!"* One must patronize them if he wants to go ashore. We got into one of these little boats and were rowed to the landing-stage.

We wandered about the dusty, hot, smelling, unpaved streets, viewing the rickety, split-bamboo, little houses and studying the types of humanity we encountered. Some were selling post-cards, not of Payta—there is none—but of Piura, the larger town inland. Others were offering Panama hats and haggling over prices. We met many water-carriers going from house to house along the dusty streets; they do not carry the water themselves but load it in little kegs on the backs of mules. They had such a primitive appearance that they looked as though Pizarro himself might have employed them. The water is brought a distance of twenty-five miles from a fertile inland valley.

In the region of Payta it is said rain falls only once in fourteen years, but some maintain it never rains at all, and I am inclined to endorse them. In fact I believe that rain never falls on any part of the whole Peruvian littoral. Our steamer ran parallel with the shore all the way and we saw no indication whatever of moisture—nothing but sand, nitrates and guano, and higher up barren rocks, unlike the Ecuador coast where, at the same altitude, there is exuberant vegetation. Of course in little intervening valleys patches of rice and sugar-cane grow, but these patches are not on the shore.

DRIED FISH MARKET, PAYTA

CUSTOM HOUSE, PAYTA

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We visited the open-air market-place at Payta, where we saw many kinds of fruits and vegetables, fresh and of very good quality. We noticed melons, alligator pears ("palta"), granadillas, lemons and cherimozas, the last-mentioned being considered the finest fruit along the coast. It is green in color, somewhat pear-shaped and about five inches in diameter. There is a number of brown seeds in the center; the meaty part is yellow-white and has the consistency of custard, so it has been likened to strawberries and cream. The granadilla is also highly prized. It is the fruit of a climbing vine, a species of the passion flower; it is egg-shaped, has a reddish skin and is as large as an ordinary turnip; the pulp is acidly sweet in taste. The "palta," or alligator pear, is a delicious fruit; it is from one to two pounds in weight and has a greenish-yellow pulp which melts like marrow in the mouth. There were many other tropical fruits exposed for sale, but it was impossible to sample all.

Dreary as Payta is the romancers have twined a few legends around it. One of these tells of a flock of goats which constantly come down from the foothills for water. By the time they get back to the hills they are so thirsty they have to come down again, and so the goat-march is continually kept up.

Another legend is associated with the church of Santa Merced. It is told that an English Commander named Anson once sacked this church, and that one of his followers, seeing the statue of the Virgin, struck it on the neck with his sword, whereupon blood gushed forth. The statue is still in the church and on each anniversary of its desecration, it is claimed, blood trickles from the spot the soldier struck. As I was not there on an anniversary day I can neither deny nor affirm.

Besides cotton, large quantities of petroleum are shipped through the port of Payta.

Dull as the place is now it may have an active future. The harbor can be made a good one, as there are facilities for the construction of docks and wharves. After the Canal is opened it may become the leading gateway for the Amazon country.

During stops at Eten, Pascamayo and Salaverry, the last named after the popular dramatic poet, many sacks of rice were taken on board. Rice is a staple food in all these coast towns, it forms part of the daily *menu*. We get it ourselves on board, served up as a *plat de résistance*, mixed with red chilli pepper.

Eten is only a collection of little mud huts with a few warehouses.

At Pascamayo there is a fine iron mole, half a mile long, on which freight is run out on the cars of the Peruvian Corporation Railway. This railway connects Pascamayo with many towns of the rich Jequetepec valley. One of these is Cajamarca, an ancient seat of the Incas, where Atahualpa, the last of them, was murdered by the cruel Pizarro. Ruins of the Incas' palace remain, and even the site is pointed out of the room which Atahualpa filled with gold to satisfy Spanish greed and save his life, but in vain.

The country all around Pascamayo is rich in mementoes of Incan civilization. Here can be seen fine specimens of the ancient *huaca* or pottery vases that tinkle when water is poured into them.

Just before leaving Pascamayo we had an opportunity of seeing one of those diminutive sea skimmers called caballitos or little horses. The caballito is simply a bundle of straws tied to a fiat board. The manipulator straddles it as he would a horse and rides the waves with buoyancy and at a fair speed.

We had planned a special excursion from Salaverry, the port for the ancient town of Truxillo, named by Pizarro after his birthplace in sunny Spain, our intention being a visit to the ruins of the Grand Chimu, but a dense fog brought the *Huasco* to a dead stop for the greater part of a day, so that when we arrived in port we were too late for the train.

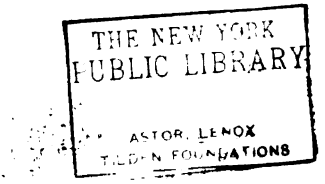
Salaverry is the outlet for a rich agricultural district especially adapted to the growth of sugar-cane. From this port to Callao our steamer resembled a floating menagerie. We had one hundred and fifty steers on board, besides crates, coops and boxes of chickens and ducks. We also had parrots—cages of them; I counted thirty-five of these screaming, ear-splitting, nerve-wrecking, peace-destroying nuisances.

Early on the morning of March 1, we arrived at Callao, the port of Lima, after a run, or rather a crawl, of thirty-six hours from Salaverry, and fourteen days out from Panama. By an ordinarily fast steamer and without making stops, this journey, which is only fifteen hundred miles, could be easily accomplished in three days.

Callao has a fine harbor, stone pier and superior dock accommodation. There is always a bustle and activity which reminds one of a busy Northern port. More than a thousand vessels touch here every year. There was a perfect forest of masts and spars—the merchantmen of many nations. Everywhere both afloat and ashore there were signs of the restless activity which characterizes the place.

ON THE PLAZA, PAYTA, "THE ONLY BIT OF GREEN"

CATHEDRAL AND PLAZA, PAYTA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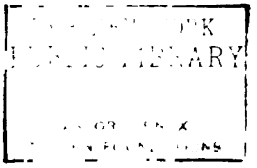

WATER CARRIER, PAYTA

"LITTLE PERLA" FROM PAYTA

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HARBOR SCENE, CALLAO

A SUBURB OF CALLAO

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Housetops, church spires and factory chimneys reflected the morning sunshine in which they appeared solid structures of architectural beauty, but here, as at Guayquil, it was a case of semblance not substance. The solid looking beauty was effected by stucco and plaster-of-Paris.

When we got into the town we found it dreary and uninviting; the houses were similar to those we had seen, constructed of wood, cane and bamboo, covered over with plaster. The streets were very dusty. We were told the dust is sometimes converted into an almost impassable mire by the fine mist of the winter season. This mist serves the purpose of rain, for Callao, in common with the other coast towns, is rainless too.

We did not visit old Callao, which stands farther out on the point than the present town. In 1746 it was almost totally destroyed by an earthquake, when four thousand people perished.

The modern town also has had its vicissitudes. It, too, has often suffered from fires and earthquakes, besides coming in for a share of misfortunes in other respects. The Spaniards bombarded it in 1866 and fourteen years later the Chileans left but little behind them. However, it has always rallied and to-day has a population of twenty thousand and is a port from which a vast commerce is carried on with the rest of the world. The principal exports that pass through its gateway are cotton, sugar, rice, rubber, chinchona bark from which we obtain quinine, dyes, alpaca sheep's wool, llama's wool, gold, copper and silver .

We did not remain long in Callao, as it did not appeal to us, and besides we were eager to get to Lima. To reach the electric train we had to jostle and elbow our way past sailors, boatmen, freight donkeys, water-carriers, venders of fruits, boys selling lottery tickets at the corners and many other nondescript characters who impeded our progress to a considerable degree.

At length, almost out of breath and perspiring freely, we got on the cars and in half an hour more found ourselves in the City Pizarro founded in 1535—Lima, the capital of Peru.

CHAPTER V

LIMA, THE CAPITAL OF PERU

IMPRESSIONS OF THE CITY OF PIZARRO

The City of the Kings calls up many memories of the past as one looks upon it for the first time, saunters through its quaint streets, and gazes upon its relics of former greatness and power. The traveler feels somewhat the same emotions as he does in contemplating the ruins of Old Rome—his thoughts are of a by-gone period and it becomes difficult for him to concentrate his mind on his surroundings in order to study the realities of the present. Nevertheless, the march of modern progress and the introduction of new ideas have done much to obliterate the landmarks of other days. But few objects remain to bear witness to its early history of greatness and importance. There is the old palace of the Holy Inquisition, now the Senate Chamber of the Peruvian Congress; in this building tortures were meted out to "heretics" and non-conformists for years after such practices were suppressed in Europe—the knout, the lash, the thumbscrew and the rack being in almost daily requisition. The old ceiling, which looked down on revolting scenes of religious frenzy and fanaticism, still bends above the heads of Solons and legislators, though the effacing fingers of the years have given it some hard scratchings in passing. It is of dark wood, was exquisitely carved and is still beautiful despite the fact that many of the lines have lost their tracery through decay. This ceiling was a gift from the monks of the mother country of the conquistadores, and dates back to 1560.

The House of the Viceroys can still be seen, grim landmark indeed of a blood-stained era of rapine and pillage. Through its door on that fateful Sunday evening in June, 1541, the Almagrists under

De Rada rushed forth in irresistible fury and hewed down the Septuagenarian conquistador, who had won for Spain an empire, while at the same time writing in her history a carmine page of infamy and shame.

That building across the way, where the House of Deputies now meet, was the Colegio de San Marcos—the College of St. Mark. This was the first University in the Western world, having been founded by King Charles V. in 1551, long before Henry Hudson sighted the river which bears his name or the first Dutch hut was erected on Manhattan Island. In 1752 it was raised to the dignity of a University, by a charter granted to the Jesuits under hand and seal of Philip II. The present University building includes the College of San Carlos, founded in 1770, where most of the better class of Peruvian youth are educated. Several hundred names are on the rostrum.

But the strongest reminder of the past is the desiccated body of the notorious yet fearless adventurer himself, which is preserved in a glass case in the cathedral. In expectation of a monetary consideration, the sacristan or some of the monks will lead you to this case and allow you to gaze on the withered mummy once animated by the most indomitable spirit probably of which the history of the world makes record. Who can look unmoved upon the mortal remains of Pizarro! Washington Irving, in writing of his visit to Stratford-on-Avon, tells of meeting a man who had been present when some work was being done on the tomb of Shakespeare, and who had looked into the sarcophagus on the dust of the illustrious bard. In gentle irony the gifted American writer exclaims: "We think 'twas something to have seen the man who had seen the bones of Shakespeare." We may be pardoned when we say: "We think 'twas something to have gazed upon the earthly tenement of Pizarro."

The capital of Peru was founded by Pizarro on Epiphany Day. January 6, 1535, and called by him *Ciudad de los Reyes,* "the City of the Kings," in allusion to the Magi who came to worship at the nativity of the Saviour. Pizarro was almost as much of a builder and founder as Rameses the Great. As soon as he had laid out the boundaries of the city, the Spaniards flocked into Peru from Spain by the thousands. The name, City of Kings, was retained by the capital officially for upward of two centuries. It became the seat of the succeeding Viceroys of Peru, who during most of the Colonial Period, ruled nearly all of Spanish South

America. Their Court was resplendent with the pomp and panoply of power, and became the most magnificent in all America. Indeed its grandeur even to this day has never been equalled, much less eclipsed. The Church, then as now, according to Spanish observances from the earliest times of her history, was regarded as supreme both at home and abroad. She was given first place and all bowed to her dictum. Therefore the Archbishop of Lima was considered the most important prelate of the Western Continent. His rule was arbitrary, and there was no gainsaying his behests, injunctions or commands. In Lima, too, the religious orders had their headquarters, and, as has been stated, it was the center of the Holy Inquisition, whose office was to make all conform to the dictates of the Church or suffer the consequences. Church buildings sprang up as if by magic, many of them costly and imposing in construction. The Cathedral of Lima was and is one of the finest, if not the very finest, of ecclesiastical buildings in the Western Hemisphere. The original cost of erection was about nine million dollars, most of which was taken from the ninety millions Pizarro stole from the Incas. It was almost wholly destroyed by the terrible earthquake of 1746; but preparations were immediately made to replace it, and it was rebuilt on the first foundations. It stands on the Plaza Mayor, one of the finest public squares in the world. It is on an elevated marble terrace raised about six feet above the surrounding space. It has the usual two towers of imposing height, and the massive portal entrance is in the Moorish style. The older parts, including most of the pillars and columns, are of red marble, and offer somewhat of a striking contrast to modern additions in brick, stucco and wood. The interior is impressive, rich in ecclestiastical furnishings and trappings, many of the statues, ornaments and other adornments being constructed of solid silver—in fact a few are of virgin gold encrusted with precious stones. It has one of the best-toned organs in America. Besides containing the remains of Pizarro, the coffins of several of the succeeding Viceroys are in the crypt.

There were some seventy other churches within the confines of Lima, but several have been turned over to secular uses. One of these churches, that of Santó Domingo, can lay claim to even a greater fame than the Cathedral, in being the receptacle of the body of a mortal who was not a conquistador, a fighter or an adventurer, but a true servant of God, who passed her life in penitence and prayer and was a bright exemplar for all in her

CATHEDRAL, LIMA

FAÇADE OF CATHEDRAL, LIMA

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community. This is the famous Rosa de Lima, honored in the Roman liturgy as St. Rose of Lima. She was canonized in 1668, and many Roman Catholic churches throughout the world have been dedicated to her. There is one on West 165th Street, New York City.

Ecclesiastical prerogatives and privileges still remain the same in Lima, and indeed throughout all Peru. Although the country proclaimed her independence of the motherland in 1821, being the very last of the South American possessions to throw off the Spanish yoke, the power of the Church has remained unabridged, and religious freedom is denied to the masses.

Taken by San Martin, July 9, 1821, Lima remained in the hands of the patriots, with slight interruptions, during the war for independence. It has always been the focal point around which the contending parties have centered. Throughout the civil wars its possession always indicated the party having the upper hand. As the capital of the Peru-Bolivian Confederation, 1836-1838, it was taken by the Chileans, who united with Gamana and other revolutionists. It was again occupied by the Chileans, after several severe battles ,January 17, 1881, and was held by them until October 22, 1883. During this occupation great damage was done to the city. especially to the noteworthy public buildings. The once famous museum and great public library were looted. The historic picture entitled "The Death of Atahualpa" was cut from its frame and sent to Santiago, but protests from foreign diplomats and others in power who were incensed at the spoliation compelled its return. It now hangs in the Exposition gallery.

When the war between Chile and Peru commenced, the latter country was the dominant power on the West Coast. She had wealth, she had an army and navy supposedly much stronger than those of her opponent. Her capital had the prestige which attaches to the past, the seat of conquistadores and conquerors, and she had the traditions of the best blood of the land. Yet, when the war ended she was conquered, subdued, beaten, broken, probably never again to lift her head in the pride of her former greatness and glory. Her ships were captured or sunk, her fighting men had gone, her sea-ports and towns were razed and her boasted capital sacked by the invaders and despoiled of its best treasures. The Chileans had become the masters of the West. They made their way northward for hundreds of miles, taking away from Bolivia her Pacific outlet, sealing her up in the interior among the moun-

tains. They stripped Peru of the enormously rich province of Tarapaca; two other provinces, Tacna and Arica, were also ceded to Chile for a term of ten years. That time expired in 1893 and Peru was powerless to regain them. From these nitrate provinces Chile, up to the present, has collected almost half a billion dollars in exports—indeed the wealth in nitrates seems to be inexhaustible. In fact, no other country in the world has ever paid such tribute as has Peru. The subjugation of Peru was merely the oft repeated case of new methods overcoming the old, of modern progress passing ancient traditions on the way, and leaving them far behind to linger in the gray mists of history.

Still, it cannot be denied that Peru made a brave, even a gallant stand against the invaders. Colonel Francisco Bolognesi proved himself a capable leader as well as a fearless soldier. At the battle of Arica, where he fell, when called upon to surrender he defiantly yelled—"Al ultimo cartucho," and indeed he and his two thousand Peruvian followers, though surrounded by more than twice that number of the enemy, literally did fight "to the last cartridge." When their ammunition was gone they fought hand to hand and valiantly died to the last man. Bolognesi's brave lieutenant, Ugarte, rather than surrender spurred his horse off the cliff and plunged sheer seven hundred feet into the sea beneath. In many Peruvian homes you will see lithographs of this last, wild, despairing leap of the gallant Alfonso Ugarte. Bolognesi himself was cut down, and as he fell he wrapped the Peruvian flag around his body and breathed his last farewell into the folds he loved so well, for which he fought so well, and for which he gave up his life. Alas, the struggle was in vain! There is no indication at present that Peru will ever regain her former greatness. Unless some untoward and unthought of circumstances arise to compel her, Chile will never give up the captured territory.

Although Peru has had her siege of Paris and her Sedan, and lost, too, an Alsace and Lorraine, like France she is also emerging from the shadow of the valley into a brighter day, even if her sun may never shine again with the brilliancy of a former glory. She is trying to forget the bitterness of defeat and is beginning to make the best of her present situation and conditions. She is developing her industrial resources, opening copper and silver mines, erecting cotton mills, building sugar refineries, drilling oil-wells, making roads, irrigating her plains into fertile fields, constructing steamships, enlarging harbors and in a hundred other ways bringing

CATHEDRAL AND PLAZA, LIMA

DISTANT VIEW OF CATHEDRAL AND PLAZA, LIMA

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millions of dollars of capital from other lands to enrich her own. Within the past ten years the value of Peruvian exports has risen from twelve to thirty million dollars.

Her capital is taking on a new life, as it were—shaking off the effects of the trials and harassing vicissitudes through which it has passed and reaching for a place among the progressive commonwealths of the modern world. Of course the spirit of the past still hovers around and over it, but the genius of the present is exerting a power which is impelling the old city forward by steady degrees. The strides may be slow, but nevertheless they are advancing.

True, the scars of past wounds are observable in many places yet, but they are gradually disappearing. The last wound cut deep; it was inflicted but a few years ago—1897 to be exact—when ex-President Pierola entered the place with his revolutionists and more than three thousand people were slaughtered in the drowsy streets within the space of three days.

Pierola deposed old President Carceres. He trained his Gatling guns against the city and raked the streets with steel and lead. The dead were carried out by the mule-load, and there were so many troop horses killed that their bodies could not be interred—they were sprinkled with coal-oil and burned.

The Limenos are bravely trying to forget the scenes of violence through which they have passed. They are letting the dead past bury its dead, and have no desire whatever to resurrect the skeletons. They have faith in the present and hope for the future. They are endeavoring to emulate the best examples of Europe and the United States.

Lima has its social set fashioned on similar lines to the *beau monde* of the Bois de Bolougne, Rotten Row and Fifth Avenue. They may not have such great wealth, but they have the pretensions and their tastes are just as esthetic. Well-dressed ladies can be seen lolling indolently on the silk cushions of carriages, victorias, and landaus, attended by smartly groomed, well-uniformed footmen, taking their morning or evening drives through the squares and suburbs. Gentlemen whizz by in limousines and tonneaus with a recklessness worthy of New York itself.

The clubs are as up to date and in some cases surpass any we have at home. There is a spirit of *camaraderie* and good-fellowship which makes one feel immediately at ease and in spirit with his surroundings. Polish, politeness and good breeding are met at

every turn. There are also most of the modern conveniences from the cuisine of the kitchen to the well-appointed billiard, smoking and reading rooms. In the last mentioned the visitor can find the leading magazines and newspapers representing the chief civilizations of the world. He can pick up the *New York Herald,* the *Illustrated London News,* the *Times, La Temps, Fliegende Blätter, the Melbourne Argus* and dozens of others of foreign periodicals, besides the home productions such as *El Comercio* and *La Prensa* of *Lim*a and the *Caras y Caretas* of Buenos Aires. In a word, he has the latest news of the world at his elbow, so that in a moment he can with extensive view "survey mankind from China to Peru."

The hotels of Lima can very favorably compare with those of cities of similar size in any part of the United States or even of Europe.

The most fashionable promenade of Lima is the beautiful *paseo* drive, known as the *Colon.* A band generally plays here in the afternoons and the youth and fashion of the city turn out in great numbers. Some come in fine carriages and luxuriantly recline on the cushions to drink in the delicious music.

The main artery or pulse of the community is the wide plaza which is occupied on one side by the Cathedral. The National Palace, which as we have said, is now given over to State functions, takes up another; on a third we find hotels, clubs, shops and various other buildings. The enclosed space is laid out with flowers and tropical shrubs, in the midst of which a marble fountain constantly plays, its spray of waters producing many beautiful iridescent tints of coloring in the sunshine by day and in the artificial light by night. This plaza, however, is not a fashionable promenade. In this respect it is not like the Colon. Wealth, fashion or rank scarcely ever appear here. The *élite* of society seldom, if ever, come. The visitors and habitues generally belong to the lower middle class and to the *pueblo* or common working class. Here these people enjoy themselves in the cool of the evenings after the day's toil, and drink in the soft balmy air charged with luscious scents from myriads of odoriferous flowers and shrubs.

As regards its general aspect, Lima is a pleasing city, but its seeming grandeur is counterfeit, only apparent to the vision. There is little of solidity about it. When seen from the harbor its roofs, towers and church-spires stand out against the background of the Andean foothills and gleam white in the light of day, as if they

STREET SCENE, LIMA

RIMAC RIVER AT LIMA

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were composed of Carrara marble. This deceptive appearance is accentuated to a great degree by the neutral tints of the surrounding desert land. In reality most of the buildings are composed of sun-dried brick, mud, bamboo splits or lath and lime, covered with stucco and plaster-of-paris, in many places molded into artistic and fantistic shapes and forms to catch the eye. Architecturally speaking, there is little or nothing in Lima different from that of other Spanish South American cities and towns. They are almost all invariably constructed in the same way—of the flimsiest materials, except some of the churches and large public buildings.

It is said that a good rainstorm would sweep the most of Lima away, but fortunately there is never a downpour in this arid capital. Few of the houses are over two stories, and this is as it should be, for the recurrent earthquakes render taller buildings inadmissible. The skyscraper is impossible. At any rate there is no call for it, as space is not at a premium nor does the rush for the "almighty dollar" in anyway approach the intensity of keeness with which it is sought in the United States. In fact most of the towns of Latin America lying in their sleeping laziness are the antitheses of the hustling, bustling centers of mercantile action which characterize the land of Uncle Sam.

Though Peru, as we have said, is trying to rouse herself into commercial activity by bringing foreign capital to her shores, nevertheless her towns, as yet, are "sanctuaries of silence" when compared to the noisy arenas of Yankee enterprise and endeavor. There is nothing of the rude struggle of life which is felt so palpably in Northern cities and happily, too, the blatant roar, the ostentatious glare, the disgusting vulgarity and display of wealth are also absent.

There is something of a rest and charm about the old streets of these drowsy towns which appeal to the finer sensibilities of the soul and harmony of the fitness of things, so that one does not wish them other than what they are.

Though Lima has been the scene of many conflicts and stirring adventures, there is still an air of quietude and repose about it which soothes the nerves and calms the heart. No doubt some of the streets at times are rather crowded and the tenements congested, but there is never that feeling of oppression which one experiences in the hives of population in Northern lands.

There is a freedom of intercourse which is at the same time admirable and delightful. Though society is divided into classes there is none of that ignorant *hauteur* or purse-proud ascendancy

which makes the rich despise those in less fortunate circumstances than themselves. There are no upstart parvenus to trample on the weak or take advantage of their fellows by any underhand methods. Those who have acquired wealth legitimately do not make affluence a barrier to hedge them in from the poorest of their kind. "Upper-Tendom" in Lima may put on airs and ape style and manners of the great capitals, but it never despises "Lower-Fivedom." In fact there is a democratic familiarity among the classes which evinces good sense as well as the good morality of living in conformity to the Golden Rule.

Probably according to its size Lima is the most cosmopolitan city in the world. Chinese, Negroes, Indians, Mestizos, Cholos and Quichuas dovetailed in among Americans, Spaniards, Englishmen, Irishmen, French, Germans, Italians, and even Turks present a human mosaic equally interesting to the social student and the ethnologist. The population is estimated at about 160,000, though some maintain that there are more than 200,000 within the city and near-by suburbs. A general classification divides them as follows: Of Spanish descent, thirty-three per cent.; half-breeds, twenty-seven per cent.; Indians, seventeen per cent.; foreigners, twelve per cent.; Negroes, six per cent, and Chinese, five per cent. A few representatives of the wandering race of Israel may also be found in Lima. In the market-place one hears a perfect Babel of tongues, and he who would understand half must needs be a thorough polyglot or modern Mezzofanti. English, German and Italian merchants have their stores side by side, and these vary in construction according to the nationality of the owners. All three differ in style from the native stores and shops. These latter have no windows and the doors run the full width so that the whole front is pushed back or taken away during business hours. Many of these shops are like caves, the only light coming from the front, and the cave-likeness is increased by the long distance they extend in the rear. A view of such shops also reminds one of so many cells separated by thin partitions. The Mercadores is lined with these dark little stores.

Some of the business streets are not more than twenty feet in width, and the side-walks take up four feet of this space. Pedestrians often have to give the right of way to mules saddled with panniers and take to the middle of the roadway.

The business hours of the stores are generally from 7 a. m. until 11 a. m. and from 2 p. m. until 6 p. m. Nearly all are closed during the mid-day hours. Most of the trading is done in the gayest

MILK PEDDLER, LIMA

BULL RING, LIMA

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part of the day, that is, from 3 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon, at which time the traffic is greatest and the crowds almost as dense as those at the bargain counters of a New York department store on bargain Fridays. But they differ very widely from a New York crowd, inasmuch as there is no rush, no hurry, no bustle, no excitement at all, no frantic-looking women shoving, pushing and tearing one another to get to counters. There is order and decorum and every one is as quiet as if all were attending a prayer-meeting, speaking only when it is necessary to do so. Friends and acquaintances meet, bow, shake hands and pass on. All are very well dressed and look as if they were prosperous, though many may be lacking in wordly possessions.

The Limenos believe in outside show, and on all occasions endeavor to put on a fair exterior. Of course the well-to-do,—and there are many such,—have no need of simulation, but those who have not wealth try by every means in their power to counterfeit it and make the world believe they are rolling in opulence, though there is never any show of that vulgar display so indicative of purse-proud Northerners. The men wear tall hats, cutaway coats, patent leather shoes, kid gloves, and both the old and young invariably carry canes. The women and girls generally dress in black. They do not, as a rule, wear bonnets, but wrap fine shawls of black goods about their heads, pinning them fast to the shoulders, so that only their faces can be seen. These shawls are called *mantas* or *mantillas*, and are very graceful in their adjustment. It may be said that the women of Lima are the most beautiful south of the Equator. Indeed they can favorably compare with those of any land beneath the sun. They are straight and well rounded, with soft, oval, olive faces, luxuriant masses of black hair combed up in pompadour fashion from high foreheads, and their eyes are dark, large and luminous, glowing with the passion of Southern blood. Paradoxical as it may seem, these females are intensely devoted both to worldly amusements and to religion. One hour you will find them at the dance, the music-hall, or the theater, the next you will find them in the cloistered light of some church, prostrate on their knees before a statue of the Virgin, beating their breasts and each crying *peccavi* for past transgressions. On the streets they generally carry prayer-books and rosaries.

All the Limenos seem to be intensely religious, but it has been proved that many have assumed the cloak of religion solely for the purpose of furthering their own schemes and designs and to hide

their hypocrisy and double-dealing. They have trafficked in religion, in other words have

> " . . . stolen heaven's livery
> Wherewith to serve the devil."

This is nothing new, however. Lima is not the only city nor Peru the only country in which religion has been made subservient to base motives and dark schemes.

Peru is the greatest stronghold of Roman Catholicism on the Western Continent. The cult of other religions is permitted but not sanctioned by the State. Protestant and other denominations are allowed to worship merely by courtesy. Whether the Roman Church has done Peru good or harm it is not for me to say. Neither can I say if it has benefited the Indian by bringing him into the white light of its civilization. He might have worked out his destiny and salvation and arrived at as high a plane of civilization by way of his Inca religion. The Cross of Christ and the sword of persecution have been too often held aloft by the same hand.

At any rate the religion of Rome has been as good for the Indian as that of any other Christian church would have been—probably better. One thing is certain, it is useless for any other Church to step in at this date. The evangelizers and missioary societies are but wasting time and money, and as intimated above, it is only through courtesy they are permitted at all. Evangelical experiments in all Latin countries have had the same result. The power of Rome may be weakened, members may be alienated from her fold, but that does not mean that their defection is an accession to the ranks of evangelical Protestantism. Not at all! It simply means a gain to the ranks of materialism and finally atheism, for such is the goal to which the seceders eventually drift.

Lima was formerly called the "Rome of South America," and to a certain extent it still deserves the title. Church feasts and saints' days are looked upon as of the first importance; and on these occasions the people turn out in thousands, and public worship is transferred from the churches to the streets. Two of the most important festivals are Easter and Corpus Christi. In celebrating the latter the priest carries the host through the streets, walking under a canopy of cloth of gold upheld by four acolytes and preceded by trains of boys and girls strewing flowers along the way. Altars are erected at different places along the route; these are called altars of repose. On them for a time in passing the host

is placed in a golden monstrance and the multitudes kneel down and worship. At such ceremonies the President, his cabinet, and his staff attend, as well as the army. There are military salutes from the guns and great pomp is observed throughont. Drums beat, bands play, incense fills the air, and everything is done to give spectacular effect.

The traveler of another faith, on looking upon such a scene of tinseled grandeur and loud-sounding display, is constrained to ask himself,—What has all this got to do with the religion of Christ, in whose honor these ceremonies ostensibly take place?—Christ, the lowly Man of Galilee, the humble Carpenter of Nazareth, who led a life of poverty and sufferings, who often went hungry, over the bleak hills of Judea with scarcely a place to lay His head or rest His weary bones?

Oh, yes, "a Carpenter gave us our creed!" Do we honor Him by arraying ourselves in purple and fine linen, by gold-embroidered vestments and incense, by the fanfare and blare of trumpets? Oh, no! Christ is honored not in externals, but in internals, in the heart and not in the outward display.

"What care I for caste or creed?
It is the deed, it is the deed;
What for class or what for clan?
It is the man, it is the man;
Heirs of love and joy and woe,
Who is high and who is low?
Mountain, valley, sky and sea,
Are for all humanity.

What care I for robe or stole?
It is the soul, it is the soul;
What for crown, or what for crest?
It is the heart within the breast;
It is the faith, it is the hope;
It is the struggle up the slope,
It is the brain and eye to see
One God, and one humanity."

The ritual and ceremonies of the Catholic Church throughout all Peru are carried out on an elaborate scale with a view to impressiveness, but much of the impressiveness vanishes with a consideration of the methods employed. The system is an appeal to the soul through the eye and not through the heart. There is little of solidity about it—glamor for reality, glare for substance. In this respect it resembles the church buildings, many of which are showy without and shabby within. It is a fact that most of the church

edifices are built of mud, frescoed and plastered on the outside with stucco to give the semblance of solidity. It is only the big gaudy show-places of religion like the Cathedral, which show solidity of architecture and which have cost much to erect them.

Often, the interior furnishings are gaudy almost to disgust, looking in their flash of colorings more like oriental harems than sanctuaries of religion. There are flashy altars banked with stacks of candelabra and ornamented or rather disfigured by tinseled trappings. Pictures little better than caricatures hang around the walls, and in innumerable niches here and there are simpering, painted, delft dolls, by courtesy called statues, representing the saints and other scriptural personages. These do not appeal to the religious instinct, but, on the contrary, repel those of finer feelings and esthetic tastes. Yet they seem to have a powerful influence on the so-called lower classes, and especially on the Indian, whose nature always inclines to the bizarre.

Some of the old-time churches, however, are exceptions, being really beautiful in their calm dignity, with a hallowed air about them which gives a charm to true religion. They are especially appealing to the higher attributes of the soul when the calm of evening falls and the slanting rays of sunlight come softly through the stained-glass windows, mellowing altars and draperies and girdling, as it were, the brows of virgins, saints and martyrs with aureoles of living light, making them almost appear endowed with life, standing in the silent sanctuary like ambassadors treating with the Court of Heaven in behalf of earthly mortals, appealing, as it were, to the Father for His wayward, erring children.

The Cathedral even, from an outside view, impresses the traveler with a sense of the beautiful, in massive proportions as well as with the dignity of religion. Viewed from across the plaza when the shadows are slowly gathering and the great façade stands out as a background to the dark green foliage of palms and shrubs and tropical plants, and when the arcades are illuminated, the fountain playing and the liquid notes of soft music float out on the still air, the scene and surroundings form a vista never to be forgotten,—one indeed in itself well worth a trip to Lima.

I have already mentioned some of the other prominent landmarks of the capital,—the Palace of the Presidents, Hall of the Inquisition, the University of San Marco. We visited the last-mentioned seat of Peruvian learning and was conducted through the class-rooms by one of the suave and polite students. When

I offered to remunerate the young man for his kindness and courtesy he declined any monetary consideration, respectfully soliciting *"tarjeta de visita,* Señor!" instead. I gladly handed him my card, as I presumed he wished to have it as a souvenir of my visit to the institution.

In the medical school attached to the University we saw some youthful Peruvian Esculapians carving up the bodies of some unfortunate Cholos for the good of Science. Later on, in the great "Dos de Mayo" hospital we saw several of these half-starved brown men from the mountains lying in the wards, and had no doubt that eventually their bodies would reach the dissecting table. This hospital is a very noteworthy edifice. It was erected at a cost of over a million dollars and has seven hundred beds.

The National Library of Lima, after that of Rio, was the finest on the continent, being particularly rich in historical works and manuscripts relating to Peru. It was sacked by the Chileans in 1881, and though it was reopened in 1884, only a small part of the priceless treasures were recovered. The Exposition Building, a kind of national museum erected in 1872, is a handsome structure surrounded by beautiful pleasure grounds which are now used as a private promenade. The Bank of Peru and London is a prominent building of a modern type of architecture.

The ordinary houses in Lima, especially in the older parts of the city, are far from imposing. Of course, they were patterned after the style then prevailing and still prevailing in rural Spain. Some have only one story, but two stories are the general limit. The lower of these stories is either of mud or adobe, that is, sun-dried brick; the upper, of cane and plaster. They have no chimneys, and on the ground floor overlooking the street only a few windows, all of which are barred. The poorer sections are largely made up of *callejones* or alleys. There are hundreds of these little blind alleys, which are reached through doors in the walls along the main streets. As there are no chimneys, most of the cooking is done over charcoal fires. There are little courts in the center of the buildings, and most of these are planted with flowers.

In the two-story houses of the better class, galleries run around the courts and the rooms opening on these are very well ventilated. Some of the wealthy have houses which are more or less pretentious and occupy a good deal of space, but nearly all have barred windows and are entered through barred gates, which give them the appearance of a prison.

There is a kind of renaissance, however, taking place at present in the architecture of Lima. Houses are now being erected of three and four stories, and both bricks and cement blocks are being used in the construction, and windows are being inserted in all stories. It is much to be wondered at that this innovation did not take place long since; and more so that a city which aspires to modern progress should be content with such miserable makeshifts of mud and stucco, relics of an almost barbarous past. This is especially noticeable in a land which boasts of the marvelous remains of the Inca palaces, which were constructed of cyclopean stones so large as to be almost beyond credibility, and slabs of rock so huge that they dwarf those of the Egyptian pyramids; and these slabs were formed and mortised in such a way, as shown in the ruins, that it is impossible to insert a knife-blade between them.

Besides, Lima has at her own doors all the materials for solid masonry. Near the city are splendid granite quarries and natural accessories for the construction of solid dwellings which might easily defy all seismic disturbances. There is no necessity for height, which is undesirable on account of the earthquakes, but there is certainly necessity for solidity and light as appurtenances to comfort and health. Were Lima subject to the violent tropical rainstorms which characterize other sections, the city would dissolve like a snow-bank in the sun-heat, but unlike snow it would leave a dirty *débris*. To borrow a simile from Mr. Squier, it would be like "a withered cane-brake in a gigantic wind puddle."

In going about the streets of Lima the visitor sees some strange sights and meets some curious adventures—that is to say, strange and curious to the foreigner. The Limenos have some customs peculiar to themselves. One meets venders, hucksters, and peddlers at every turn, but these are widely different from those encountered elsewhere. Most of the peddling is done from horseback, muleback, and donkeyback. The horses are small but spirited animals, and have an easy, gentle gait which carries the riders along over the cobbles with as great ease as if they were on rubber-tired wheels. The Indian women ride astride, and are excellent equestriennes. The milk of the city is carried about in tin cans tied to the sides of the animals. The venders, male and female, sit between the cans. The Indian women dress in very bright colored, light material, such as calico or gingham, and wear huge-brimmed Panama hats. When they reach the house of a customer they slide down from their places, take up one of the cans, go into the house and ladle

BOLIVAR STATUE, LIMA, AUTHOR AND FRIENDS

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out the quantity of lacteal fluid required. Indian women and boys also peddle loaves of bread around the streets, carried in large panniers suspended from the sides of horses, mules and donkeys. Vegetables are also peddled in the same way. In fact, all sorts of produce are carried round in a similar manner on the backs of animals. When the load is large the vender sits behind, facing the tail of the beast, and props his back against his wares, so as to prevent their sliding.

Another characteristic feature of the lower class Limenos, and one which does not appeal to the finer sensibilities of the visitor, is the seeming inveterate habit of gambling by means of lottery tickets. In this respect they are about as bad as the policy runners of New York's congested East Side. They meet you at every corner and turn—on the streets, in the cafés, hotel corridors, shops and stores—men, women, boys, girls and even little children, importuning you to buy tickets and win a fortune. They boldly thrust the filthy pasteboards into your hands with such expressions as: "Don't miss your opportunity!" "A fortune awaits you!" "Buy! Buy! Buy!" Of course, they are the flotsam and jetsam of the city, the derelicts which we find almost everywhere floating on the dirty waters of the human tide. What commission these unfortunates get for selling the tickets we know not, but doubtless there is "some one higher up," or a syndicate of swindlers behind the system who reap a goodly harvest from the ill-gotten gains.

As I have said, there are no chimneys on the houses. The flat roofs are a favorite place for the raising of chickens. Thousands are hatched, lay eggs, grow fat and are killed without ever seeing the ground below. One is liable to be disturbed any hour of the night by the crowing of roosters. In fact, visitors have often had to complain of the sleep-destroying racket made by the birds. But the Limenos don't mind it, they are used to it and doubtless would feel lonely did they not hear the clarion notes of chanticleer.

Altogether, Lima is a wonderful city; one soon gets used to its peculiarities, however, and the more familiar he becomes the better he likes it.

Strangers are always welcome, and the social life among the better classes is pleasant, for they are really refined and educated, put on no airs, do not simulate or conceal their real feelings, but meet the visitor in an open-hearted way and do their best to entertain him while he remains within their gates.

CHAPTER VI

THE HIGHEST RAILROAD IN THE WORLD

FROM SEA-LEVEL TO THE ROOF OF PERU

Almost everybody who visits Lima and its neighborhood wishes to make a trip up the wonderful Oroya Railroad, which, commencing at the sea-level of Callao, winds up the face of the mountains to a culminating altitude of 15,665 feet before reaching Oroya.

We devoted a day to an excursion over this famous route, which has conquered the grim fastnesses of the Andes, harnessed their rugged sides with bands of steel, and enabled the traveler to scale their frowning precipices with comparative ease in comfortably cushioned cars drawn by the power of a steam locomotive.

The construction of the Oroya Railroad has been the most daring feat of engineering skill yet accomplished by man. The honor of undertaking it, if not carrying it to a successful completion, belongs to a citizen of the United States.

The man who proposed the scheme and commenced operations was Mr. Henry Meiggs, a native of the Empire State of New York, an individual who was deeply imbued with the Yankee spirit of hustle and determination which no difficulties can deter and no obstacles conquer. Meiggs was not an engineer, but a business man who kept his weather eye open to all opportunities. He began his career in his native State, where he made considerable money, but being of an adventurous and enterprising disposition he sought further fields of endeavor. In the gold days of California he brought a shipload of lumber around the Horn to San Francisco to help in the construction of the Queen City, then rearing her virgin head in the Western sunshine by the shimmering waters of the Pacific. On this

he realized an enormous profit, on which he started out as one of the great business pioneers of the West. He speculated largely, bought timber lands, erected saw-mills, purchased carrying brigs and schooners, and became a powerful factor in the industry and development of the new country. He overreached his ability, however, and finally found himself in enormous debts, impossible for him then to liquidate. Under such financial pressure, he fled to South America, leaving behind him in unpaid bills and other demands more than a million dollars of indebtedness. This was in 1854. Meiggs was baffled for the time being, but by no means beaten. Such a spirit as his refused to be downed. He soon entered into relations with the Chilean Government for the construction of the first railway in that country between Valparaiso and Santiago. He successfully carried through this enterprise, clearing a sum much more than the indebtedness he had left behind in California. It may here be said that Meiggs finally discharged all his obligations to the last cent, not even forgetting his former washerwoman, but he never could be induced to return to the Golden State, though, when at the height of his career, he got many invitations from both the people and the Legislature.

The second adventure of Meiggs in South America was the building of Peru's original railway line from Mollendo to Arequipa. This project netted him a profit of almost two million dollars. His fame became firmly established. He proved that he could "deliver the goods" and do what he said. He was no dreamer, no theorist, but a practical, hard-headed Yankee who had discarded the word *impossible* from the lexicon of his endeavors and undertakings. Though not an engineer himself, the best engineers in the world believed in him and were willing to go according to his plans and directions.

It was in 1869 that Meiggs projected the Oroya line. The news that he had entered into a contract with the Peruvian Government to construct a railroad from Callao, the port of Lima, right over the summit of the Andes with a view to reach the silver and copper mines of Cerro de Pasco and eventually open up to commerce the country around the head waters of the Amazon, startled the financial world, for the task was deemed impossible, the undertaking impracticable. What! throw a railroad across those soaring summits among the clouds! Drive a locomotive up those frowning sides of rock and granite! Pshaw! the very idea was absurd, chimerical, Quixotic! The wiseacres shook their heads and intimated that

Meiggs had overreached himself at last. Even experienced engineers frowned on the project.

What of Meiggs? He quietly listened to the talk and in his own grim way smiled at the adverse criticism. He well knew the undertaking was colossal, so formidable indeed that probably not another man living would have undertaken it. But Meiggs was cast in a mold different from most men. Such as he are turned out at rare intervals, and it seems the Almighty breaks the pattern each time He fashions one of them. Meiggs simply said: *"It can be done and I'll do it."*

He floated $29,000,000 in bonds and went to work. The terms of his contract called for his delivering the road ready for operation, for which he was to receive $125,000,000 payable in instalments as the work proceeded. At first the instalments were paid regularly enough, but after a time the government was compelled to borrow money from Europe and continued borrowing until Peruvian credit could go no further. Europe refused Peruvian bonds. Meiggs then accepted obligations from the Peruvian Government, and continued to do so until in fact he owned the entire republic. Peru could do no more. Soon, too, the hands of Meiggs became tied for want of ready cash. Under such circumstances the work had to be abandoned for the time being. So far it had cost Meiggs more than $300,000 for every mile of its length. But a greater cost than the financial one was the heavy toll it exacted in human lives. Several thousand men perished in the first construction of eighty-six miles. There are belts or zones in the region of this railroad where a foul miasma lurks and clings to every bush and shrub and rock, exhaling poisonous vapors deadly to all kinds of animal life, with the possible exception of ophidians. One of the worst of these is around Verrugas. Here a steel bridge was built over the foaming torrent of the Verrugas. This bridge was 575 feet long and 270 feet high above the water. It was swept away March 24, 1879, but was again rebuilt in 1890. It seems to be an unfortunate spot in every way. On February 8, 1909, the bridge once more collapsed, bringing down to instant death many American bridge-builders with a large number of natives. This latest accident was due to a runaway engine which crashed into a repair train located on the bridge.

In face of this misfortune both freight and passengers have to be carried across by means of a cable, that is, a little car runs on a rope stretched across from rock to rock above the yawning depth

QUEBRADA CHAUPICHACA-OROYA, PERU

where the Verrugas foams and churns hundreds of feet below. However, the daring and skill of the engineers will soon span the abyss again. It may be imagined that to go across the bridgeless chasm in such a manner is trying on the nerves, but one must forget he has any nerves at all when he essays the ascent of the Oroya, and be prepared for any and all kinds of experiences.

The disease or pestilence known as Verruga which scourges this region is one of the worst afflictions of humanity and one which, so far, has baffled every effort of modern science. The name is derived from the Latin *verruca,* a wart; in Spanish, *verruga.*

Verruga is a skin disease characterized by an eruption of thousands of tiny, bloody warts. The blood slowly oozes from each little papule and as there are such a great number of these papillæ, wide areas of the skin are covered with loathsome bloody patches. The exudation of the blood saps away the strength until the victim succumbs from weakness.

The medical world recognizes several skin diseases under the same generic heading, such as *verruca vulgaris, verruca plana, verruca acuminata,* etc., but all are different and distinct from the Andean affliction. Northern medical men and scientists have tried to combat it, but there is absolutely nothing as yet discovered which has the slightest effect upon it. It is reckoned worse than cholera or the bubonic plague or even leprosy. Scientists are of the opinion that it originates in some miasmatic poison, vegetable or mineral, peculiar to the locality. In the construction of the railway near this place, namely from Chosica to Matucana, a distance of twenty-seven miles, two hundred men died of verruga.

Near the latter place, Matucana, Meiggs also had an unfortunate natural set-back in 1874 when an avalanche suddenly covered a railway camp with mountain detritus, burying three hundred of his men. This avalanche dammed the river Rimac and a great volume of water accumulated which threatened the inundation of Lima and caused grave concern for the inhabitants. Meiggs, however, was equal to the occasion. He secured Chinese labor at a cheap rate, personally directed the men, and in a short time had the waters running in their natural channel.

The fiscal failure of the Peruvian Government to carry on the work precipitated the railroad into the hands of private bondholders. In 1877 negotiations were resumed with Europe for the purpose of effecting more loans, and undoubtedly Peru would have been able again to interest the moneyed powers, but the unexpected death of

Meiggs in that year called off all treaties and once more the scheme had to stand in abeyance. Meiggs died in Lima, where he had built for himself and family a palatial mansion, one of the great show-places of the city. Soon after, the war betwen Peru and Chile broke out and further thought of railway construction was abandoned during hostilities.

When peace was concluded in 1884 the Peruvian Corporation, an organization of English and American capitalists formed by the firm of W. R. Grace & Co., of New York, undertook the resumption of construction. A tunnel was cut right through the mountain which bears the name of Meiggs, and which has an altitude of about 17,700 feet, to the other side of the Andes, where the road descends to the valley of the Jauja, through the rich silver mining region of Yauli and finally ends at Oroya, an Indian market town situated at over 12,000 feet above sea-level.

A branch line of the railroad, sixty-eight miles in length, now connects the Oroya with the mines of Cerro de Pasco, the point to which Meiggs had originally intended to push his project. These mines are at an elevation of more than 14,000 feet, and nowhere does the branch line connecting them with Oroya dip less than 12,000 feet. These mines are now organized by American capital and bid fair to make their promoters rich.

The total length of the Oroya Railroad is 138 miles. As I have said, the culminating altitude is 15,665 feet. This is at the tunnel bored through Mount Meiggs, the Tunnel del Paso de Galera, as it is called. The summit of Mount Meiggs is about two thousand feet above the bore, which makes it fall but a little short of the snow-line in this latitude—some twelve degrees south of the Equator.

The ascent of the Andes on the Oroya, properly speaking, does not begin until the valley of the Rimac is crossed and the panting locomotive strikes the lower foothills of the Cordilleras. Onward, there is a steady climb until the culmination at the Galera Tunnel beyond which the descent begins on the other side of the mountains down the valley of the Jauja to Oroya. This descent is thirty-two miles and the "fall" thirty-five hundred feet.

In many places the grade of the road is four per cent., or over 210 feet to the mile. The track is the standard gauge of four feet eight and one-half inches. The rails weigh seventy pounds to the yard; the rail-braces are also very heavy, especially at the curves and the V-shaped angles. The ties are of California redwood, three thousand of them to the mile. All the bridges, and there are many,

SCENE FROM OROYA R. R., RIMAC RIVER

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are constructed of steel. The locomotives and cars are of North American manufacture, but they are by no means typical of the latest and best productions of the States, though the cars are comfortable enough and the locomotives very well adapted to the demands of such a road. It cannot be expected that the latter would very well compare with the snorting monsters of steam and steel which whizz across the North American continent with lightning rapidity, almost annihilating time and space. They are more like the antiquated, wheezy, asthmatic mechanisms we formerly had on the "L" lines in New York City before electricity was installed as a motive power. However, as intimated, they answer very well the purpose in view. The modern monster engines would not be suitable for climbing the mountains or going around the curves and "V's" and "S's" which make the ascent of the Oroya Railroad possible.

There are seven switchbacks and sixty tunnels on the line. The switchback was a characteristic device of Meiggs in the construction of the road. When he encountered a very stiff grade he zigzagged up the face of the mountain and when he came to a place where there was absolutely no room to turn or get around on a curve he backed out on a V-line and made his way upward until he could reverse on another "V" and go forward again. There are many of these "V's" in the course of the ascent, besides numerous curves up side valleys, and turnings and circumventings around protruding rocks and bosses, and many other kinds of ingenious and daring designs and contrivances to scale the precipitous mountain sides with bands of steel and iron and conquer the rugged obstacles of nature by the sheer force of human skill and daring. Of course the time consumed in stopping and switching at the zigzag and "V" turnings is very considerable; the position of the engine has to be reversed from one end of the train to the other; but for these zigzags and "V's" the feat of accomplishing the construction would have been impossible. By means of them a train of cars is enabled to scale the steep face of the cliffs with almost as much ease, if not as quickly, as a squirrel goes up a tree.

As much as possible the Oroya Railroad for a certain length follows the course of the river Rimac. In many places, however, it had to deviate from the direction of the rushing stream to accommodate itself to conditions and surmount obstacles, as when steep gradients or overhanging rocks were encountered, rendering curves, twistings, "V's" and "S's" imperative, as I have men-

tioned above. In some instances, by daring devices, displaying the resourcefulness and genius of the builder, the course of the Rimac was made subservient to the line of the railway. At one place it was diverted and the waters caused to rush through a mountain tunnel; the tracks were then laid on the bouldery bed over which the river had formerly surged. Near this is a great gorge into which two tunnels connected by the Puente Infiernillo (Bridge of Hell) open, and through which the Rimac rushes and roars with a thunderous violence the noise and fury of which is probably unparalleled elsewhere. It reminds one, in intensified force, of some of the falls on the Upper Rhine, particularly that of the Via Mala.

In one section the road branches away from the Rimac and follows the course of the Rio Blanca, which it crosses four times by wonderful feats of engineering skill, and then returns to the Rimac by crossing Capa Puente at an altitude of 11,638 feet above the sea. When the road emerges from the Galera Tunnel, under Mount Meiggs on the Eastern side of the Andean watershed, it follows the Rio Yauli to Oroya.

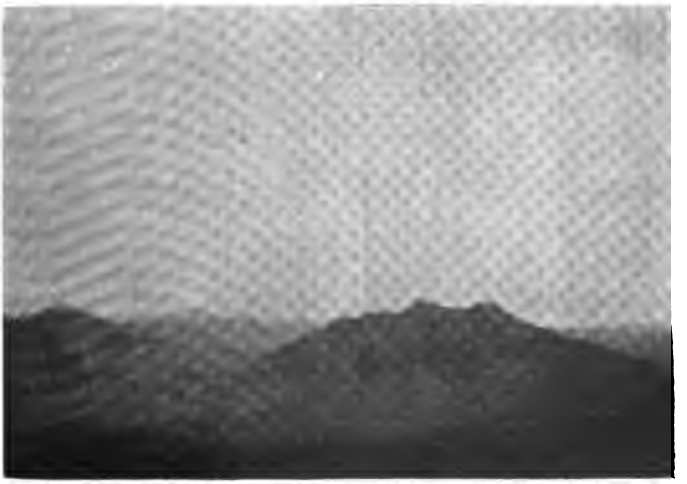
When we take the altitude of the Oroya into consideration we find that it almost dwarfs by comparison the boasted accomplishments of railroad engineering in the United States, and be it said, the United States in this kind of daring enterprise is by far ahead of anything as yet done in Europe.

The narrow gauge over Marshall's Pass in Colorado climbs to the 12,000-foot level, but there is no abrupt, no steep gradient as in the case of the Oroya. The ascent to the Pass is long and gradual, leading up from the Mississippi to the Great Divide; there is no stiff mountain climbing whatever, the traveler being almost unconscious that he is on other than a level stretch all the way.

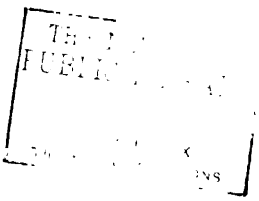
Not alone is the Oroya the highest railroad in the world; it is the only one which lifts its passengers to such breathless heights in so short a time. You start after breakfast at sea-level, before dinner-time you are above the clouds, and long before the sun dips behind the meridian you are at an altitude higher than the summit of Mont Blanc.

We started from Lima about 7 o'clock in the morning. As we passed inland through the Rimac Valley, the mists that generally hang over the place in the early hours began gradually to clear away and we saw terraced fields, rich in crops and vegetation, stretching away in all directions. These fields are made fertile by artificial irrigation. There are plantations of sugar-cane, cotton and

ANDEAN PLATEAU, *EN ROUTE* TO CUZCO



FOOTHILLS OF THE ANDES FROM MOLLENDO



corn fenced in by low walls of mud and adobe, and also sections devoted to the cultivation of many kinds of tropical fruits, pleasing orchards, locally known as *huertas,* and fields of vegetables. Here and there we could see the roofs of an *hacienda* showing above the green foliage. Farther on the signs of cultivation and care and human endeavor became less and less until they vanished altogether, and neglected fields of wild growths, abandoned terraces and broken watercourses met the view. The blackened sites of ruined villages, too, told the tale eloquent of the white man's conquest, a tale of pillage and rapine, robbery and murder. What a commentary indeed on so-called modern civilization, that it wiped out the glories and splendors of Incan development and progress and left these villages and farms and fields and woods desolate, wasted, dumb witnesses to heaven of man's inhumanity to man and the Caucasian mania for gold! Here was once a dense population which lived and toiled and throve and was happy in its own way before the despoiling feet of the invader desecrated the soil, which now, alas! cormorants, pelicans and other wild creatures of mountain and plain have all to themselves.

We steamed through this tract of a *past* life and prosperity and approached the first foothills of the Andes. They loomed up before us bleak, brown and bare, with scarcely a leaf of vegetation to relieve their forbidding aspect. All mist-nurtured verdure vanished for a time, and only sunburnt rocks stood forth in grim and uninviting majesty. These were the beginning of the real ascent up the mighty Cordilleras of the South, a dull beginning indeed in its gray monotony with not a patch of green on these eternal hills facing the waters of the wide Pacific. Happily, however, it is not indicative of the rest of the journey. It is quite deceptive, inasmuch as it leads the traveler to expect a like experience all along the line, and he is apt to think there is nothing in store for his vision but bulging, barren mountains, Sahara wastes, forbidding precipices and sun-scorched steppes. He is soon disillusioned. There is no generality at all about a trip on the Oroya. The scenery is as varied as it well can be. There is a kaleidoscopic series of views and sights from beginning to end, one different from another.

As our locomotive toils, panting and puffing, up the incline like a wearied thing of life under a heavy strain, the base rocks are left behind and a thin fuzz of verdure comes creeping, as it were, out of the gray haze. We look away to the right and we see fringes of brown vegetation which we know are lichens and mosses and

other weeds on the banks of the Rimac River. As we ascend higher and higher the sides of the mountains become greener and greener, until they display a foliage of growth seemingly as succulent and dense as that of a well-watered plain. Indeed the verdure is a surprise to us and a pleasant one. There are many kinds of flowers presenting a wealth of coloring as varied as the blends of the spectrum. To classify them would tax the lore of the most experienced botanist or floriculturist. We are only able to differentiate a few of the familiar varieties, such as buttercups, sunflowers, mountain daisies, jonquils, nasturtiums, azaleas and wild geraniums. Here and there we can also distinguish clusters of the feathery algaroba and clumps of spiny cacti, many of the latter in beautiful flower.

Higher still and once more we find the hand of man aiding Nature in her great laboratory. We see cultivated fields of corn; true, they are but mere patches, terraced on the mountainside, like so many dark green slates on a slanting roof. Yet they refresh the eye and give evidence of life and activity. The angle of incline approaches so near the perpendicular in many cases, that one wonders how they are cultivated at all. The agriculturists here are the Indians. They terrace the little fields with stone ledges. While preparing and planting the ground they stand on the lower ledges and always work up.

Indian huts, looking as if they were hanging from the very brows of the hills ready to topple down at any moment, are scattered around. They are one story in front, the side of the mountain serves as a back wall to which the roof extends back at a very acute angle. The roof is of corn-thatch and the outside wall is of sun-dried brick. In fact, they are little better than a shed, or what is generally called a "lean-to" in our own country. These Indians are wretchedly poor and live (exist is the better word) more like animals than human beings. They are dark-faced, sullen, unhappy-looking creatures, who seem to stand in mortal dread of strangers, wholly unlike in every way our conception of the Indian character.

In our ascent so far we had passed several stations on the road, most of them Indian villages of adobe huts with thatched and corrugated iron roofs. Indians of the peon type, men and women, with hard, furrowed faces and slave-driven mien, came out and glared at us; they excited a commingled feeling of disgust and pity. Their black eyes followed us with a stolid, unmeaning, yet uncanny glare as we lumbered onward and upward.

The first place of any importance we passed was Chosica, about

INDIANS AT HOME

INDIAN TYPES, ANDEAN HIGHLANDS

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thirty-three miles from Lima and some twenty-eight hundred feet above the sea. Here we noticed the atmosphere becoming a little rarer and "felt that we were getting up in the world."

A dozen miles more and we welcome the first switchback. This is at San Bartholomé, a place which does but little honor to the poor saint for whom it is named. We had now reached the 5,000-foot mark and in somewhat of an exhilarated mood felt like congratulating ourselves that we had the hardihood and temerity to risk the trip. We were beginning to really feel the novelty and attraction of the situation.

Onward, still onward and upward, we (I was almost saying) *flew* —but truth compels me to substitute *crawled,* wheezing and blowing and puffing,—meaning the locomotive,—until we arrived at the Wart Water Bridge, *i. e.,* the Verrugas, already mentioned, where such repairs had been made as enabled passengers to cross with a certain degree of safety. Then more quickly through the Cuesta Blanca, past Surco and Challapa, up to the station at the little town of Matucana, seventy-seven hundred feet or more above sea-level, where a stop of half an hour was allowed for *almuerzo* and to take in the surroundings.

Matucana is quite a pretentious little place here in the Andean Cordilleras, and puts on airs of its own, as if it were of some importance in the cosmos of the universe. It has, besides the station, a few streets, with several balconied houses, converging on a plaza, a public inn and a church which tries to emulate a cathedral and doubtless thinks itself every bit as entitled to the consideration not only of visitors from the surrounding home-country but from *gringos* as well. It is but a yellow mud edifice, with an Old World Spanish façade, yet it has a choir, music, incense and a loud pomp and pageantry of ritual and ceremony worthy of St. Peter's itself. It stands at one side of the little plaza of which the station occupies the other. On the remaining sides are adobe and bamboo houses frescoed and stuccoed and tricked out to deceive the eye as to their solidity. As already mentioned, some have balconies.

Matucana is not a mere Indian village, it is also a health resort. much patronized by strangers for its fresh air and sunshine. One can observe many pretty señoritas here with those flashy black eyes. raven hair and olive complexions that have given to the Peruvian women a merited fame for beauty the world over. They are free and easy in their bearing, without the slightest suspicion of immodesty or unwomanliness, and have such an ingratiating way about

them that they unconsciously captivate by their innate charms of manner and character.

Some travelers get off at Matucana and remain for a day or so to accustom themselves to the rarefied condition of the atmosphere with a view to partially or wholly escaping the altitude fever known as *sorroche,* which may be defined as "sea-sickness of the mountains."

They might as well continue the journey, for none, except those who are constantly inured to the mountain heights, or those whose constitutions by some provision of nature are immune to the effects of these high altitudes can hope to escape the sickness beyond the 12,000-foot level. As well try to escape sea-sickness by paddling around the bay for a few days to inure one's self to the salt water before undertaking a voyage. When out amid the breakers of old ocean you will find that your paddling has been in vain, that *mal de mer* will catch you just the same as if you never had got a smell of the sea until you stepped upon deck, except you are naturo proof against its attacks. A man may imbibe a certain quantity of alcoholic stimulants without showng visible effect, but if he indulges beyond a certain limit he will inevitably get intoxicated and suffer the consequences. An almost similar analogy applies to draughts of a rarefied atmosphere, with this exception, that no matter how accustomed a man may be to strong liquor there is a limit beyond which he cannot go, whereas, in the case of rarefied air, to a certain height, he can get so proof against it by constant experience that it becomes but an ordinary element in his nature. Engineers and guards and old-time travelers on the Oroya suffer little or no inconvenience from the great altitudes.

Sorroche grips the susceptible passenger of the Oroya in unpleasant earnestness about the 12,000-foot level, as I have said. Of course, it may and often does attack him before this point is reached, or he may ward it off to even a higher altitude, all depending on his constitution and climatic experience. It is always an unwelcome visitor. For a great many it mars to a considerable degree the interest attached to climbing up these sublime heights of the Andes.

Both in symptoms and effect, it is very similar to sea-sickness. It comes on with nausea, headache, then vertigo and sometimes fainting fits, followed by general lassitude and weakness, and on occasions the sight grows dim and hearing is considerably affected. In extreme cases blood flows from eyes, nose and lips. There is little danger of a fatal termination, however, unless the heart is

weak; therefore, I would strongly advise any one with impaired heart action never to attempt the ascent. Weak-lunged persons are also in considerable danger, as they are liable to exhausting hemorrhages caused by lack of oxygen. Also those who have been addicted to excesses or an indulgence in "high" living should keep away. The sickness may last for days or it may pass away in a few hours. It is liable to return with severe intensity when a lower level is reached.

When we came to the sorroche altitude our car presented much the same appearance as one sees on shipboard. Some were crouched into different kinds of positions, heads lolling on the backs of the seats and against the windows and sides of the car. Others had sunk down on the cushions, regardless, in their suffering, of appearances. A few were even rolling on the floor. Many had shawls and ponchos wrapped around their heads, which is not a bad way of resisting the sickness. Those who were not yet attacked went around offering advice and assistance to the suffering, but the latter were not in amenable moods and both the advice and assistance were in most cases rejected. The comforters, alas! were soon attacked themselves, and, like doctors, they were then nowise disposed to partake of their own medicines. Many were not attacked, and these seemed to look on the trouble of others as a matter of course, unworthy of notice in fact. These were the hardened travelers who had been inured to the Andean heights.

As for myself, when I felt the giddiness coming on I tried to ward it off with sweet chocolate, which I was advised before starting would be a sure preventive. There is no sure preventive. Many kinds of nostrums are put up to ward it off, but all fail. Just as in the case of sea-sickness, it can be lessened but not kept off. One of the best remedies is to keep one's person well covered, especially the head and neck, so that these parts may be thoroughly protected from the winds. The long boas of vicuña fur common to the country are excellent for this purpose, as they can be wound several times around the neck. The Indians knit woolen masks and head-coverings which also serve the same purpose almost as well. As little exercise as possible should be taken, the body, as far as possible, should be kept at rest. Alcohol in any form must be rigidly avoided, for it quickens the action of the heart in the rare air and therefore overworks it, which intensifies the sickness and is positively dangerous even to those with strong constitutions. Tobacco must also be *tabooed*.

In addition to sweet chocolate, a kind of shallot, called ajos, is recommended both to be eaten and rubbed upon the temples. As little food as possible should be taken into the system.

As we have said, the virulence or intensity of the malady depends much upon the constitution and experience and the circumstances of the moment. There is no specific remedy; what would be beneficial to one might be prejudicial to another. In this respect it is just the same as sea-sickness.

If you are experienced in high climbing, to mountain altitudes and rarefied air, you need have no fear of sorroche. The Cholo Indians never feel the thin air at all, it has no effect upon them, they run up the brows of the precipices as nimble as the chamois up the Alps or the Pyrenees. The miners in these high regions of the Andes are never troubled either.

The higher we ascended the air became fresher and the sunshine seemed brighter. We passed over spider-web bridges apparently hanging in air without supports. Those of us not too much under the influence of sorroche, or not under it at all, could realize the expressiveness of the scenery. Far below we could see here and there the white waters of the Rimac dashing and splashing around curves. So vast seemed the depths that without stretching the imagination one might fancy they belonged to another world we had left behind. Some of the highest mountains in Europe could be placed in these valleys and their summits not reach the altitude we had now gained.

We passed Cacray and Chicla, almost 13,000 feet above Lima; the fields and the cultivation again disappeared and the region reminded me somewhat of the country along the Yellowstone. Caravans of burros and llamas were passed carrying silver and copper ore to the smelting works at Casapalca, the chimneys of whose smelters soon came into view, standing up like silhouetted ghosts against the clear blue of the Andean sky. These great smelters of Casapalca were built by three Americans, Messrs. Backus & Johnson, capitalists of Lima, and Captain H. Geyer, an American mining engineer. Great quantities of ore are brought here from the mines of Cerro de Pasco, which are about seventy miles distant. Llamas are generally used for transportation. Sometimes you can see as many as a hundred in a caravan. At Casapalca we saw several hundreds of the animals in a mudwall corral, where they had been driven after depositing their burdens.

Beyond Casapalca peaks of rock came into view which seemed as

INDIAN IN PONCHO, CARRYING RUG

if in some ancient time they had been smoothed by glacial ice. Patches of snow were lying in the shadows, and the air was so cold that we were glad enough to wrap our robes and boas and ponchos tightly around our bodies to keep out the penetrating atmosphere. Soon we were at the Galera, the culminating point of the Oroya and the very top of the cold, windswept Andean roof. The sensation of standing on the top of the Andes was certainly one worth experiencing, and one which certainly compensated us for the hazardous journey up the Oroya. We were a thousand feet higher than Pike's Peak, in fact higher than any mountain in the United States, with the exception of Mount McKinley in Alaska. Standing there on the very roof of the world, as it were, and gazing on the stupendous work of nature, those colossal mountain tops piercing the heavens with their snow-clad peaks, we realized how small, how weak and puny and insignificant is the greatest effort and work of man when put in comparison with that of the sublime Architect of the Universe. The scene awakened a lively faith in and deep reverence for that Great Being who "holds the world in the hollow of His hand."

We had now realized our ambition to climb the Andes by way of the Oroya. We could get no higher; on the other side of the Galera it is a down grade to Oroya, a distance of a little over thirty miles. Then come the plateaus and snow valleys of the Andean treasure land. The mines of Cerro de Pasco lie across the Junin *pampa* where Bolivar gave a thrashing to the Spaniards, and a deserved one, away back in 1824.

I was not sorry to see the smoky glimmer of the lamps in the little station of Oroya after the most remarkable railway journey I had ever undertaken, one which I shall remember until I am summoned to take a greater and more important journey to that bourne from whence no traveler returns to tell the tale of the Great Beyond.

CHAPTER VII

IN SOUTHERN PERU

FROM LIMA TO AREQUIPA

All too soon the time came for us to resume our journey to other places, and regretfully we had to say *adios* to the quaint old city of Lima, Pizarro's City of the Kings, now far from kingly but sitting rather like a dethroned queen by the waters of the Western sea, mourning the days that are gone, sighing for the glories of a glittering past that can never return.

We steamed out of Callao harbor again on a southern course, the still waters spreading before us like a burnished plane of silver in the sunlight. Our next port was Pisco. This is a pretty town lying adjacent to a valley teeming with many kinds of vegetation, well flanked with a goodly arborage consisting of palms, pines, olives and other trees. The port leads out into an open bay sheltered by rocky islets; it does a thriving business. The beach bends somewhat in the form of a crescent, and lying off in the background we could see several smooth, circular hills.

The soft, calm water looked very inviting and the place seemed adapted to bathing, but as sharks abound around these shores the element of danger deters one from taking a plunge.

The town lies back about a mile or so from the port, with which it is connected by a mule tramway. It is a place of much commercial importance, the annual trade amounting to considerable over a million dollars. Probably Pisco is best known for the ardent liquor which bears its name. This distillation is a kind of brandy which, when pure, excels French cognac, but alas! the art of adulteration has been learned here as in other places, and "pisco" is blended so often and mixed so much with deleterious compounds and ingredients that it loses its individuality. When so adulterated both the taste and strength of the genuine article are lacking. There are

many vineyards around the place. The grapes, in their natural state, are delicious—in fact I think unrivaled by those of any other climate. As soon as we arrived in the harbor several venders came on board with luscious bunches, and I can truthfully say I never tasted elsewhere any of the fruit equal to what they offered, much less superior. Oranges were also for sale, large, tempting spheres of juiciness with a flavor extremely pleasant to the palate. Another fruit, or rather vegetable, was the "pepino," which may be described as a sweet cucumber, cylindrical in form, tapering at the ends, and about four or five inches in length. It is of a yellowish-green color, and the pulp though quite solid is juicy and has an agreeable taste.

The country around Pisco offers a wide variety of tropical fruits. Bananas grow in great profusion. Alligator pears or *paltas,* elsewhere mentioned, and one of the choicest products of the tropics, flourish here. Water-melons are particularly large and fine, outclassing those of Florida or Georgia. Indeed this part of the country is a land of remarkable fertility, the soil is exceptionally rich, but it is not sufficiently cultivated to bring forth its fullest measure. It easily could be made to afford a splendid source of income to the natives, as markets would very readily open for all its products. As it is, some enterprise is being shown in the right direction. Several influential parties have become wide awake to the possibility of obtaining great resources from the proper treatment of the land, and consequently a scheme of irrigation has been projected which it is hoped will bear good results. What are now arid places will be fitted probably for cultivation. All the plain which parallels the coast down to Tambo de Mora could be easily watered and so rendered prolific and made to blossom as the rose. There is little doubt that after the opening of the Panama Canal this locality will invite many settlers. The banana plantations can be made very profitable; cocoa and coffee can also be produced in good quantities.

There is a railroad between Pisco and Ica, forty miles distant. It runs through a valley rich in tropical and temperate products, such as cotton, corn, alfalfa and sugar-cane. Several fine haciendas and splendid plantations add to the attractiveness of this section.

Ten or twelve miles out from Pisco in a northwestern direction lie the celebrated Chincha Islands. We passed them at sunset, a time in which they presented a striking appearance in the glow of the fading light. From these islands is obtained the best guano.

As most people are aware, guano is the *excreta* of fish-eating fowls, such as gulls, cormorants and penguins. Its value depends upon the amount of nitrogenous matter it contains. This matter, in hot and rainless places, is preserved by natural desiccation, whereas in damp or moist localities it is almost entirely decomposed and lost by vaporization. As the Chincha Islands are hot and almost rainless, the guano retains a high percentage of nitrogen and is therefore very valuable as a fertilizer. It is piled up to a depth of over one hundred and fifty feet on the islands, and the Peruvian Government makes many thousands of dollars in exporting it. A flotilla of vessels are employed in the trade, and the labor of loading them is cheap, as coolies and the poorest natives of the coast are employed for the work. Immense as is the quantity deposited yearly it is feared the supply will soon run short, so great is the demand. Countless numbers of birds were flying, hovering, circling, wheeling and diving above and around the islands, and as the day was about to close hundreds were seeking their roosts. Their quick movements, with the variegation of their plumages, made an unique and interesting effect, one not soon to be forgotten by the beholder. We watched them until the islands were far in our wake and the gorgeous tropic twilight came down, shutting out the view.

During the next day not a tree or shrub or twig or anything of green foliage or appearance could be seen along the desolate looking sweep of shore. In fact the only thing that arrested our attention was a curiously shaped cross cut into a sloping rock of a cliff about two hundred feet in height. We were informed that this emblematical reminder was carved many years ago to commemorate a religious agreement between the natives and the Indians, and that the place where it now attracts the attention of the sea-going tourist is the scene of annual religious solemnities which are attended by many of the faithful and devout from the surrounding country.

At Mollendo, our next port of call, we found the landing rather a difficult one, owing to the southwesterly swell and strong current, but we were put ashore in good condition by the strong natives who engineered our little boat, which bobbed up and down between the heavy swells like a cork upon a stream. After the usual formalities of the customs, most wearisome and uninteresting, we repaired to the Hotel Ferrocarril, overlooking the harbor, the best in the place, which is saying little for the second best, not to speak of the worst.

Probably there is no worst, as the one to which we were brought

BIT OF MOLLENDO HARBOR

CATHEDRAL, MOLLENDO

A QUIET CHAT, AREQUIPA

INDIANS AT A STATION, SPINNING

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seemed to defy competition in that direction. During the night I found out that whatever it lacked in some respects, it had an abundant supply of the genus *Pulex*, commonly called fleas. These fleas are not the parasites of the Old World (*Pulex irritans*), but the cat and dog variety (*Pulex serraticeps*) of these South American countries. They were certainly very active and agile and assiduously put to flight any somnolent tendency on the part of the guests.

Mollendo is a very busy port, being second only to Callao in exports and imports, the total commerce averaging over $5,000,000 annually. The chief exports, which come from the interior, are alpaca and other wools, with some borax and minerals and a small quantity of coffee. The opening of the Canal is bound to have a big effect on the shipments, as they will then have the benefit of competitive ocean rates through the waterway. All the freight for Arequipa, Puno and La Paz de Ayacucho, the capital city of Bolivia, passes through Mollendo. The town is built upon rock which extends into the sea at an elevation of about one hundred feet. It is not of much interest to the sight-seer, as there are no remarkable buildings or places to claim unusual attention.

From Mollendo we took a train for Arequipa, about one hundred and seven miles distant. The Southern Railroad is in operation from Mollendo through Arequipa to Cuzco and Lake Titicaca, the highest navigated lake in the world. This railroad is likely to be extended and probably will connect with the Central or Oroya road, thus giving Lima connection with the ancient seat of the Inca dynasty. This Southern road is very interesting. For a stretch of fifteen miles or so out from Mollendo the track runs along the sea-beach and then enters a "quebrada," or deep ravine in the mountains, before climbing the steep ascent of the mighty Cordilleras. After passing through the ravine we gradually crept up through a region of rocks and sand probably upheaved in some great cataclysm of nature in ages past. The fine white sand is called *kaolin* and is shipped in large quantities to Europe to enter into the manufacture of costly china and other delicate pottery wares. There are also large quantities of borax here and there in this section. Between the hills are many beautiful well-watered valleys, which produce abundant crops of cotton and cane; the latter presented a vivid green, the former appeared in dark tints. The cotton plant blossoms perennially and ripens about three months after the buds appear, and picking may be carried on during the whole course of the year. An hacienda need not be planted more than once in a generation.

As we got higher, lava tracts appeared, and tough, wiry buffalo grass could be seen in bunches at intervals, diversifying somewhat the general monotony of the aspect. Still higher chaparral and cacti came into view, the latter being of the candelabra variety which spreads out in arms like a branched candlestick.

At the little dusty stations *en route* many Indians, in bright colored ponchos, offered us *chicha,* a native drink made from fermented corn. This is a highly intoxicating beverage, which claims many victims among the natives. Fruits from the valleys were also offered for sale by native women, as well as large bunches of sugar-cane, which invited a number of purchasers. The stations are generally well built with adobe walls and roofs of corrugated iron. For the most part they are surrounded by neat little dwellings, the residences of the railroad employees, constructed in a measure after the manner and of the same materials as the station houses. At many of these halting stages were large piles of freight awaiting transportation, and scores of the patient little burros, their large heads and spindle-shank legs eliciting much comment.

We continued slowly up the mountainside in a now and then sinuous course, the track at some places forming curves and serpentines and horseshoes and at other places stretching out in straight reaches for short distances. However, we were making progress and getting higher and higher. There is an average rise of about eight hundred feet between stations until Arequipa is reached, which is 7,500 feet above tide-water. Our rate of progress was very slow, five hours being required to make the journey from Mollendo to Cachendo, a lunch station 4,000 feet above sea-level. Here we had our first view of El Misti, a glittering snow-peak over 19,200 feet in height. This is an active volcano. To its left towered Chachani, at a greater elevation, while to the right lay Pichu-Pichu, 18,000 feet in altitude. Beyond these lies Coropimo, one of the culminating peaks of South America, 22,000 feet above the sea.

After this the train entered a dreary region known as the *pampas,* a plateau of thirty or more miles in width and covered with volcanic sand and ashes. This plain reminded some of us of the barren stretches of Western Australia; there was not a sign of life or of a living thing; no hum of insect, no chirp of bird, no cry of animal, not a twig or leaf of grass or of any vegetation, nothing in fact to relieve the dread monotony which seemed to cling around it like a funeral pall. In truth it looked like a land where everything was dead. Scattered over it were boulders and lava, scoria and baked

"CHICA" SELLERS

MT. EL MISTI, FROM AkEQUIPA (19,200 FEET)

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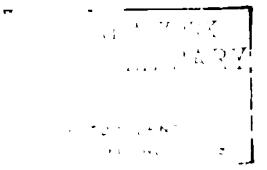
SAND CRESCENTS, DESERT OF ISLAY

BLEAK FOOTHILLS OF THE ANDES



clay, the results of volcanic upheaval. Yet there were signs that life had been here, the life that constructed this iron road up the mountains, for at intervals amid the desolation could be seen crosses to mark where lay the bones of unfortunate ones who had perished in the labor.

This railway, like that of the Oroya, cost not alone a vast sum in money but exacted a heavy toll in human lives. Most of the work was done by peons and imported coolies. Though many of those who succumbed bowed before other emblems than that of the cross, the ones who reverenced the cross placed that insignia of Christian salvation above their bones.

Passing over the waste of pampas called the Islay Desert what are known as the "medanos" appeared. These are crescent-shaped little hills of silica gleaming in white crystals and rise to a height of from ten to twenty feet at the center of the arc; they look to be formed with exact mathematical precision. They are certainly wonderful looking little piles and are constantly shifting places, moving about ten feet in the course of a year, but strange to say, they never get mixed up with one another. Some were so close to each side of the track that gravel was heaped against them to prevent their moving over the rails and so obstructing passage.

Approaching Arequipa the road again enters among great hills, and runs over mighty chasms caused by the sundering of huge rocks probably in prehistoric ages through volcanic action or some seismic convulsion of nature. Here the mind is impressed with a solemnity in face of the tremendous forces of material power which emphasize the weakness of the puny efforts of man and make him realize how insignificant he is after all, in the grand scheme of the universe.

Arequipa, the capital of a department of the same name, is a city with a population of about 45,000. It is the commercial, ecclesiastical and political capital of Southern Peru. It is an Old World place, antiquated and conservative in the extreme. It is said that the inhabitants can trace their blood farther back than those of any other town in all of South America. The purity of the atmosphere of Arequipa is remarkable, the air seems clearer and the sky bluer than elsewhere; the azure vault of heaven bending above it in its translucent beauty looked different from any I had ever seen. It is a favorite resort for consumptives and those affected with pulmonary troubles . The average annual temperature is 57 degrees F., but water freezes in June and July, and the nights are extremely chilly. Owing to favorable conditions in the atmosphere

Harvard University chose this place as the site of an observatory for mapping the stars and constellations of the Southern Hemisphere. For centuries it has been noted for institutions of learning. To its far-famed University come students from all parts of Peru and neighboring republics, and even some from the United States and Europe.

Arequipa has been called by some tourists the Athens of the South and in certain respects it can justly lay claim to the title. Most of the streets are broad and the sewerage is open and facilitated by the slope from either side. The filth and offal are thrown into the open drains, yet sometimes in hot weather an offensive *effluvia* arise, which, however, are quickly borne away by the soft air currents.

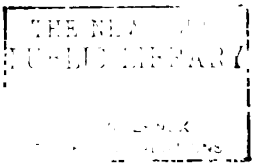
The residences are substantial but primitive in character. Many of the houses are of red lava, so they do not need the hand of Art to add to their color or picturesqueness. Blue seems the dominant color in most of the houses and stores. The former are only one story, as a general rule, to safeguard against earthquakes, and the walls are exceptionally thick. As a rule, they are dark and gloomy, for there are few windows, the light and ventilation being obtained through the doors. The walls are sustained by immense buttresses of stone and adobe. There are several remarkable buildings. The Cathedral on one side of the Plaza of San Francisco is among the best specimens of ecclesiastical architecture on the Southern continent. The main part is of modern workmanship, the old building having been destroyed by an earthquake in 1868. The new structure was consecrated in 1893. There are other churches of a mediæval appearance, and therefore very picturesque at the present time. In the neighborhood of the Cathedral square are fine residences with spacious patios, projecting balconies and wide carriage entrances approached by spike-studded doors, recalling the days of Spanish rule which, I think, would interest any one with antiquarian tastes or fond of delving into the remarkable landmarks of the historic past.

The market-place at Arequipa is exceptionally picturesque, decorated in gay colors to attract shoppers and the general crowd. Here Indians congregate in ponchos of varied hues, selling fruits and vegetables and nondescript wares and articles. Among their offerings are dried coca leaves,* which are chewed somewhat after the manner of the pressed and glucosed leaves of the tobacco plant in our own country. The place is thronged with women and children, and crying babies add an element of discordant noises to the scene.

*Coca produces the useful but deadly drug, *cocaine*. The "coke" fiends of the underworld snuff the white powder which they call "snow" or "heaven dust." It gives pleasant dreams and a false courage, but its effects are deadly.

BUSINESS STREET, AREQUIPA, SHOWING CATHEDRAL

STREET AND CHURCH FAÇADE, AREQUIPA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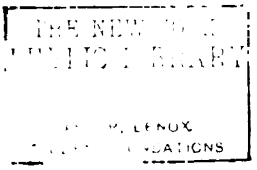
A GROUP OF LLAMAS

INDIANS IN PONCHOS, AREQUIPA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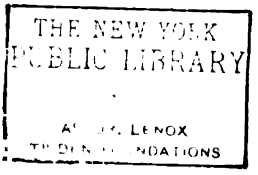
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And we must not forget the donkeys and llamas, the burden-bearers of this wonderful southland. The donkey is an ubiquitous animal, but the llamas are indigenous to the soil. The llama has served the Indian in many ways and has been his chief reliance in times of the most pressing difficulties, when all other props were taken from him. It is an animal of the camel family, but it is much smaller than the camel and has no humps; it also differs in the separation of the toes, having claws. In fact it is an animal with a camel's head, a sheep's body and the feet and legs of a deer. It is a proud little beast, carries its head high in the air and has altogether an independent look. It sometimes gets angry, when it will spit instead of bite, but its sputum is to be dreaded, as it has a very offensive odor. It is patient and docile and very sensitive to abuse. Indeed it is said that if a llama is harshly spoken to or the whip applied it will lie down and cry like a human creature and in extreme cases die of grief through wounded pride. It can carry a load of from seventy-five to one hundred pounds, but if its strength is too far taxed it sulks and refuses to move. Likewise it reserves the right to rest when it thinks it has proceeded far enough at a time. Like the camel of the Arabian desert it can go without food for many days and in this respect is most serviceable on long mountain trips when food is hard to be obtained. The camel has been called "the ship of the desert." The llama has an equal right to be styled "the freight train of the Andes." Truly the llama is a valuable beast and has done its part to promote the welfare of the country. The name of the animal is pronounced as if spelt y-a-m-a. It was the only beast of burden of the Incas, and to it is attributed the superiority of this dominant race in the past and their complete subjugation of the neighboring tribes.

The alpaca, another animal of the same genus peculiar to this region, produces the finest wool in the world. Experiments have been tried to introduce it into other countries, but without success; it will thrive nowhere else than here.

A sort of gazelle named the vicuña, with long silken hair of a peculiar lustre, is also native to this region. Formerly its hair or wool was woven into royal robes and none but members of the imperial families was allowed to wear it. At present much of the alpaca wool from Arequipa is handled by American firms and shipped to New York and Boston for manufacture.

In the district surrounding Arequipa are several local industries including cotton factories and flour mills. It is beginning, too, to

lay claim to being the chief mining center for the region extending up as far as Lake Titicaca. The rubber industry is also coming to the front, and on the whole Arequipa and its neighborhood promises to be one of the chief commercial locations, an emporium of a world trade that will have a great influence in the New South in the years to come.

CATHEDRAL AND PLAZA, AREQUIPA

A BEAUTIFUL FAÇADE, AREQUIPA

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CHAPTER VIII

ON TO THE INCAN CAPITAL

CUZCO OF THE PAST AND PRESENT

We left Arequipa in the early morning and again began the ascent of the bare, bleak hills, by way of the Puno and Arequipa Railroad, which is probably the most expensive ever constructed—the Oroya not excepted—some $44,000,000 having been spent in laying the tracks, a cost of approximately $135,000 for every mile, as the whole length of the road, including the branch line from Lake Titicaca, is only about three hundred and twenty-seven miles.

Owing to the rarefied air, which became extremely cool, we were soon forced to put on our overcoats and huddle close to our seats· here one feels the breath from the mighty jaws of the towering Andes; some of us began to feel a little giddy, the action of the heart began to beat quicker and a sickening sensation followed, such as an inexperienced person feels in a heavy sea in high weather. It was the dread sorroche; again it had us in its grip. My head commenced to ache and I experienced a painful throbbing at the temples, while objects on either side seemed to whirl around in giddying gyrations. I apprehended a nosebleed, but fortunately this did not occur. After a while nature asserted itself, the unpleasant feeling passed away and in a kind of way I became adapted to the surroundings.

The mountains rising higher and higher looked at times as if hanging over the train as the cars laboringly crawled up the steep inclines. The sides of these mountains looked bare and uninviting and at this elevation seemed composed of alternate layers of rock and baked clay. There were cavities here and there, giving the idea that large masses had been torn out by some mighty force of nature.

At intervals valleys presented themselves showing where the hands

of human labor had irrigated and cultivated them to bring forth the products of the soil, though not in a lavish abundance. We could see patches of barley, potatoes and quinua struggling to arrive at maturity about the scattered huts of the natives. Barley is grown here merely as a forage crop for the animals. The quinua is a plant perculiar to this region of the Andean highlands; it somewhat resembles our dockweed, has red leaves which are eaten after the manner of spinach, and the white seeds when boiled in milk or water form a mush like our oatmeal; this is said to be palatable and wholesome. It is one of the hardiest food grains in the world.

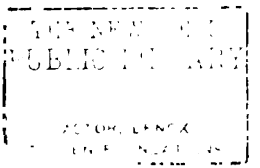
At a higher elevation the soil improves on account of the moisture from the clouds that continually enwrap the mountainsides. The grass assumes a more vivid hue and looks a little more luscious for grazing purposes, but in many places there appeared nothing save sterility, seemingly no herbage whatever to sustain animal life. Yet we saw herds of cattle, flocks of llamas, vicuñas and alpacas, apparently grazing on the bare soil. Some of the herds were in charge of Indian women wearing coarse blue skirts and with broad-leaved hats on their heads. There were a few huts of the herders in sight, rough structures, composed of coarse untrimmed stones to withstand the fury of the blasts which occasionally sweep with great violence through the gorges and across the plateaus. There were also some corrals, provided for the little cattle, but for the most part these hardy animals are compelled to take care of themselves as best they can. Water is here obtained from springs in the soil; it is supposed there is an artesian basin in this neighborhood fed from Lake Titicaca. There was not a tree in sight. The people obtain their fuel from a remarkable plant called *yareta*, which is cauliflower-shaped and looks as if it grew into the ground instead of out of it. It is cut out and dried somewhat after the fashion of the peat from the bogs in the remote districts of Ireland. The droppings of the llama are also used for making fires.

As we ascended we obtained some fine views of the peaks of El Misti and Ampato. The station of Sumbay is 13,400 feet above the sea. This is the depot for the famous silver mines of Cailloma, which are owned and operated by an English company. Large bags of high grade ore are brought here on the backs of llamas. On an average it pays $800 to the ton; most of it is shipped to Liverpool. Some gold is also mined, and this is sent to the mint at Lima.

At a height of about 13,500 feet the railway passes through immense chalk deposits, interspersed with outcroppings of lava. Then

PATIO OF HOTEL RATTI, JULIACA, SHOWING AUTHOR'S ROOM

INDIANS DINING, NATURE'S "KNIVES AND FORKS"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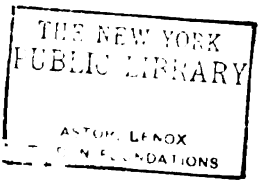
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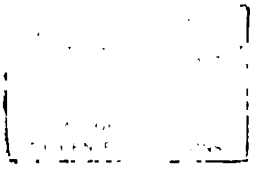
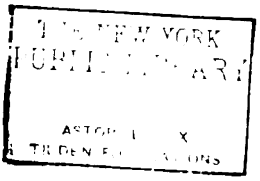
NATIVE PORTERS, CUZCO

SMALL INDIAN SHOP, CUZCO

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WATER-JAR CARRIERS, CUZCO

QUAINT SIGNS OF INDIAN SHOPS

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comes hill upon hill of baked clay, giving evidence of great volcanic upheaval from interior heat. This is certainly a wonderland for the geologist, presenting specimens almost beyond the limit of classification.

We crossed the Grand Divide at Crucero Alto, that is, High Cross at an elevation of 14,666 feet. There is a well-built station here, bearing on its front an inscription to inform the traveler that it is the highest point on the railway. Surrounding it is a collection of adobe huts; gazing from the doors of some of the hovels were Indian women, unkempt, unclean and wholly repellent; filthy, almost nude children stood around, looking on the scene with their black shifting eyes. A number of railroad employees have their dwellings at this place, as it is the end of the division.

This, the highest railway town in the world, experiencec extremes in temperature. Water freezes every night in the year; very often the thermometer registers ten degrees below zero in the night, while at noonday the sun is so intensely hot as to blister the skin. The natives are inured to these changes. At night and in the cold mornings they wrap themselves in blankets, heavy coats and thick ponchos, but when the sun blazes down in meridian strength a change is quickly effected to thin shirts, light cotton waists and other flimsy garments.

From Crucero Alto the track begins to descend and drops into the Lagunillas or lake region of the Cordilleras, where large sheets of cold, pure water appear, seemingly without inlet or outlet. These lakes keep the same level all the time, regardless of rain or drought. One of the largest lies adjacent to Saracocha.

Those of us who were bound for Cuzco had to spend the night at Juliaca, the train going on to Puno on Lake Titicaca. We could not make a change to the branch line, which runs from Juliaca to Secuani on the way to Cuzco, until the following morning. The Hotel Ratti kept us for the night. This *fonda* has a rather suggestive name, which caused some of the facetiously inclined to make allusive comments after we had passed the night there. As for myself I found that if the suggestive rodents were wanting they had fair representatives in the bug line, that were not at all backward in making the acquaintance of the guests. The building is a wooden one standing in a broad plaza. The cuisine was execrable. The food was simply impossible, potato soup being the chief feature; the rest of the *menu* comprised sardines and eggs of suspicious age.

When we came out from this hostelry, we found the plaza full of

Indians, sitting in rows with their faces toward the sun, now climbing up the arch of the eastern sky. Be it noted that these Indians still retain many of the superstitions of their race; they are nominally Catholics, but traces of the old sun-worship of Peru may still be observed in their manners, customs and rites.

Passing through the crowd we made our way to the station. Our journey toward the Incan capital was resumed, that part of it still before us being anticipated with more or less gloomy foreboding after our late experiences. We found, however, that our apprehensions were magnified, for we had little of the discomforts or inconveniences we had imagined were in store for us.

The line from Juliaca to Secuani, the terminus of the railroad, runs along a valley by the side of the river Vilcamayu. The country looked fertile enough. There were fields of wheat and potatoes and other crops, and on the grass-lands herds of llamas and vicuñas.

We made a stop at Checacupe, a place the name of which might be changed by a little metathesis and phonetic arrangement into "chicken-coop," an appellation which, on the whole, would not be inappropriate in describing it. The air here became so brisk and cold that I actually shivered as I gazed away to the snow-clad peaks in the distance, some of them rising to a height of three and four miles above the level of the sea.

We saw groups of Indians in curious make-up, the women wearing large felt hats with silk curtains at the sides and braids of gold lace on the top, a reminiscence of the barbaric splendor of the past. As a contrast to these there were several Indian beggars, repulsive in the extreme, little indeed like what one would expect in the descendants of the proud and wealthy Incas.

As we descended, the climate became milder. Fruits from the beautiful valley of Cuzco could be bought at the stations; these included oranges, pomegranates, paltas, and pineapples. Along the roads could be seen trains of the patient, burden-bearing llamas on their way to the capital.

Secuani, where the railway ends, is a place of little interest, so we did not tarry long. From here the remainder of the journey, about ninety miles, was made by mule coach. Doubtless there will soon be a railroad all the way to Cuzco and then it may be marked as a place of some importance on the maps. At present the journey from Secuani would be very difficult, in fact, impossible, were it not for a road which was constructed

QUICHUA WOMAN WITH BABY

INCAN FOUNTAIN AND WATER-CARRIERS

INCAN WALL, CUZCO

"SEATS OF THE INCAS," OVERLOOKING SACSAHUAMAN FORTRESS

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by an Irishman named Hawley. This road in places passes through an open valley, winds around steep passes, or follows the defiles between the mountains. On the whole, this part of the route was uncomfortable and unpleasant, but every journey comes to an end. At length we reached a wide, open plain and looking toward the farther side of this level stretch we beheld a welcome sight. Rising on the spur of a hill, with its roofs and domes and spires and walls flashing in the sunlight, we saw the modern town which stands on the site of the ancient Cuzco—Cuzco of the Incas, the Imperial City, and the city sacred to the Indian world of South America. All the discomforts of the journey were discounted in the reality that we had arrived at this, the one-time capital and the Mecca of an historic race.

Surely it is something to look upon this spot so replete with memories, so eloquent of the past, so rich in historic association. In the time of the Incas those who had visited Cuzco were regarded as far superior to those who had not. In our time the traveler who has visited Cuzco is allowed forgiveness if he boasts a little about the fact that he has been there.

What memories it reveals, what a glamour of the Past hangs around it which the Present can never take away! The sight of it captivates and thrills with the feeling one experiences when first entering in reality into a place which the pages of history have made familiar to all.

Here I am tempted to delve into the Past and trace the march of the freebooting Spanish conquistador, from the coast over the mountains, down the valleys; but I am not writing a history, and at any rate every schoolboy nowadays is more or less acquainted with the Conquest of Peru. Prescott, the blind historian, has told the story, and told it well. The main features, however, still bear recapitulation.

When the Spaniards arrived in the sixteenth century the Inca dynasty had been flourishing for centuries. When it commenced it is impossible to determine, for myth, legend, story and tradition have woven such a glamour of romance around Incan origin that no one can pick from beneath it any reliable details. The glamour also covered the entire country until indubitable evidence in the way of archæological remains was unearthed to clear a good part of it away and throw light on the long-gone past. It is now known that Peru had a very ancient civilization. I have referred to it in Chapter IV as antedating that of many

of the oldest known lands of Biblical and historic fame. Hundreds, yea, thousands of years before Incan majesty reared its head above the walls of ancient Cuzco there was a race in Peru which had emerged from the darkness of barbaric ignorance into the white light of knowledge. The Chimus were very early inhabitants of the country, but even before them a people held sway whose origin must ever remain shrouded in the mist of the world's morning time. Several distinguished scientists and ethnologists believe that in prehistoric ages before the northern steppes of Asia were peopled a wave of Asiatic immigration rolled over the Pacific to the west coast of South America. Legend makes mention of a hero named Naymlop who commanded a fleet of rafts from "China to Peru."

The beginning of the Incan era, ancient as it appears to us now, was recent in comparison with the first settlement of the country. Probably the dynasty had flourished more than five hundred years when the Spaniards swooped down on Peru. This would place the beginning some time in the eleventh century. Of course, the origin of the royal race is lost in legendary obscurity. There are several legends, each of which has its counterpart with variations in the folklore of other lands. According to the most popular, the earth had been dark for a long time when Inti, the Sun-god, rose from a rock in Lake Titicaca, and calling to him his children, Manco Capac and Mama Occlo, brother and sister, he gave them instructions to go forth and educate mankind. Manco and Mama, who had become man and wife, undertook the mission and appeared on the shores of Lake Titicaca, proclaiming themselves "Children of the Sun," and announcing they had come to teach the savage Indians the arts and industries for which they would claim their allegiance in return. Mama was to teach the Indian women spinning and weaving, while Manco was to occupy himself in giving the men instructions in agricultural pursuits and everything connected with the cultivation of the soil. They carried a disk of gold which was to determine the site of the place where they were to erect a temple wherein to worship their deity, and from which to rule their subjects. Wherever this golden emblem sank into the earth when cast from the hand would denote the spot of selection.

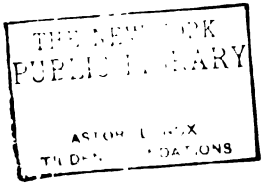
It chanced that the wedge sank where Cuzco was afterward built. Thus did this place become the seat of the royal race and Manco Capaca the first Inca, with Mama-Occlo his "Coya," or

A SPANISH DOORWAY, CUZCO

TERRACE OF COLCOMPATA, BEHEADING STONE IN FOREGROUND

MAIN ENTRANCE, SACSAHUAMAN FORTRESS

GENERAL VIEW OF SACSAHUAMAN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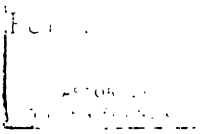
ANOTHER VIEW OF SACSAHUAMAN

ONE OF THE SALIENTS, SACSAHUAMAN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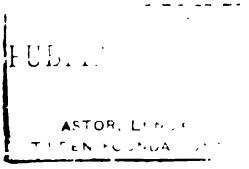
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Queen. A great house, or Temple of the Sun, was built, the most costly, most gorgeous and most imposing building erected in the Western Hemisphere until that time. From traditions and the accounts handed down through the centuries, we learn that its splendors, its richness, its capacity were such as to baffle modern description and much beyond the belief of the most credulous. It is said to have been twelve hundred feet square, with great high walls of exquisitely dressed stone, and with enclosed courts, gardens, shrines and various halls and great rooms for receptions, entertainments and religious ceremonies. Spanish authorities tell us that the cornices of the outside walls were of solid gold, and that the inside surfaces were lined with gold plate inscribed with the most artistic designs. The enclosed garden, 600 feet by 300 feet, was ornamented, we are informed, with figures of men, animals, birds, reptiles and insects in natural size, fashioned out of the precious metal.

Inside the Temple was a great golden image of the sun, a circular face, set in emeralds and turquoises, and with representations of rays of fire emanating from it. As the temple faced the East the first beams of the morning fell upon the image, causing it to shine and scintillate with a dazzling brilliancy. Until the Conquest the mummies of the dead Incas, wonderfully embalmed, sat upon golden chairs placed on golden slabs facing the celestial representation; these, when the spoilers came along, were taken away by the Indians and hidden where they could not be found by the looters. Needless to say the Spaniards made short work of stripping the Temple of its gold and ornaments and precious stones. The palaces of the Incas were also beautiful and immense buildings, laid out with an architectural genius that has called forth the envy of modern times. It is said that each Inca erected a new palace at Cuzco more beautiful and gorgeous than those of his predecessors. Volumes have been written about these palaces. Their ruins certainly testify to the skill of this people as master builders. The huge stones were so well cut and dressed and laid together so closely that after a lapse of four centuries the interstices between them can scarcely be detected. As in the case of the Pyramids, it is somewhat of a mystery how these cyclopean structures were erected at this time. Many of the immense blocks are more than twenty feet long and from five to eight feet thick. The mystery intensifies when it is taken into consideration that these massive stones

had to be brought many miles from the quarries to Cuzco. With none of the machinery utilized by modern workmen at their command, how did the natives quarry these immense blocks and then transport them such a distance over the rough mountain trails? Parts of the Incan walls remain to-day as solid as when they were laid, reminding us of the adamantine stability which characterizes the foundations of Old Rome. Present-time explorers marvel at the colossal greatness of these walls and the skill displayed in their erection.

In the palaces of the Incas, we are told, were golden thrones, golden chairs, golden ornaments, and even the pots and pans were made of the virgin ore. Indeed, if the accounts handed down are to be taken with any serious credibility, we are to conclude that the splendor and magnificence of the Inca dynasty must have outrivaled the grandeur and richness of Israel in the heyday of its glory. Even the boasted wealth of Babylon and Nineveh, Carthage and Damascus would have to take inferior rank. We of the present day, however, are inclined to be a little skeptical. We take these descriptions, not as fabrications but as forgivable exaggerations, and reserve to ourselves the right to pass upon them in the light of our own credulity.

That the Incas were possessed of great wealth, however, is certain, wealth that aroused the cupidity of that dark prince of pirates, Francisco Pizarro, the Spanish adventurer, and caused him and his companions to undergo the most awful difficulties and hardships to reach the El Dorado of which he had heard such extravagant tales.

The glory and the greatness, the power and the prestige of the wonderful race ended when the dare-devil freebooter scaled the western slope of the Andes and swooped down upon the rich valley. He captured Atahualpa, the Incan emperor, whom he afterward butchered, and planted the banner of Old Castile upon the fortress of Cuzco.

It is stated that Atahualpa when captured offered as a ransom such an enormous quantity of gold plate, jewels and ornaments that it was sufficient to fill a room 22 feet long, 17 feet wide and 9 feet high, and that his brother offered twice as much. The first offer was accepted, but although the unfortunate Inca turned over to Pizarro a sum estimated by Prescott at $15,000,000, his life was finally taken by the Conqueror, who was really afraid to release him.

MASSIVE STONE, SACSAHUAMAN, AUTHOR

CYCLOPEAN WALL, PALACE OF INCA ROCCA, CUZCO

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INCAN TERRACE WALL ABOVE CUZCO

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When Pizarro and his cavaliers reached the table-lands of Peru, lured on by the lust of gold and the fabulous stories they had heard of immense treasures in the keeping of the strange and wonderful race, they found an organized government and a much higher civilization than they imagined could exist in such an out-of-the-way and unknown land. As to Incan government and civilization let us here quote from Squier: "Under the Incas," he writes, "there was a better government, better protection for life, and better facilities for the pursuit of happiness than have existed since the Spanish Conquest or do exist to-day. The material prosperity of the country was far in advance of what it now is. There were greater facilities in intercourse, a wider agriculture, less pauperism and vice, and—shall I say it?—a purer and more useful religion."

When Pizarro arrived Atahualpa was reigning over a territory more than a million square miles in area, a territory which now takes in parts of Ecuador and Bolivia, as well as Peru. He ruled in kingly splendor, in a regal glory unparalleled perhaps since or before in the world's history, if we are to put faith in the accounts which have come down to us of the magnificence and wealth of the country at that time. Many a bloody quarrel the Spaniards had among themselves over his treasures, but it is not for me to touch upon the Conquest and its aftermath. Abler pens than mine have dealt with these subjects. The story at best is but a black and bloody one of ravished homes, of pillage, of loot, and of murder.

The site of the Temple of the Sun is now occupied by the monastery of Santo Domingo, where may be seen a part of the wall which the Spaniards did not destroy in the time of Pizarro, *minus,* of course, the gold and ornamentation. The masonry is of singular beauty, the stones smooth polished and laid together so skilfully that it is scarcely possible to detect where they join.

The Garden of the Sun is now the monastery garden. At present the church, with its cloisters and grounds, covers a considerable area. What a place this must have been in the time of Incan splendor, this Mecca of the race, this spring from which welled its civilization and religion!

The convent of Santa Catalina is now situated on what was the *Accla-Huasi,* or House of the Virgins of the Sun, where fifteen hundred maidens of the royal Inca blood were kept in strict se-

clusion. It seems somewhat appropriate that the spot should at present be in possession of a cloistered sisterhood.

In line with this convent, on the south side of Cathedral Square, is the Church of the Jesuits, once the palace of the Inca, Huayna Capac. The north façade is of red sandstone artistically arranged; the cloister occupies the site of the house in which Pizarro took up his residence.

The Cathedral fronting on the square is on the ground where stood one of the great entertainment halls of the Incas, and the one in which the Spaniards encamped when they entered Cuzco. There were four of these halls in different locations, all of them of huge masonry, the ruins of which may be seen in great façades of black polished stone. The cathedral is a spacious building with two solid towers; the altars are adorned with the usual gold and silver ornaments, candelabra and statuary which make these South American churches perfect treasure houses of ecclesiastical furnishings. The communion rail is pointed out at which the freebooting Pizarro knelt to receive the sacrament after being absolved from his sins, probably by his brother in cruelty and craft, the oily Valverde. There is a picture of this monk in the sacristy dressed in his robes and vestments as the first bishop of Cuzco. Fray Vincente de Valverde was the evil spirit of the Conquest. As is well known, he was present at the assassination of Atahualpa and his followers, and encouraged the awful massacre. "I absolve you! I absolve you! On, on, Castilians!" he roared, as Pizarro and his cut-throats fell upon the unsuspecting Inca and his band. Thousands perished in the fearful butchery of that terrible day, and to a great extent the monk, Valverde was responsible.

The Fortress Hill, overlooking Cuzco, is called the Sacsahuaman. A steep and rocky zigzag trail leads up to this hill, on the brow of which stands a gigantic cross. The great walls which surrounded the fortress are broken down in many places, the stones having been removed to help build the Spanish churches. In some places these walls were eighteen feet thick, formed of massive rocks at the base. Probably in all the world there was no masonry so solid as this, or none so beautiful in the symmetrical regularity with which the stones were laid. Some authorities are of the opinion that the fortress walls were of pre-Incan time.

From this hill splendid views are obtained of the town and the

AUTHOR, PLAZA DEL CABILDO, CUZCO

PLAZA AND MARKET, FROM CATHEDRAL STEPS, CUZCO

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CATHEDRAL AND LA COMPANIA CHURCH, MAIN PLAZA, CUZCO

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SANTO DOMINGO CHURCH, SITE OF SUN TEMPLE, CUZCO

CLOISTERS OF SANTO DOMINGO CHURCH

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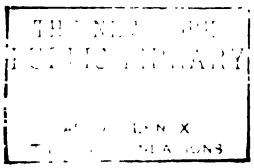
CORNER CROSS NEAR SANTO DOMINGO CHURCH, CUZCO

MARKET SCENE BEFORE CATHEDRAL, CUZCO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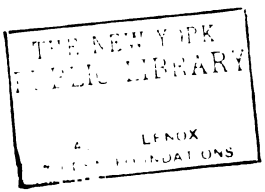
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valley lying beyond, as well as of the mountains. Standing on this mighty landmark of the Past it was delightful to hear the reverberations of the church bells floating out on the clear rarefied air. To me their brazen music, softened by distance and the thin atmosphere, sounded like the *tremolo* of celestial instruments attuned to a heavenly harmony. "Father Prout"* thought the bells of Shandon the sweetest in the world, and he immortalized them in undying verse. Were I a poet I would choose the bells of Cuzco for a theme. I have "heard bells chimin', full many a clime in," I have heard their notes pealing from the gorgeous turrets and towers of the famed Cathedrals of Europe, I have listened to their mellow tones in Mohammedan lands, when the voice of the Muezzin called the faithful to prayer as the sun rolled his golden wheel down the arch of the west, and I have stood on the sun-baked sands of India captured in spirit by the melodious sounds rolling and reverberating and echoing like the discharge of artillery on the still calm air of the sultry evening. I have heard "tintinnabulations" north, south, east and west, but never have I heard such sounds as those which came to my ears while standing on the fortress of Sacsahuaman. Their notes thrilled my soul, ravished my ears, entranced my senses with a music that truly might be called divine. How I wished those bells could have spoken, that their tones might be interpreted in the living language of the present! What tales they could tell, what memories evoke, what secrets unfold, what a history reveal,—sad, sinful, glad, glorious, pathetic, pitiful, sorrowful, sublime!

At any rate, they recalled memories of other days. In fact, everything here recalls memories. The ghosts of the past will not down, we cannot shake them, they start up before us at every turn in this historic land. Try as one may, while in Cuzco he cannot forget the past, his thoughts go back in spite of himself. In this respect it resembles Rome; we know we are standing on historic ground, and imagination calls up the by-gone to such a degree that we overlook, in fact, ignore the present.

What a panorama presented itself as we looked toward the town! There were the red-tiled roofs rising against the background of the green, sloping, dreamy foothills, reminding one of some enchanted scene from a world of fantastic visions. And the trails

*Rev. Francis Mahony, Cork, Ireland, author of "The Bells of Shandon" and other beautiful poems.

leading this way and that way, in places hiding themselves from sight, to appear again in sinuous windings, creeping around the hills and up the steep inclines, silently called to mind the vanished days when probably they were pressed by the feet of Incan hordes, rushing from the terrors that surrounded them, for through here extended the "Inca Highway" leading to Quito,

The sights that the fortress afforded and the memories they called forth, surely compensated us for the weary climb over rough roads we had to undergo before reaching the summit.

Though Peru was a land rich beyond comparison in gold and silver, precious stones and other rare ornaments, money was not in circulation among the Indians, they did not use anything as a ratio of value, or a barter of exchange. Neither did they know the art of writing, not even any kind of hieroglyphics being used as a means of communication. I remember seeing in the museum at Lima a few *quipus* or knotted fringes of various colors used in counting. They had prayer-sticks which they employed in their sun-worship. They had a soul for music and had many instruments upon which they played, including reed-pipes, flutes, drums, bells, rattles and cymbals.

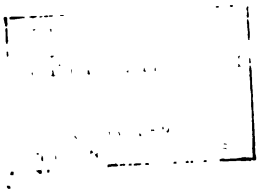
Besides architecture they were skilled in other arts, especially in weaving, which they highly developed; they constructed implements with which they turned out very intricate and beautiful work in the way of colored mats, shawls, ponchos and fancy cloths. The fine wool of the vicuña offered them a good material. Even modern artists copy the designs of the ponchos worn by the Inca Indians.

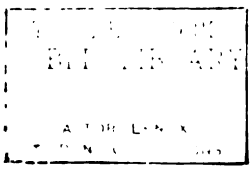
Their descendants still weave their own garments, but they are not nearly so adept at the art as were their progenitors. Along the waysides you can see men and women spinning as they walk, using coarse needles and crude frames for the work. They are very fond of gaudy colors which they obtain by the use of aniline dyes.

The modern Cuzco appeals strongly to the visitor. Here one sees the life of the country in its varied aspects, especially in and around the old Plaza where the market is held. I have never seen a duplicate of this place anywhere else. It is peculiarly indicative of the manners, customs and callings of the natives of to-day. Here were Indian women coming and going, carrying fruits, in gay colored blankets upon their shoulders. Some, when they came into the market, squatted upon the ground and spread

LA MERCED CHURCH FROM HOTEL DEL COMMERCIO, CUZCO

COURT OF LA MERCED MONASTERY





ARCADE AND BALCONIES, MAIN SQUARE, CUZCO

PICTURESQUE SPANISH GATE, CUZCO

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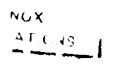
A PICTURESQUE PATIO, CUZCO

IN FRONT OF HOTEL DEL COMMERCIO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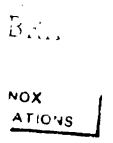
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out their wares before them on old shawls, selling them by the piece or pile. It was a lively crowd. The men talking and laughing, bargaining and selling seemed to be in the best of spirits, without a care in the world. Their gaudy colored ponchos against the surrounding arcades lent a charm and brightened up the scene. The Quichua language, the soft native tongue of the Cholos, the half-caste people, sounded pleasing and euphonious. Though accustomed all their lives to hearing Spanish, they do not speak it, so we had some difficulty in making them understand us when we addressed them in that language. As we walked around we noticed piles of what looked like pink and white marbles. These were frozen potatoes called *Chuno,* a favorite dish of the natives and considered a delicatessen. There were many other kinds of vegetables, and though the town is situated two miles above sea-level the market is generally filled with tropical and semi-tropical fruits, from the Santa Anna and other fertile valleys in the lowlands. Among the many varieties of fruits on sale we noticed fine large oranges, fresh pineapples, succulent paltas, fat figs, luscious pomegranates, yellowish sapotas and cherimozas.

The ladies of the town come early to buy the day's provisions. They are handsome *señoras* for the most part, and very well dressed in long trailing skirts, and with their heads and shoulders draped in black *mantas.* They are of Spanish blood, but many have an Indian strain which shows in their dark eyes, black hair and olive faces. Nearly all speak the Quichua language, learning it from servants, so as to be able to converse with the natives and do their own marketing. Each of them is followed by an attendant with a large basket to carry home the purchases.

Babies in the market are almost as numerous as the fruits, crying and crawling in and out among the wares or blinkingly looking out with curious eyes from the folds of old ponchos to see what their mothers are doing. I do not know whether babies are sold and bought—I suppose not—but it seemed to me that from among so many a few could be readily spared and never missed.

I have mentioned a few of the churches of Cuzco. Most of the other buildings are interesting from many standpoints. The style of architecture is quaint in nearly all. There are overhanging balconies which the Spaniards patterned after their native Castile. Some of the houses have immense courts and great front doors almost like gates to a large city. Here and there are

street shrines, for Cuzco has many *fiesta* days, when the church turns out her processions with great pomp and ceremony. But as I have elsewhere hinted, it is very doubtful if Christianity has taken a deep hold on these children of the Andean valleys, whether the Cross influences their lives and actions as much as the worship of the sun did their ancestors.

During my stay in Cuzco I put up at the *Hotel del Comercio,* the Commercial Hotel, which name is rather superfluous, as it is the only one in the place, commercial or otherwise. It is a big caravanserai, formerly a monastery, and has a large courtyard surrounded by arched stone balconies. The rooms, which are very well furnished, open on these balconies and so the ventilation is good. The accommodation was also very good. Early in the morning a *Mozo* brought up a dish of chocolate and bread to my room. This early meal is known as *desayuno.* The chocolate, which is rich and sweet, is made from native cacao. Breakfast, called *almuerzo,* was served at half past eleven and dinner, or *comida,* at six. The eatables were the usual dishes of the country and were very well cooked and palatable.

To-day Cuzco is but the shadow of its former greatness. In the time of the Incas it had a population of between two hundred and three hundred thousand. At the present time there are not more than twenty thousand inhabitants. Despite the fact that it is one of the highest towns in the world, it is very unsanitary. The Indians are so filthy, lead such unclean lives and live so wretchedly, disregarding all the laws of hygiene, that they would die by the hundreds were it not for the high altitude of the place and the breezes from the mountains which carry away the miasma and bacteria.

Rather reluctantly we left this old place with its haunting memories and turned to other scenes.

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LLAMAS IN MAIN SQUARE, CUZCO

GETTING READY FOR MARKET, CUZCO

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CHAPTER IX

SAILING ABOVE THE CLOUDS

LAKE TITICACA, HIGHEST NAVIGABLE WATER IN THE WORLD

A last look backward until Old Cuzco faded into the distance of space and we could no longer see even its outlines against the clear background of the morning sky. The great fortress of Sacsahuaman gradually disappeared from view like a shifting slide in some phantasmagoria of wonders that had revealed but a passing glimpse of its fairyland of scenery to our admiring gaze.

Though they passed from actual vision these reminders of an historic past were still present to the imagination and never can they be obliterated from the retina of memory. They follow me, and turn where I may, the eyes of the mind rest upon their visionary forms, while recollections come back of the realities they represent and the interest they inspired while looking upon them.

From Cuzco we returned to Juliaca, where we changed to a train that carried us to Puno, a small town on the shore of Lake Titicaca and the terminus of the railroad. Here is revealed the mighty plateau of Titicaca, upheld between two of the Andean ranges at a height of more than 12,000 feet above the level of the sea and from which can be viewed at wonderful advantage the grandeur and sublimity of the towering Andes. Probably at this place the great mountains are seen with better effect than at any other point in their four thousand miles of range. The scenes on every side were strikingly impressive, forcibly bringing home to us the insignificance of mortals and their weak and puny efforts in face of the overpowering creations nature here presents from her titanic workshop.

Think of peaks piercing the clouds at four miles above the sea, reflecting the lights and tints of the brilliant sky that bends above the waters of Titicaca, glimmering in the shimmering beauties of lake and table-land, throwing off an iridescent radiance in the glow of the morning light and the wane of the setting sun, and you can conjure up an imperfect picture of this region which seems at points to kiss the heavens in its embrace, as if held up by some enchanted aerial edifice, reaching up from earth to sky. The great finger of Sorata, the third highest peak on the globe, over 23,000 feet in altitude, pointed its snowy index to the skies like a signal-post of the gods indicating the way from earth to heaven.

Puno at times is very cold, the icy winds sweeping down from the mountain-peaks and snowcaps with biting breath, penetrating the thickest clothing and causing a shiver to run through the bodily frame, though the sun may be riding high in the heavens. The place has a Spanish air about it of mediæval time and looks as if it had but little interest in the present, though a considerable trade is carried on through it, especially in wool and ores. In fact, most of the freight from Bolivia is sent over the lake to Puno, thence down the railroad to the port of Mollendo.

A little steamboat, the *Coya,* native word for queen, was waiting to take us across the famous lake, on our way to La Paz, the capital of Bolivia. This steamboat, as well as several others on the lake, was not of home construction. The sections were made in Scotland, on the banks of the Clyde, shipped to Mollendo and brought over the Andes on mule-back to Puno, where they were put together for navigable service on Lake Titicaca.

Here the reader may be informed that the inter-island boats on Lake Titicaca are not steam-propelled. They are curious contrivances known as *balsas,* and have a remote origin, older than history itself. They antedate the Incas, who used them just as their descendants use them to-day, for transportation from shore to island, and from island to island, carrying freight of all kinds. These crafts are basket-like in shape, and are composed of a kind of reed, obtained from a lake weed, resembling barley straw; the reeds are tied together in bunches and bound together after the fashion of a catamaran. The body is three or four feet thick and floats with a light buoyancy so that several tons of freight can be easily carried in the rush-like contrivances. The

STEAMER "COYA," LAKE TITICACA

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sails are also composed of fibers or reeds, and catch the wind readily to speed the boat along. Sometimes the sails are wanting, in which case the Indians force the big baskets through the water by means of oars as in an ordinary row-boat; lacking oars, long poles are used for propulsion. Balsas are also much in favor along the coast, for which service the bodies of the floats are generally made up of porous timber instead of reeds. The Titicaca balsas do not last long, three or four months' wear rendering them water-soaked and unfit for further service.

As we embarked from Puno on the *Coya,* the morning air was cool but pleasant, and so rarefied and clear that we could see for several miles. The clouds rose up from the shores of the lake like wings of angels from the forms they had been guarding during the night, and as the sun came out in his regal glory it seemed as if a curtain had been uplifted from a corner of heaven revealing the beauties that had been concealed.

As is fairly well known, Lake Titicaca is the highest water sheet in the world which is navigated by steam. The grandeur of its waters and surroundings, with the legends which cling to them, combine to make it one of the most interesting of places to the traveler and tourist.

There are many beautiful islands around which tradition flings its mantle of story. The Island of Titicaca lies a mile or so from the shore and is claimed as the site of the oldest civilization in America. It was on the rock of this island that Manco Capac and Mama Occlo, the mysterious founders of the Inca Dynasty, are said to have received their instructions from Inti, the sun-god, regarded by his devotees as the celestial father of all living creatures. When he deemed the time ripe for the true education and enlightenment of mankind he sent these two divine teachers to expound the laws of correct living to the people and establish a government of moral order as well as to initiate them into the science of tilling the soil and to give them knowledge of the arts whereby to utilize the products which the soil produced.

In this legend of Manco Capac and Mama Occlo we can easily trace an analogy to the sun myths of the old Greek and Aryan sources. It is also in keeping with the cosmogony of the race. The different peoples of the earth have each claimed a founder of their religion enshrouded more or less in mystic origin. The Norsemen had their Thor, the Arabians their Mahomet,

the Persians their Zoroaster, the Hindus their Buddha, the Chinese their Confucius, and the old Romans their Romulus and Remus. The followers of these believed in the divine attributes of the beings they worshiped—their gods, as some are pleased to call them.

If we are inclined to be skeptical and treat their religions as so many superstitions we are confronted with our Christ, whom Eastern peoples also believe enshrined in mystery; if these do not regard the Saviour of the Christians as mythical, at best they look upon him as but of human origin and simply as one of the great human teachers of the world.

Whether Manco Capac and his sister-wife were mythical or real concerns us little to-day. Their story had its origin in either case on the island of Titicaca, and this adds an interest to the place and makes it a source of attraction for the Western civilization and enlightenment of our time.

For several centuries the ruins of the palaces and temples which covered the sacred place have afforded material for the investigation of savants and archæologists. Most of the stones of the ancient buildings have been carried away for the erection of houses on the mainland. If we are to believe the reports of the chroniclers who accompanied Pizarro, the palaces of Titicaca, like those of Cuzco, were extensive and sumptuous to a high degree. They were built of great carved stones laid with the skill and architectural genius which characterize all the buildings of the Incas. When the Spaniards came upon them they were filled with accumulations of gold, both for ornamental and useful purposes. The walls were covered with beaten sheets of the precious metal, and the altars and idols were loaded with vessels and ornaments hammered out of the pure ore into forms of great artistic beauty.

The invaders left the edifices roofless and dismantled and carried away millions of dollars' worth of treasures. Among the ornaments seized by the greedy freebooters were life-size statues in gold of birds and animals, and also golden trees, baskets and candelabra of excellent workmanship. The ruins of the royal baths can still be traced; they were carved out of marble with floors of ornamental stones set in the hardest cement; the water was received through the mouths of golden animals and the bills of golden birds.

At present the island of Titicaca is inhabited by about five or

SUNSET, LAKE TITICACA

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six hundred Indians, who live in rude mud huts and who are barely able to wrest a subsistence from the soil by cultivating little patches of wheat, barley and potatoes.

Coati is another island which claims attention. It is about six miles distant from Titicaca and is much smaller. At present it is merely a small sheep farm. Coal has lately been discovered upon it, but it is of an inferior quality. This little patch of earth was famous as being sacred to the Moon, the consort of the Sun in Indian worship. Here, centuries ago, the Virgins of the Moon were immured. There are ruins of chapels and cells, and, as on Titicaca Island, the baths are easily traced in the outlines of their ruins. The place was one of the centers of general worship, and a better one could not have been selected for the purpose. It was the shrine of Inti, where he devoted himself to his spouse, the Queen Moon. Regularly laid terraces cover the whole island, stretching in curves around the concave coast; from these terraces a splendid view of the lake can be had, its pale blue, glossy surface extending away to the East, where the snowfields and glaciers, piled in fantastic confusion, rise out of the calm waters and rivet the gaze with their diversity of arrangement.

Great masses of clouds above the peak of Mount Sorata appeared roseate in the light of the fading sun, gilding the waters into shimmering loveliness, which shone like scintillating cloth of silk in the slanting beams, a perfect panorama of multi-colored spendor.

The other islands are but small upheavals above the water, their crests rising above the surface like fairy castles on ultramarine foundations. Little plots of barley, wheat, potatoes and quinua were being cultivated on all and we could see the natives with rude hoes performing their tillage operations on the miniature spaces scarcely larger than so many back yards in our cities and towns.

As we glide over the waters of the lake the legends and traditions of the past come to us, but present realities crowd them out and we busy ourselves with the environment on every side. What a sensation it is to be sailing above the clouds—sailing on water at an altitude which the aeronaut would not dare to attempt from the level of the coast! It thrills, it captivates, it enraptures, and we feel as if we could forget the rest of the world we had left behind on this excursion between the mountain-tops of earth's greatest range. The water is of a dark blue, which re-

flects the sunlight in an opalescent splendor and appeals marvelously to the esthetic and artistic taste. On a bright day, the shores of the lake are peculiarly attractive. The fresh vegetation of dark livid green contrasts well with the red soil belts and imparts a vivid hue to the surrounding hills, while the tremendous snow-crowned peaks of Sorata and Illimani, rising some ten thousand feet higher than the surface of the lake, appear as if guarding the ancient possessions of the Incas with rock-bound barriers that no power can overcome.

As we looked toward the south, when the short tropical twilight gave place to the majestic approach of the calm and starlit night, we could see hanging above the dim outline of the Cordilleras the shimmering stars of the Southern Cross. Those scintillating specks in the illimitable field of space we knew were hanging almost in the zenith over our English-speaking brethren in the great island continent of Australia.

Lake Titicaca is about 12,500 feet above sea-level, and in shape is long and irregular. It is said to be 120 miles in length by 57 in breadth, and to have an area of 5,000 square miles, but in truth it has never been thoroughly mapped, and these figures are but conjectures. The shores are so indented and their topography so complicated that it would require many months sailing around them to make a complete chart. In places it is very deep, soundings having been taken where the plummet line did not reach bottom at a thousand feet. Indeed, it is thought to be the deepest lake in the world. It has no outlet to the sea, but is drained by the river Desaguadero, which flows into another lake called Poopo, that has no known outlet. The many little rivulets formed by glaciers make up its source.

There is a great commerce over Lake Titicaca. Considerably more than a million dollars worth of imports go over it annually into Bolivia and about half a million dollars worth in exports are sent across it from the same republic. Much of the freight is carried from and to the shores of the lake on the backs of the ever-faithful llamas.

At the eastern end of the lake there is only a narrow channel betwen the peninsulas of Copocavana and San Pedro, so that the traveler has to pass through the little strait of Tiquina, where he loses sight of the great expanse of Titicaca and finds himself in a small lake at its southern end. To cross this required several hours, at the end of which we entered the little artificial har-

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bor of Quaqui on the Bolivian side, where we had customs to contend with again, as we were coming from one state to another.

A tiresome and uninteresting ride of about four hours brought us to the wonderful city of La Paz de Ayacucho, the seat of government of the Mountain Republic.

CHAPTER X

IN WONDERFUL LA PAZ

THE MOST PICTURESQUE INDIAN CITY OF SPANISH AMERICA

We are now in Bolivia, the inland republic of South America. La Paz is its nominal capital. This city has a population of about 65,000, and in many respects is the most wonderful city in the world.

It has been said, man constructed the walls of all other cities but God himself built the walls of La Paz. This is true. It lies in the bottom of a valley at a depth of more than a thousand feet below the *puna* or plateau which stretches away on a level around all sides of the steep descent. Therefore, its walls or natural boundaries may be said to rise more than a thousand feet above the city.

I have looked upon the artificial barriers which men have built around many cities of the Old World, I have seen the cyclopean structures erected to protect the strongholds of Eastern lands, I have viewed the colossal ramparts that surround Pekin, I have wondered at the huge masonry upreared to fortify the sacred city of Jerusalem, my attention has been riveted by the mighty buttresses of Cairo and the massive forts of Alexandria, I have wandered round Moorish cities having walls thick enough and solid enough to resist the artillery of a thousand cannon, but all these works of human skill and ambition, mighty though they are standing in the magnitude of strength, as silent witnesses of a past prowess and power, dwarf into insignificance when brought into comparison with what Nature has done to surround and fortify La Paz.

As if scooped out of the great plain situated in the heart of the Bolivian Andes, this unique city lies hidden away like some gem of creation rather than a piece of man's handiwork, in seemingly subterranean obscurity between the everlasting hills which bound the plateau from which it descends.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF LA PAZ

AN INDIAN GROUP, LA PAZ

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When we arrived at the brink of the valley—cañon or gorge it would probably be called in the Western States—and looked down on the red-tiled terra cotta roofs so sharply defined in the clear air that the tiles might be counted, the sight unfolded before our eyes resembled some magic panorama spread before the view by wand of enchantment. The blending of colors was most remarkable, their variations entrancing the eye as if by a spell and claiming attention with a fascination altogether indescribable.

The streets of La Paz climb up the sides of the gorge of both banks of the torrent of the same name that foams and flows at the bottom. As we looked down from the puna the streets, the yards, the gardens semed to be laid out with geometrical precision, giving the idea of a large natural map outlined with a faultless regularity. It was a map indeed full of life and color, a vitascope of changing hues and scenes which appealed to every esthetic instinct.

From the edge of the *barranca* or "alto," as it is generally called, electric cars run down into the city by a series of zigzag tracks along the sides of the precipitous declivity. Despite the steepness of the grade, these cars are very light and all equipped with powerful brakes which can be clamped at any point in the descent. Of course they are not built for heavy traffic, but there is no heavy traffic to put them to any considerable strain. The great bulk of the freight is brought into the city on mules, donkeys, llamas and on the backs of the Indian natives.

Though lying so low in the basin of the plateau, La Paz has the distinction of being the highest city in the world. It is 12,470 feet above sea-level, which makes it more than 2,000 feet higher than Quito. This great elevation causes it to be quite cold, though in the open the sun is very strong. The temperature climbs as high as 80 degrees and over at noonday, but it sinks to 20 degrees and under at night in the winter, and, during the summer about the same extremes are experienced. This means that there is a difference of 60 degrees inside twenty-four hours, a variation which is very trying to the visitor or any one not acclimated to the place. To resist the cold the natives pile on extra ponchos, just as the Japanese wrap themselves in several kimonos when the mercury begins to creep down in the tube. They also encase their feet in rolls of fur or wool fashioned like hand-muffs. The natural cold of the place is not counteracted to any degree by artificial heat, for there are scarcely any fires, as the locality and surroundings are treeless and coal would have to be brought long distances at an expense beyond the means of

the people. What fuel there is consists of the manure of llamas, which is carried into the city in sacks slung across the backs of the animals.

We tried to keep ourselves warm by freely indulging in tea or other hot non-alcoholic beverages, and we also secured several lamps at considerable expense. With our heavy coats tightly wrapped around us we managed to keep fairly comfortable in the evenings and to forget that there was any drawback in the way of cold to make us take less interest in the scenes which surrounded us. Between the blankets, however, is the best place to keep warm while in La Paz when the sun goes down behind the towering Andes, and this fact induces early retirement in this place.

Here I would give good advice to those intending to travel in South America—If you have a weak heart, or if you suffer from any pulmonary affections or complications, avoid La Paz, do not include it in your itinerary. Should pneumonia develop there is scarcely a chance for recovery, as there is not enough oxygen in the air to restore the lungs to their normal functions. Elsewhere I have alluded to the danger of sorroche to those affected with cardiac troubles.

The rugged exercise to which we accustom ourselves at home is out of the question in this region. Even moderate exercise on occasions is dangerous, as there is such a pressure on the breathing apparatus and the heart-beats become so quickened that there is much risk of total collapse. Often I had to pause for a short rest in climbing the steep streets, and all are steep except those that run along the bottom of the valley parallel to the river. Though I'm of a sound constitution and tolerably accustomed to climatic changes, I frequently felt the strain of the high altitude and the rarity of the atmosphere. On occasions I felt as if blood was about to spurt from my nostrils, especially when, for the time being, I so far forgot precaution as to walk too fast, or essay a steep incline at my usual gait without slowing down, or rather slowing up, in the ascent.

Oftentimes the veins feel as if they would burst, and the lungs become painful as if in a last gasp for lack of air, while a drowsiness numbs the head and more or less stupefies the senses while it is being experienced. If you have exerted yourself beyond discretion, the heart will beat when you lie down with heavy throbs against the chest like the "chug-chug" of an asthmatic automobile The condition is simply an intensification or aggravated form of the sorroche, often called in this locality the *Mareo Montana*, that is to

AYMARA INDIANS, LA PAZ

CHOLA WOMAN AND BABY, LA PAZ

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CHOLA GIRLS GOING TO MARKET, LA PAZ

MARKET SCENE BEFORE CATHEDRAL, LA PAZ

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SUNDAY MARKET SCENE, LA PAZ

INDIAN COSTUMES, MARKET, LA PAZ

say, the mountain sea-sickness, an appellation which in itself is identical with an Irish bull—a contradiction in terms; nevertheless, it describes the feeling one identifies with the experience of those who for the first time go down to the sea in ships and wish they were back again on land.

The eyes also suffer. The bright sun-rays and the winds and the rarity of the atmosphere are very trying on the sight, often giving rise to acute inflammation of the eye-nerves and causing great pain. This affection is known as *sirumpe,* and few travelers escape it in this locality.

The Indians do not seem to suffer in any way from tenousity of the atmosphere, and many of them are excellent athletes,—swift runners and good jumpers. Of course in their case they are thoroughly inured to the climate, and thus environment becomes, as it were, a second nature. An Eskimo or a Laplander would soon wither away on the sunny plains of India, on the other hand a Hindu would very easily succumb to the cold and snows of the frozen North, but each thrives in his own country.

La Paz was originally named *Neustra Señora de la Paz,* which means "Our Lady of Peace," by its founder, Alonzo de Mendoza. Its official name now is *La Paz de Ayacucho*—"the Peace of Ayacucho"—after the battle of that name. Of its population of 65,000, it is claimed that more than 30,000 are Aymaras, who can neither speak nor understand Spanish, the State language, much less English, a foreign language to the country.

Whether there are so many Aymara Indians in La Paz I cannot confirm or deny, but as to the statement concerning their ignorance of the languages mentioned, my own experience on the streets and in the market leads me to believe that it is not to be doubted. The Indians with whom I had dealings or with whom I came in contact in any way, with possibly one or two exceptions, could not speak Spanish or English or understand me when I addressed them in either tongue, so I had to restort to a kind of sign language with pantomimic gestures to convey my meaning to them or to indicate what I wanted. Those dealers and peddlers who were most eager to sell their wares were heavily handicapped by this lack of knowledge of the language of many purchasers.

Here I wish to emphasize the fact that the Aymaras are quite different from their mild and easy-going cousins, the Quichuas, whom one encounters around Cuzco. They are of a cunning and treacherous nature, and fighters "from away back" who fully realize

their own importance to the State authorities. In no other city of the Andes are the Indians so powerful as in La Paz. In fact it is to the power of these aborigines that the city owes its political supremacy as the seat of the President and Congress of the Republic. They are proud of this power, and the pride begets an insolence which is very repugnant to the whites, but the latter must bear it with the best equanimity they can. Bolivia is always in dread of an Indian rising, and it is on this account that revolutions are less frequent than in other republics, for the fear of these barbarous hordes is ever present to deter the whites from coming into sanguinary conflict with them. At Cuzco you can command a Quichua Indian to do your bidding and he readily obeys you, but in La Paz you have to humor the Aymara if you want anything done, and if you seek a favor, you have to come to him as a suppliant, not as a superior.

Though La Paz is a city which enchants the tourist in a number of ways and claims his interest from several standpoints, there are not many remarkable buildings. True, some of the old time houses are massive, but not picturesque. The ecclesiastical structures are numerous, but for the most commonplace. The Cathedral, far from finished, has pretentious claims as an architectural pile, but there is little, if any, artistic beauty about it. It adjoins the government palace, where the President resides, and where the heads of the various executive offices have their departments. The walls, which are very thick—about ten feet—are composed of handsomely dressed stone. There are many carvings. The ornamentation of this basilica, however, as well as that of almost all the other churches, is heavy and tawdry and far from appealing to the artistic eye. Building is still going on at this Cathedral, but very slowly. A government sum is appropriated every year for the structure, but as there is a tendency to separate church and state, the allowance is likely to be discontinued.

The Church of San Francisco is much more pleasing than the Cathedral. Its façade might be called handsome, and it has a very elaborately carved reredos behind the high altar.

The Dominican friars have a large church which is a fashionable place of worship, attended by the best families. It is also much patronized by the military, the brilliant uniforms of the officers with their golden embroidery, bright buttons and flashing aiguilettes making quite an attraction as well as giving a dignity and impressiveness to the services. When the soldiers are absent the ceremonies, though

A CHOLA GIRL LEAVING CATHEDRAL, LA PAZ

OLD SPANISH RESIDENCE, LA PAZ

GATEWAY, NICHE CEMETERY, LA PAZ

IN NICHE CEMETERY, LA PAZ

AT THE FOUNTAIN, LA PAZ

JUG-FILLING AT FOUNTAIN, LA PAZ

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accompanied by all "the pomp and pageantry" for which the Roman ritual is famous seem dull and wearisome to a stranger not in communion with the Roman Church.

There are several monasteries and convents occupying considerable ground. The Carmelite nuns especially have a strong retreat here. They belong to one of the strictest orders of the Catholic Church, and in this place number several hundreds, perhaps the greatest body of them, housed under one roof in the world. Unlike those of most conventual institutions, the inmates of the La Paz nunnery come from only the best families. They live very austere lives. Once they pass the portals they never emerge again until, as corpses, they are borne to the little cemetery adjoining the building. The rules forbid them to see friends or to have any communication whatever with the outside world.

The monasteries and churches of La Paz were formerly rich in property and in rights of mines and haciendas. Indeed many of the most productive mines were in possession of the ecclesiastics, such as the Jesuits and Franciscans. These mines were worked by Indian slaves; some of them became exhausted, while depreciation in the price of silver and other circumstances caused the rest to be abandoned.

In fact La Paz was once considered one of the wealthiest cities in South America, lying away in its deep valleyed seclusion among the mountains, but the wealth is now a thing of the past and the majority of the people are poor. Sucre is now the money center of Bolivian capital and the home of the rich men of the Republic, who have their investments and commercial interests for the greater part in that city.

Once the people of La Paz manufactured nearly all their own goods, but since the railway was constructed and facilities for shipment improved, most of the commodities have been imported. The warehouses and stores are generally well stocked, and most of them are in possession of German, English or American firms. A large part of the Indian clothing is manufactured in England but most of the indispensable ponchos are made in Germany which means a good bit of business for the Fatherland, as all the Indians must have these multi-colored blanket overcoats. These garments are dyed in keeping with the Indian taste for the gaudy in coloring, and display almost all the hues of the spectrum. Stripes in green, yellow, orange, red and black seem to be the favorite patterns.

The former wealth of the city is exemplified in many of the

domestic buildings. As I have said, some of these are massive; their erection as well as their furnishings point to a lavish expense. But grand, rich, solid as they are, they are withal grim, gloomy, not impressive, but depressive. The furniture generally is of an elaborate kind, but antiquated, belonging to the days when Bolivia had its bonanza, when the mines were pouring out streams of silver and the people could afford to be extravagant. Despite the old-fashioned designs of the furniture and furnishings they are costly. There are drawing-rooms in La Paz which in point of richness can vie with many of those in the boasted mansions of New York's Fifth Avenue.

Many of the houses have galleries built around the patio, but these are not frequented very much, as the cold air sweeps through them and renders them chilly and uninviting for lounging or any pleasurable purposes. Many of the entrances are guarded by huge gates surmounted with armorial bearings. These great iron barriers, so far from adding any beauty, suggest the sinister idea of grim prisons and donjon keeps strongly guarded from outside attack and inside escape.

Probably the market-place is the most interesting of all the sights in La Paz. It is a fascinating spot in many ways, with its assemblage af natives leading their llamas and donkeys loaded down with the productions of the region, not to speak of the numerous babies which intermingle their high cries with the raucous voices of their parents as the latter offer their wares for sale. Sometimes the screaming of their babies resembles a caterwauling competition of fighting felines on a back fence at midnight. The wares are many and varied. The edibles consist of fruits, roots and grains from the plateau, as well as the produce of the nearest valleys which enjoy a warmer temperature. There were apples, pears, peaches, grapes, parched corn, beans, dried peas and coca. It is said that the coca habit is as general among the Bolivians as is that of the opium habit with the Chinese. I must not forget to mention potatoes, which were prepared and presented in many ways, in fact in so many, that I think every possible style must have been exhausted. What they called preserved potatoes are cubes of the esculent which have been exposed to the air until all the juice or moisture has been evaporated. These chips have the appearance of pieces of withered cork and were wholly insipid and tasteless.

Textile fabrics, weaves and embroideries, fashioned by native hands and many of excellent workmanship were also on sale and

SELLING "CHUNO," OR FROZEN POTATOES, LA PAZ

AN OUTSKIRT OF LA PAZ

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VILLAGE OF OBRAJES, NEAR LA PAZ

ROADSIDE SCENE, OBRAJES

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commanded ready customers. The marts where these goods were exposed reminded me of some of the Oriental bazars I had visited in my travels in Morocco.

The chief attraction of the markets for many visitors center in the gay costumes and dresses of the venders. Their continual movements presented a varied and wonderful panorama of coloring from bright scarlets and blood reds to azure blues and emerald greens. What a picture for an artist!—but where is the artist who could have painted it? While the ponchos are the distinctive outer covering of the men, their remaining apparel claims attention. They have peculiar headpieces which vary according to the degree of importance assumed by the wearers among their kind, some having bright-colored knit caps with large ear-flaps hanging down, at each side, others proudly displaying felt hats as a mark or superiority. The Mestizos or Cholos (half-breeds) who look upon themselves as white try to emulate the whites in matters of dress and wear cloth coats and overcoats of a modern pattern.

The Indian women are even more gaudily attired than the men and show off with intense effect their bright skirts and brilliant petticoats which are generally made of heavy woolen material. The skirts are full, smocked from the waist down and are short, never falling below the ankles, a custom of wearing which enables them to display well their gay hosiery and bright colored leather shoes. Many of them wear white shoes. The waists are of calico or velveteen, and, in keeping with the other garments, they are like Joseph's coat, of many colors, the brighter the better. Shawls, or scarfs called rebosas, are usually worn around the shoulders. Often babies are tied to the back by means of these shawls and scarfs and thus carried around while the mothers are doing business.

Sunday is the best day for seeing the markets. Then the streets fairly overflow with the natives and, of course, they put on their brightest regalia. This is the harvest day of the peddlers and the merchandise is increased in kind and quantity. What a display of curious things we saw presented for inspection and sale! There were tinware, woodenware, and crockeryware in every conceivable shape and form; indeed a large number of articles looked to us without shape or form at all, if we may apply such an impossible description to the queer and grotesquely fashioned objects we saw on every side. They looked as if they could serve for neither use nor ornament, but it must be taken into consideration that the odd and fantastic appeal to the Indians, and, despite their assumed

superiority, their fiery natures and fighting proclivities, in some respects they are but overgrown children. They delight in little things; crude gewgaws and baubles give them as much pleasure as sawdust dolls give our little ones when Santa Claus brings them down the chimney at Christmas. In fact there were such dolls on sale, and clay models of many kinds representing llamas, donkeys, mules and mythical animals, so mythical that no one ever heard of their like either in story or fable. Miniature balsas, fairly constructed little replicas of the basket craft of Lake Titicaca, also helped to swell the curious collections displayed in the sidewalks.

Many kinds of dresses for women and girls were on sale as well as home manufactured ponchos, the grades ranging from the rich skin of the vicuña at $40 or $50 to the cheap hide of the llama, not worth more than $2 or $3. There is not much sale, however, for the native ponchos, the people preferring the German importations; consequently the making of ponchos in La Paz is not profitable and few give their time to it.

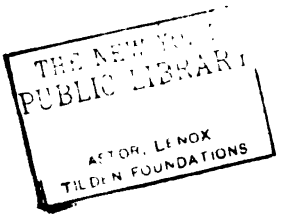
As the natives are passionately fond of music there were many instruments to cater to their tastes in this direction such as Aymara flutes, bamboo flageolets, harmonicas, guitars, trumpets, drums, horns and even miniature pianos. Speaking of pianos, it may be said that almost every Spanish home in La Paz has a real piano, and, as a general rule, every member of the family is able to play the instrument.

Buying and selling do not constitute the sole features of the La Paz markets. There are much fun and amusement besides the trading and we regret to say gambling is carried on as a side issue. Some of the adjoining plazas are entirely devoted to games of chance, for these people, like their white brothers in higher civilized lands, have human weaknesses. The favorite game is dice, but it is not carried on in the same way as it is practiced by the street boys and gamblers in our own country. Instead of the spots, such as the aces and deuces, the dice bear grotesque figures, pictures of animals, effigies of the sun and other emblematical designs. Each outfit has a different set, and three dice are thrown at the same time; if the figures or representations on which a bet is placed turn up in the cast or throw the bettor wins. The bets are not high, scarcely ever exceeding a *real,* a small nickel coin about the value of four cents.

Lotto is another game which takes the fancy of the natives, and, as in the case of dice, pictures take the place of numbers. Of course

GROUP OF LLAMAS, OBRAJES

INDIANS AT HOME, TIAHUANACO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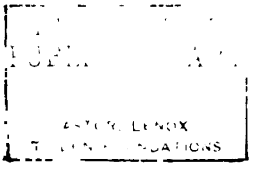
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AUTHOR AT ENTRANCE TO UNDERGROUND PASSAGE, TIAHUANACO

STAIRWAY OF KALASASAYA PALACE, TIAHUANACO

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MONOLITHIC DOORWAY OF OLD CEMETERY, TIAHUANACO

MONOLITHIC GATEWAY, TIAHUANACO

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CATHEDRAL AT TIAHUANACO

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A REMINDER OF THE PAST, TIAHUANACO

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it is played as elsewhere with dice and cards, the cards, bearing several pictures and lines, and each dice one of the pictures vividly represented. The dice are put into a bag and as each one is drawn out the drawer announces the name of the picture on it. The corresponding picture on the card is then covered. The player who is the first to cover all the pictures on his card wins the pool.

There are other chance games, but most of them are taken up merely as a pastime and not through any gambling instinct or with any intention to defraud by cheating or trickery.

There is little disorder or rowdyism, though drunkenness is not unusual among these Indians. Here and there one may come across a gay fellow who has invested his few *pesos* in a jug of *chicha* and feels festive for the time being, but who will regret his indulgence on the morrow.

The Alameda is a pleasant and gay place to spend an afternoon. It is a handsome promenade, shaded by the slender eucalyptus trees which seem to thrive much better here than in any other place outside their native home, Australia. This is, no doubt, owing to the dry air and strong sun which produce conditions somewhat like those of the Australian climate. Through the interstices of the trees one catches glimpses of the towering snow-capped peak of Illimani, one of the three highest in the Andes, which the morning sunbeams kiss at an elevation of four miles above the sea and which seems to typify some giant guardian genius everlastingly keeping watch and ward over this region of lights and shades, of bright skies and cloudy landscapes, of high plateaus and sunken valleys. A band plays in the Alameda on each alternate night and crowds always come to listen to the music. At all times it is a popular resort, but especially so on Sundays when there are no surpassing attractions in the city to draw the people. On this day thousands come out in their best clothes to see and be seen and to interchange gossip, walking up and down or sitting on the iron benches beneath the trees. It is interesting to watch the cholo girls swaggering along in their finest array with billycock hats and short multicolored skirts which allow a display of the fringes of their lace petticoats and also show their silken hose and high-heeled shoes to the best advantage. They present an unique and comic sight.

The Plaza Murillo, with the President's palace and Senate House, is inviting. The legislative building is a good specimen of architecture, but in my opinion the zinc spire detracts much from its beauty.

It was formerly a Jesuit monastery. The Senate occupies what was once the library of the monks and the Chamber of Deputies meets in what was the chapel. The plaza is small but very tastefully laid out. We passed a few pleasant evenings walking around this square and enjoyed very much the really good music discoursed by the band which plays each alternate evening.

Music is indeed a prominent and pleasant feature of life in La Paz, and much of it is supplied by the military. The troops seem to be always marching, and all through the day you can hear strains of martial music coming from some quarter. There are many soldiers. Former revolutions created a military spirit which still exists, though the pay is insignificant; probably the glittering uniforms, with their gold braiding and laces, have something to do in attracting the youth to the colors. Most of the privates are Indians and half-breeds.

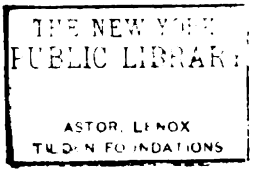
Though the natives of La Paz are wofully deficient in speaking or understanding any language save their own, education is not neglected. There are several schools. The best is said to be conducted by a North American mission, and the fact that it is the best is accounted for by reason of its devoting itself entirely to secular education and not proselytizing, as so many similar institutions do. It is patronized by several Roman Catholic families who send their children to it.

There are two or three newspapers published in La Paz, but they have no outside correspondents and receive no telegraphic despatches; they simply make reprints of the news furnished by the Lima papers, especially by *El Commercio* of that city.

Bull-fighting still prevails in La Paz, but the sport is not as brutal as in Spain. It is conducted under certain rigid rules, and the municipal authorities always attend. Horses are not permitted to be gored to death, and when it is thought the poor bull has afforded sufficient of the cruel amusement, the matador is commanded to put him to death with as much mercy and as little pain as possible. The bull-ring is surrounded by a circular adobe wall of about 200 feet in diameter and sheltered by a roof of galvanized iron. There are terraced seats around the enclosure, except at the entrance and at the point where the bull is led to the combat. It is situated on the summit of one of the many hills which rise up around the city. Not infrequently several bulls are led into the arena of an evening for the amusement of the spectators, and having contributed their part to the excitement are slaughtered by the matador.

AUTHOR AT INCAN IDOL, TIAHUANACO

MONOLITHIC IDOL FOUND IN RUINS OF TIAHUANACO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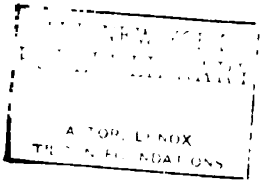
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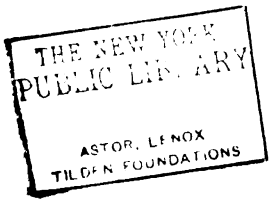
INDIAN GIRL SPINNING, RUINS OF TIAHUANACO

PONCHO WEAVING, TIAHUANACO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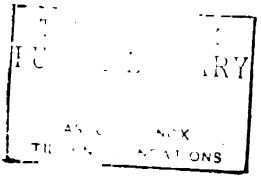
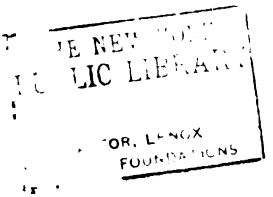


VIEW OF GUAQUI

TIN AND SILVER ORE AT GUAQUI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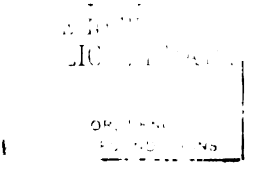

Before leaving the neighborhood of La Paz, we visited the village and ruins of Tiahuanaco. The most interesting of these ruins is convenient to the little railway station at which we alighted. We first inspected the mound known as "The Fortress," which was originally a truncated pyramid about 600 feet long, 400 feet wide and 50 feet high. Travelers have dug great holes in its sides, actuated by the vain hope that they might come upon some of the "treasure trove" of the wealthy Indians.

Not far from "The Fortress" are rude stone blocks about ten feet high and three feet thick, which are supposed to have formed part of the walls of a great temple or palace. Tourists and treasure-seekers have hauled these blocks from their original positions and now they lie in confusion, so that it is impossible to determine how they were originally placed.

The chief ruins of Tiahuanaco consist of rows of erect, roughly shaped monoliths, sections of huge stairways, remains of foundations, monolithic statues and monolithic doorways, bearing carvings in low relief. These are scattered over a broad level part of the plain. We saw great stone platforms weighing many tons each. The question which confronts the archhæologist and student is, how did these immense stones get here? There are no quarries from which they could have come. Were they carried from a great distance? If so, who carried them? The best authorities are of the opinion that they must have been quarried in the vicinity from outcropping ledges which have long since disappeared beneath the sands and earth.

There is little left of ancient Tiahuanaco for the antiquarian or explorer to puzzle over. The Spaniards used a large quantity of the stone of the old buildings in the erection of the churches of La Paz and Guaqui. Nearly all that they left has been taken away and used in the construction of the bridges and warehouses for the modern railroad from Guaqui to La Paz. It is estimated that five hundred train-loads have thus been used.

Alas, that the maw of commerce should swallow such necessary evidence of a wonderful past and so deprive us forever of the key that might have unlocked its mysteries!

CHAPTER XI

FROM MOLLENDO TO VALPARAISO

SAILING ALONG THE CHILEAN COAST

Returning to Mollendo we again put out to sea, bound for Valparaiso, the New York of the Southern Pacific. I have said before that the harbor of Mollendo is rough. The surf dashes in with a great force and coming in contact with the black rocks sends up a spume or spray fully half a hundred feet in the air at times.

The boat which took our baggage out to the ship was dashed about here and there like a log among the cross-currents of a river, and but for the strength and dexterity of the coffee-colored boatmen would have bumped to destruction on some of the ugly ledges that uprear their jagged crowns above the hissing waves. As it was, the little craft grazed a huge boulder, but fortunately sheered off just in time to save it from being rent asunder by the force of a more violent impact.

Once on board our vessel we set about preparations to make ourselves as comfortable as possible during the voyage, for we had an extended run before us of some eight days, before reaching the harbor of Valparaiso.

Crossing the Atlantic nowadays is much less formidable than plying between Mollendo and the chief Chilean seaport, though the distance is not more than one-half as long. The steamers are not on the same palatial scale nor near so swift as the magnificent vessels which plow through the Northern seas between Europe and America at a speed of 500 knots and over per day. Yet they are not bad for this part of the world, while the accommodation and cuisine though far from being perfect are not to be despised, in fact are better than on some of the pretentious lines by which I have traveled.

MOLLENDO HARBOR, ROUGHEST ON WEST COAST

THINKING OF OTHER DAYS

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Though desirous of making the best arrangements in our quarters for the comparative long distance we were to travel by water we spent as little time below as we could help in locating staterooms, selecting our saloon places and depositing baggage, for we were eager to get on deck to obtain a view of the shore-line before the shadows of night would creep down the sides of the great mountains, and envelop the scenery in a robe of darkness.

The sun was sloping in the sky, rolling his golden wheel down the western arch, soon to sink in burnished splendor beneath the calm waters of the Pacific. The glory of the dying radiance reflected a wonderful beauty on sea and shore, limning a picture which could never be transferred to canvas—a picture which thrilled us with rapture as we gazed on the delicate coloring, so wonderfully relieved here and there by the beautiful traceries which mingled their effect with the sunset glow, both on the water and on the land. It was surely a scene to elevate the soul and fill it with reverence and adoration of the Great Being who everywhere displays His power and majesty to impress His creatures with their own insignificance in face of the enternal grandeur and force of Nature, and to make them realize at the same time their dependenc upon Him in all places and at all times.

In the waning light we could see large flocks of aquatic birds seeking their roosts of rest for the night, some circling round and round in their flight, but with each revolution getting nearer to the coast, others diving to the surface of the water to rise again on lazy pinions as they winged themselves nearer to the land. There were cormorants, gulls, divers and a few of the big petrels or "bone-breakers" which generally keep farther south than this latitude. Some of our passengers who laid claim to a knowledge of bird lore maintained they could distinguish one or two of the great albatrosses of the Southern seas, but doubtless they were mistaken, and the birds they mistook for albatrosses were but large specimens of the petrel family, "the mariner's warning birds," for albatrosses are never seen ashore, except on the barren Aatartic islands where they breed. The giant mottle-brown pelicans, with their great sack pouches and long wings, especially drew our attention as they slowly-flapped their way to the shore.

The last of the feathery sea-wanderers had disappeared in the oncoming shadows when the dinner-bell called us away, but it was not long before we were again pacing the deck, looking up at the brilliant constellations of stars studding the southern heavens, twink-

ling in the cloudless cerulean dome of sky and seeming like myriad eyes turned toward earth and sea in an eternal night-watch over the scenes upon which they had gazed from the beginning of the ages. Our old friends of northern latitudes, the Great Bear or, as we more familiarly know it, the Plow, Orion, the Pleiades and the many others which circle around Polaris, had long since disappeared from view but we welcomed the new wanderers of space which riveted our attention on account of their strangeness and appealed to us with an irresistible interest. The beautiful and much heralded constellation of the Southern Cross, the glory of the southern sky, can be seen in this region with clear distinctness. In the early ages this constellation was visible as far north as Southern Europe, but owing to the precession of the equinoxes it gradually receded. Now it should be observed first about the locality of the Tropic of Cancer or 23½ degrees north latitude, but on account of the dimness which encircles the horizon it does not come into view until the voyager approaches much nearer to the equator. From such location it appears to gradually creep up the heavenly arch until finally when one reaches the latitude of southern South America and Australia it is almost in the zenith pointing to the South polar star. We viewed it with much interest for we had heard of it so often, and, besides, it recalled to many of us bygone days of boyhood when we first learned of it through the school-books in our Northern homes.

The view which captivated us soon after setting out from the harbor of Mollendo was not a presage of what we were to experience on our trip down the coast of Chile. The glamor of the sunset and the picture it presented of seascape and landscape was by no means a harbinger of what was to follow. No panorama of successive beauties was to be unfolded for our delight and admiration. Far from it. Though in places the scenery is bold and striking, for the most part the shore-line of the narrow republic is bare, barren and desolate. In fact Chile begins in a desert, and a desert, more or less, it continues for over a thousand miles between the Cordilleras and the ocean. A great part of this desert is an arid waste, useless, ugly, repellent, but the remainder of it is a profitable desert as we shall see later on.

The country is three thousand miles long and not more than one hundred and fifty miles in breadth at the widest part, in some places the strip narrows to a distance of less than fifty miles across. The total population is about 3,300,000.

On the east side the massive ranges of the Cordilleras of the

Andes bound it, separating it for a short distance in the north from Bolivia and for the long remainder of the way from Argentina.

Jutting up from the western coast and parallel to the Cordilleras runs a chain of hills from 2,000 to 3,000 feet in height, between the foot of which and the ocean the ground is rough and rugged, save for a few valleys through which some of the short mountain rivers make their way to the sea.

The depression which lies between the coast hills and the Cordilleras is from twenty to thirty miles wide, in some places very hilly, in others spreading out into plains. This space between the hills and the mountains may be said to constitute the real Chile, for in it most of the population dwell, the small remainder being found in the few little maritime towns scattered along the coast.

"Fields," as applied to the areas containing nitrates, is a misleading term. All is a miserable looking waste, an arid land without a blade of grass or vegetation, only a stunted scrub cropping up at rare intervals.

But the region is very unlike a desert in the signs of life it displays; groups of workmen, bronzed and muscular, can be seen scattered over the desolate plain, laboriously wielding picks or boring holes in the rocky surface for dynamite charges, while others load lumps of rock on trucks which run on narrow gauge lines to the *officinas*, that is, the places where the rock is ground and prepared for commerce. These *officinas* are large factory buildings, surrounded by the huts of the laborers and the more pretentious dwellings of the managers and overseers.

The preparation of the nitrate is intricate, involving several processes which are complicated in the extreme. The rock from which it is obtained is called *caliche* and is of different colors,—white, yellow, gray, violet and sometimes green. In places it is found above ground, but generally it lies from two to three feet below the surface, covered with a strata of rock salt on the top. It has then to be blasted out with dynamite and other explosives.

When brought to the factory great crushers break the lumps into small pieces which, by means of inclined tubes, are dumped into large tanks of boiling water. The degree of temperature is so regulated that the water acts on the mass to the greatest advantage. It is passed from tank to tank, according to certain requirements, and finally the fluid is drawn off into shallow iron vats constructed for the purpose. Nearly all the nitrate of soda in the rock passes off in solution with the fluid. In the dry air and with the fierce heat of

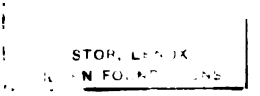
the sun the liquid soon evaporates, and when the residue is exposed for a certain length of time it crystallizes into rhombohedral forms which constitute saltpeter or nitrate of soda. This is shoveled upon drying boards where it is allowed to lie for days in the strong sunlight, when it is sorted according to quality and put up in bags to be hauled down the railway to the nitrate ports for exportation. Repeated crystallization will purify the article to a great degree of fineness. As is very well known, the crude nitrate for the most part is used for fertilizing purposes, to give back the proper constituents to exhausted soils. The finest grade goes to the powder-mills and to aid in the manufacture of high explosives, while the intermediate quality is sent to the chemical works, to form the base of different compounds.

A very valuable by-product of nitrate is iodine, which is obtained as a precipitate from the nitrate liquor through the agency of the bisulphide of soda. At first it appears as a black mass which, when washed and filtered, is passed through iron retorts to heat. The heat causes it to turn into vapor, which is conducted through fireclay pipes where it again condenses into crystals of a beautiful violet color, which are the chief source of the world's supply of iodine.

The barren repulsive wastes from which the nitrate is obtained are called "pampas" in this part of Chile, but why this term is used is a mystery to me, as in the general acceptation of the word it means undulating plains covered with verdure and vegetation. There is no vegetation whatever on the Chilean "pampas," in fact not a green thing nor a sign of natural life springing from the arid surface, but everything dull, dead and inert matter.

As nothing grows for human sustenance and no water is to be found, the nitrate laborers have to depend for food and drink on the supplies brought up from the nitrate ports. These are primitive looking little towns constructed of one-story lumber shacks very much like those of the mining encampments of the West of our own country. The roofs are of galvanized iron, which draw the strong rays of the sun in this rainless region and make the inside a very reservoir of sickening, stifling, heat and bodily discomforts. The streets, though wide, are full of dust and sand, which penetrate into ears, mouth and nostrils, rendering breathing difficult at times. The whole person becomes covered as it were with a hideous brown mask, the fine particles sift into the hair of the head and eyebrows, giving an itching sensation and causing an all round feeling of misery. So great is the heat reflected from the vast area of surrounding desert

GUANO-COVERED ROCKS OFF COAST OF CHILE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that one feels as if pent up in a furnace house with every exit of relief closed. Yet in these places men congregate from all parts of the world, willing to undergo suffering and privations for the sake of the money to be made in trade. Many get the money but the price they pay is dear.

There are Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen and Italians with not a few from the United States, besides representatives from other countries in less numbers. In some of the towns the foreigners are in excss of the natives.

There are many stores, too many seemingly for the population, but the wants of the workers in the nitrate fields and others beyond the hills have to be considered. A motley collection of wares and necessaries are exhibited. The greater part of the food supplies consist of canned stuff imported from many countries—bacon from Chicago, sausages from Germany, macaroni from Italy, sardines and anchovies from the Mediterranean, codfish from Norway, tea and rice from China, and coffee from Brazil. There is always a plentiful supply of brandy, rum and other strong drinks, for despite the great heat, both the natives and foreigners freely indulge in the cup that cheers and at the same time inebriates. Fresh water has to be piped long distances to these nitrate towns. Formerly sailing vessels brought it from "wet ports" up the coast, and at times it sold as high as $2 per gallon. Now the supply comes from the Andes in iron pipes. The conduit which supplies Iquique is 80 miles long, but Antofagasta can boast an aqueduct 100 miles longer, probably the longest in the world.

Wearing apparel, household appurtenances, tools, implements and machinery have also to be imported. Cottons and woolens, china, crockery and glassware come from Germany; boots and shoes from France; drugs, chemicals and domestic hardware such as cutlery, from England, and jewelry from Switerland. Most of the machinery for the nitrate factories comes from the United States and is set up by skilled workmen specially brought from the same place for the purpose. With the exception of a few articles in the way of canned goods this is about all the patronage this country gets, as Europeans monopolize the great bulk of all the imports.

Besides nitrate, Chile is rich in several other minerals. It is the second largest silver mining country in South America and the third largest copper producer in the world. There are extensive deposits of calcium borate in the province of Antofagasta. The manganese mines of Coquimbo and Atacama yield about 25,000 tons yearly.

Gold is found both in the north and south. There are several large coal veins, and quicksilver and lead are mined in paying quantities.

I would like to treat of the mineral wealth of Chile at greater length, but I must return to our voyage down the coast.

The first port of any interest or importance south of Mollendo is Arica. This town lies close to the shore at the foot of a barren bluff, and from the deck of our vessel looked rather inviting, but we are constrained to say that the look was deceptive as was proved by a sultry, unpleasant walk through its badly paved streets, where the glare reflected from the different colored walls struck painfully on the eyes and made us hasten our steps to get away from it.

There are some pleasant spots, however, in Arica. The tiny plaza was delightfully cool and refreshing, with its profusion of tropical flowers and green plants looking like a veritable bower of beauty in an ugly setting. Indeed it was the only spot where we came upon a little green to diversify the gray and sultry sameness of the whole place.

Arica is not unimportant from an historical standpoint. It formerly belonged to Peru, but was taken by the Chileans during the war of 1880. There was a fierce battle at this place and a horrible massacre. The Peruvian soldiers, with their batteries, had taken up a position on the Morro, a high promontory at one side of the town, thinking that in such a commanding place they could defend the harbor from any attack, but the Chileans, getting information of the strategy of their enemy, landed a mighty force a few miles lower down on the coast, which marched in the night along the beach and suddenly attacked the Peruvians in the rear who, cut off from any escape landward, fell in hundreds in the terrible onslaught. The Peruvian commander and many of the officers hurled themselves over the promontory to the jagged rocks below rather than fall into the vengeful hands of the infuriated Chileans.

Arica has been unfortunate as the victim of several earthquakes and other catastrophes. In 1868 it was almost wholly washed away by a tidal wave in which thousands perished, and in which two United States men-of-war, lying in the harbor at the time, were dashed to kindling wood. One of them was actually swept over the houses of the town and all on board, officers and men, lost their lives. Few escaped on the other.

There is a great highway from Arica into the interior of Peru and Bolivia which was constructed by the Incas and has been used for hundreds of years as a route of travel. Trains of laden llamas, bur-

TOCOPILLA, CHILE

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ros and mules can be seen continually on this road carrying foreign merchandise into the interior and bringing out the products of the mines, forests and pastures.

Vegetables and fruits are brought in from the Azapa valley, lying near. When we came back to our vessel we found market-women thronging the decks offering their wares—russet pears, tempting peaches, large and luscious grapes hanging in clusters and of all colors, red-cheeked apples and big melons which would have made the teeth of a Georgia "nigger" water with anticipation.

Arica is now the port for Tacna, and soon it will be a place of more importance than it has been, for there is a hundred mile railroad now in course of construction from it to La Paz which will open up easier commercial relations with Bolivia and Peru.

We made a short call at Pisagua and next came to Iquique, the port and capital of the Chilean territory of Tarapaca, which also belonged to Peru until 1880. It would be hard to imagine a more desolate or forlorn-looking place. It lies at the base of a barren rocky wall, more than two hundred feet in height, with no vegetation or color surrounding it to relieve the eye, not even a blade of grass, nor would there be any water but for the pipe system already alluded to which connects with the springs of Pica away up in the mountains. Yet, despite the barrenness of the surroundings and the desolate look it wears, Iquique does an enormous trade. About $60,000,000 worth of saltpeter and almost $3,000,000 worth of iodine are shipped from this port annually. Here are also the amalgamating works which were run in connection with the neighboring silver mines, formerly operated by the Spanish Government but filled up during the revolution. Iquique at present has a population of more than 30,000.

Antofagasta, another of these desert coast towns, was our next stopping-place. It is the capital of the province of the same name, and also does a large export trade. Besides being one of the nitrate ports it holds first importance in the copper exporting trade, some of the ore running 25 per cent pure. But probably its chief distinction lies in the fact that it is near to the apparently inexhaustible borax fields. The railroad from Antofagasta into Bolivia runs for twenty miles along the edge of the great borax lake of Ascotan which has enough of this material to supply all the laundries of the world for many a year to come. Several volcanic peaks rise behind Antofagasta, from which a sulphurous vapor is belched forth that can be seen from a long distance. There are large deposits of pure native

sulphur in this neighborhood in the forest range of the Andes and some enterprising companies are doing a good business in this natural product.

Antofogasta also came under the rule of Chile during the war. Its present population is 20,000. Like Mollendo it has a very bad landing-place. The approach to it is attended with much difficulty and often danger.

The day following our departure from Antofogasta we made the trim little port of Taltal, a small town having valuable copper mines with smelting works in the neighborhood. The harbor is among the best on the coast and affords good protection for trading vessels.

We made a call at Valdera, once a flourishing town, but now a place of little importance.

From here we had a long run until we came to the port of Coquimbo, a town which lies two hundred miles north of Valparaiso near the mouth of a river bearing the same name. Five miles farther up the coast, on the same bay, we passed La Serena, said to be the oldest Spanish town in Chile. It is built somewhat back from the sea, because its founders dreaded the English and Dutch marauders who scoured this coast at the time in quest of prey and plunder. Coquimbo is also an old settlement, having been founded as far back as 1544, near the site of one of the then gold mines.

Though the population is only 10,000, it is quite a flourishing place. It thrives on the large trade supplied by the mines in its immediate proxmity. Here is one of the richest copper deposits of the whole continent. The mineral is said to be inexhaustible in this region, and is found almost pure native. Hides and skins are also exported, the latter very largely. The greatest supply of chinchilla skins come from this port. Although it is said the little Andean rodents which furnish them are becoming scarcer, it seems there is no diminution in the shipments of skins from Coquimbo.

The harbor is part of a wide bay, and in fact is the best between Guayaquil and Valparaiso. This must not be taken to mean that it is an excellent port of accommodation for all kinds of shipping, which it is not. It can only be called good by comparison with most of those along that bleak and rocky coast.

It may be interesting to note that Coquimbo is the place where the slang term "gringo" originated. A few English sailors in a happy mood were going through the place one day, singing the old song,—"Green Grow the Rushes, Oh!" and probably in doing so their

LA SERENA, CHILE

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phonetic utterance of the words was not too clear or distinct. At any rate "green grows" sounded to the native ears like "gringos," hence from this time all foreigners have been styled "Gringos."

On a cool April morning we reached the harbor of the commercial capital, not only of Chile, but of all western South America—Valparaiso the busiest emporium on the coast.

CHAPTER XII

IN BUSY VALPARAISO

THE CHIEF SEAPORT OF THE WESTERN COAST

I rose early the morning our steamer was due in Valparaiso, for I was eager to catch a view of this wonderful city, hanging from the mountainsides with the waters of the Pacific laving its feet as they sweep around the semicircular bay.

I had some ideas of a terrestrial paradise, a delightful climate of perpetual sunshine and balmy breezes, of orange groves filled with birds of gorgeous plumage—a land where all might live and enjoy themselves without care or effort among the beautiful surroundings prepared by the lavish hand of nature. Most of us are accustomed at times to dream of Southern lands as homes of ideal existence, where the days glide imperceptibly onward amid scenes of universal loveliness; where peace and contentment reign and where the soul can be soothed and comforted and the cares and worries and strifes of the busy outside world forgotten in such delightful retreats. But the reality in most cases very quickly dissillusions us, the dreams dissolve into thin air like shadows before the sunlight, the ideals we conjure up are ruthlessly shattered, and all the imaginings and anticipations in which we fondly indulge, turn into so many idle fancies which prove wholly unlike the surroundings in which we find ourselves. Our "Châteaux en Espagne,"—castles in Spain,—*videlicet*, castles in the air, totally collapse and the fairyland they occupied resolves itself into an ordinary place of every-day existence where life is just the same as anywhere else under similar conditions.

In saying this I do not mean that Valparaiso is the same as any other city—it is not. I merely wish to convey that southern cities and lands fall short of our anticipations, and that the realities

of life must be encountered in them as in other places. There is no earthly paradise, at least I have seen none in my travels around the world. Of course latitude makes a wide distinction in scenery, manner of living and general conditions, the tropical differing much from the temperate regions of the earth.

Valparaiso was not as I had pictured it, not a bower of beauty beloved of the gods, not a realm of fascinating joys and unalloyed delights, not a region to entrance the eye and captivate the heart with its charms. Nevertheless, it is an unique and an interesting city, very different from our northern beehives of social life and commerce. But it is far from a paradise, though its name implies the word, the term meaning "Valley of Paradise." This title was conferred upon the place by Juan De Saavedra, who came upon a little Indian village here in 1536. He simply named it in honor of his native home in Old Castile without any regard to site or surroundings. It is not in a valley and there are few, if any, indications in sight to liken it to the conceptions we have of the celestial abode on the other side of the Great Divide. There is certainly no other city in the world having a similar site. Rome sits on seven hills, but Valparaiso covers nineteen. These hills, or *cerros,* as they are called down there, are composed of elevations of gneiss and granite and range from 300 feet to 1,100 feet in height, some of them being separated by deep hollows or ravines through which little streams of water make their way down to the bay. The homes of the city are built on the terraced sides of these cerros, which are connected by handsome bridges and made accessible from the streets by inclined railways, stairways and elevators, known as *ascensors* in the vernacular of the inhabitants. The dwelling-houses are mostly of the one and two story type, constructed of adobe and bamboo-lath, plastered over to represent stone and roofed with tile. The adobes are large bricks made of a mixture of clay and straw dried in the sun. They are about eighteen inches long, nine wide and three or four thick. The tile-roofing is made of half-cylinders of pottery ,about eighteen inches long by eight in diameter. The sloping sides, leading from the eaves to the apex or ridge, are composed of an initial or inner sheeting of seasoned boards which is coated with thick mud; while it is yet of a soft consistence the tiles are laid on it in courses with the concave sides up, the upper tiles lapping over the under. On the edges the tiles are laid converse, while the ridge is formed by a row laid close together. They are of a reddish-brown color, and when the sunlight strikes them from a favorable

angle the effect is somewhat pleasing. To me these tile roofs of the old Spanish-American cities have a peculiar charm; not only are they picturesque amid modern surroundings, but they always remind me of pleasant days spent 'neath cloudless skies in the sunny clime of Andalusian Spain.

The streets in the lower part of the city, adjacent to the wharves, are straight, but those higher up are mere winding roads climbing the steep ascents of the hills and terminating in lofty summits from which a splendid view can be obtained of the harbor with its infinite variety of shipping until the perspective is lost in the horizon of waters stretching away in the mists of distance to the desert island of Juan Fernandez, the celebrated home of Robinson Crusoe, which lies in a direct line some 600 miles to the west of Valparaiso.

The level ground along the bay constitutes but a narrow strip, in some places wide enough for four parallel streets, but in other places so narrow that there is barely room for two; nowhere is it more than half a mile in width. Much of this narrow strip was made by filling up the low ground along the bay and protecting it from the sea by stone walls and iron rails. This involved a great deal of expense.

For the purposes of municipal and administrative government the city is divided into four sections, and these correspond to the physical divisions. What is known as the Port, or first section, covers nine of the cerros or hills and takes in the northwestern part of the city ,extending from the bay inland and from the western limits of the municipality to the Plaza Del Orden or Pinto. The largest wharves are in this section and consequently most of the shipping is carried on in this part of the city. It contains many important buildings and offices such as the Intendencia, the Old San Salvador Church, the Naval Academy, the Post-office, the Custom-house and stores, and quite a number of hotels and general warehouses. There are also some good family residences on the higher streets.

The second section is that of San Juan de Dios which lies to the east of the Port and extends as far as the Plaza Victoria. Within its confines are Espiritu Santo Church and the Victoria Theater. In this part are also situated the principal cemeteries.

The Del Almendal portion of the city reaches from the Plaza Victoria on the west to Avenida de las Delicias on the east. It possesses the widest strip of level land, and its streets are broader and more regular than those of the other sections. It contains many large public and private buildings, including Doce Apostoles Church

HARBOR VIEW, VALPARAISO

VALPARAISO AND HARBOR

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and the Teatro del Odeon. Many beautiful gardens can be seen here and there, refreshing the eye and relieving the sameness of the surrounding buildings.

The fourth division of the city is that known as the Baron, and takes in all that part lying northeast of the Plaza de las Delicias. Owing to the high hills the streets are very irregular in this quarter; nevertheless, the principal railroad station of Valparaiso is located within its boundaries, although the railway extends along the whole water-front.

Calle Victoria is the principal thoroughfare. It is a wide street stretching along the bay from one end of the city to the other. It is lined with handsome government buildings, hotels, banks, offices and stores. The majority of these edifices are built of brick and are three and four stories in height; carved façades are a prominent feature. All the stores have heavy plate-glass windows and are well-stocked with merchandise of as good a quality and as great a variety as any I have seen in the boasted emporiums of the North. Indeed it is to be questioned if there is any other city in the world of equal population that has so many fine shops with so varied and valuable assortments of goods as has Valparaiso. Several of them make a most lavish display of costly articles and wares from fine silks and diamonds to the latest fads of fashion imported from the European capitals. Of course there are no large department stores to monopolize custom, consequently the individual stores carrying one line of goods always do a large business, for the people are in fairly good circumstances, though the city has not as yet fully recovered from the enormous losses entailed by the terrible earthquake of 1906. Prosperity, however, before that disaster, gave them extravagant tastes which they still make efforts to gratify in the way of fine apparel, adornments and in good living as well. Besides, there is a large wealthy foreign element who live high and indulge themselves with all that money can afford.

Some of the private residences are palatial in their proportions, adornments and general surroundings. Capitalists, bankers and merchants spare no expense in decorating and furnishing their homes; the inside of many are as gorgeously and sumptuously fitted out as any of the traditional castles of European lands. Life runs as high here as in New York or the gayest capitals of the Old World. There are clubs which in appointments and exclusiveness can equal those of London, Paris or Berlin. Of these may be mentioned the Albion, the Circulo Español, the Circulo Italiano and the

Aleman. The first is the gathering-place for the English *beau monde,* and here is retailed the latest gossip and scandals of Rotten Row, Piccadilly and the Strand. The principal English papers are received here, and if you drop in of an evening you can see the well-fed, well-groomed, sleek Britisher pouring over the columns of *The Times* and noting the figures of the London stock exchange as he sips his wine in placid contentment, seemingly pleased with himself and all the world besides. Or you can note the younger dandy from "dear h'old Lunnon," twirling his mustache and giving his attention to the farcical cartoons of *Punch* or the elaborate illustrations of the *Graphic* and *Sphere.*

The city is well supplied with public buildings which, apart from the useful and necessary purposes they serve, add much to the attractiveness of the place. These include two public libraries, well stocked with a goodly collection of historical and miscellaneous works, and a museum of natural history, in which are stored valuable relics of the past as well as rare specimens of the *fauna* and *flora* of the country; there are also curios from other lands and exhibits of the geological formation of the continent. Eighteen churches give the inhabitants opportunity of religious worship to which they are naturally inclined, for Chile is a land of intense devotion and loyalty to the doctrines handed down through centuries of vicissitudes from father to son, since the days when the Spanish invaders planted the Cross on the mountain-tops and called on the brown-skinned Children of the Sun to bow down in lowly reverence before the symbol of Christian redemption.

Four of the churches are consecrated to Protestant worship, though the state religion and that of the vast bulk of the people is Roman Catholic. These churches are but sparsely attended, and the worshipers are almost exclusively composed of foreigners, especially English. Protestant missionary zeal has tried and is trying to make converts to its faith, but with little success so far. The priests have an all-powerful influence over the people, and old traditions are adhered to with an unyielding tenacity.

Four hospitals minister to the wants of the sick and injured, and the physicians and surgeons attached to these are well qualified in their profession and quite up to date in the modern march of medical and surgical science.

The dead are not forgotten, a loving care follows them to the tomb. There are three beautiful cemeteries and these silent God's acres are adorned with all the loveliness which Art can lend to

Nature. They are most artistically laid out, and flowers—the tender and affectionate tribute of the living to the dead, emblematic of hope and happiness—are everywhere. Tropical exotics seem to be a fitting incense for the souls who have gone before. Chaste and beautiful monuments ,many of them very expensive, guard the graves of the loved ones, typifying the love and lasting consideration of those who are left behind. In this connection I should say that many funerals in Valparaiso take place by night. There is a city ordinance which compels sepulture within twenty-four hours after death, consequently many who die have to be borne to the grave in the hours of darkness. Such funerals present weird and curious sight, with the flaring torches of the attendants, the variegated robes of the priests, and the chanting of the mourners which, in a measure, reminded me of the drear and unearthly Irish *caoine* (keen) I had heard once in a remote district of Ireland when the old women poured forth their wailings of grief in that weird, wild cry whose sad and sorrowful refrain almost stills the heart with its cadence of woe and desolation.

The foreigner sees many unaccustomed sights on the streets of Valparaiso. In my many walks, I observed strange customs and manners, at least strange to me. For instance, the milkman came along with his horse or mule to which was attached a wooden frame, from which dangled queer shaped tin cans held by rawhide and from which he ladled out the fluid to his customers. But this kind of milkman is not the rarest to be seen on the streets. There are others who drive before them cows, mares, asses and even goats for the purposes of milking the animals when a call arises for a supply. The milk is certainly fresh and, moreover, there is no chance of watering it under the scrutinizing eyes of the purchasers, therefore the custom has its advtanges.

Other street sellers who excite the curiosity of strangers are the bread-men, who traverse the city from door to door on horseback, the bread being carried in two large hide panniers on either side of the horse, and which take up so much space that pedestrians find some difficulty in passing by in the narrow thoroughfares.

Most of the side streets are narrow and irregular, and these are crowded with men and women of the poorer element, and in addition children and dogs *ad nauseam*. The motley array of humans and canines jar refined feelings, and are repulsive to the susceptibilities of the fastidious tourist. In fact there are some very repellent aspects in these congested quarters. As you pass along you may see

members of families arranging their toilets, oblivious of outside eyes and regardless of the common laws of decency. Visitors do not surprise them in the least or turn them from the ordinary tenor of their ways. To my disgust I saw several engaged in examining or rather searching the heads of their friends for insects of the genus *pediculus capitis*. Though averse to terms which seem to smack of pedantry I am constrained to give the scientific name to the itch parasite for which polite and clean communities have such a loathing. Of course here as elsewhere filth engenders the disgusting pest. One is glad to get away from these scenes to the wide and cleanly thoroughfares, such as the Avenida Brazil, once a shaded boulevard, but now a fashionable promenade, where the social life of the city can be seen at its best, especially in the evenings.

The hill promenades, especially the one to the naval academy, are delightful and are also much frequented by the élite of the city. Probably no other situation in the world affords a more charming view than can be seen from these hilly eminences, particularly when the rays of the western sun is gilding the bay in a sheen of golden splendor, intermingled here and there with silvery streaks as some vessel or craft cuts the waters, leaving in its wake a line of whitened color to diversify and add attraction to the natural picturesqueness of the scene. It is a very luxury to live and breathe in this soft and gentle sunlight, which seems to wrap city and land and water in a fond embrace ere taking farewell for the night of the places over which it has passed in its sloping course to the horizon that shuts it out from their clasp till the dawn of another day. Amid such beauty and such scenery so far above the dust and tumult and traffic of the busy city lying beneath, one forgets the petty cares of the world and entertains thoughts of higher things which lift up the soul to a plane far beyond the sordid considerations of earth and the fleeting affairs of men. But the visitor cannot long indulge in his own communings and day-dreams gazing down from the hilltops,—the busy life of the city calls him, the throbbing streets, the thronged wharves where a world's commerce is unloading, the bustling marts, the eager crowds of men and women each intent upon individual pursuits—all these invite the sightseers to a study of the panorama of the active life around them.

Valparaiso has at present a population of about 150,000, and is by far the busiest and most important port on the west coast of the Americas from the Golden Gate to the Golden Horn. Its

OLD HOUSES, VALPARAISO

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commerce amounts to $175,000,000 annually. It is the terminus of several European lines of steamers *via* the strait of Magellan as well as many lines from Panama. When the Canal is opened the trade is sure to be enormously increased. The exports now include barley, wheat, beans, bran, hay, clover-seed and a number of other products of the field, for there is a rich agricultural country behind, and Valparaiso is the port of outlet. Then there are many maufactories in and around the city which add to the imports. These include foundries and machine shops, shoe factories, tanneries, stearine candle works, soap and perfumery works, flour mills, woodworking plants, carriage and furniture manufactories, aërated water concerns, chocolate products and chemical and drug supplies.

The transportation of merchandise from the factories to the wharves and of nearly all small freight to objective points throughout the city is effected by means of enormous ox-carts drawn by two yoke of animals. These go lumbering along, ponderous and unsightly, and at times the patient oxen have much to do in hauling the heavy loads when a steep incline is encountered.

As to family "turn-outs" for pleasure-driving, I am sorry to say the Valparaisans cannot be congratulated on their conveyances, for far from being modern, they are primitive in the extreme, and seem to fit the descriptions we have of the kind our great-great-grandfathers used, long before the spring balance was invented and when spoked wheels had just come into service.

Nearly everybody has heard of the girl conductors on the street cars. This innovation was brought about during the war with Peru when the army required the services of all able-bodied men. These conductors, or rather conductresses, serve the purpose very well, are quick, alert, attentive and obliging. The uniforms consist of short blue skirts and bodices, white aprons and sailor hats, and these give the young women quite a natty and pretty appearance. But the girls are pretty in themselves. Indeed it seems that only handsome ones are chosen for the work, and whether this is to draw masculine traffic or for the sake of effect, I know not. At any rate I do know that the cars are almost constantly filled with young men, and this fact looks rather suspicious under the circumstances. "Where there is honey, there will the bee go." The cars are "double-deckers" and the fare is very cheap which, perhaps, is another incentive for the large patronage of these street railways. A ride costs but five cents, which is equivalent to about

a cent-and-a-quarter of United States money. It may be here stated that the currency of Chile is subject to fluctuation, and this is a drawback to the commercial prosperity of the country. The unit of value is the *peso,* generally worth about 25 cents, but sometimes it goes up as high as 40 cents and comes down as low as 15 cents.

Most of the streets of Valparaiso are paved with Belgian blocks and the side-walks are well flagged. All are lighted by electricity, the great swinging arc lamps on the higher eminences giving a very romantic effect at night. Seen from the harbor these lights on the darkling slope of the mountain face appear in rows one above the other, presenting such a unique picture that it lingers long in memory. To me it looked like a scene from some land of enchantment, conjured up by magicial art to dazzle and entrance.

The view from the harbor is always captivating, whether by night or day. In the daytime, when the atmosphere is clear and the vault of the heavens cloudless, the serrated ridges and whitish gray summits of the mighty backbone of the continent can be seen standing out in relief against the sky-line, the hoary head of Aconcagua, the giant of the Andes, the culminating peak of the great range, towering above all, seemingly proclaiming iself the monarch of mountains, crowned by the everlasting snows of time.

The harbor is always a scene of bustle and confusion. Boxes, bales and crates of merchandise litter almost every corner, and horses, mules, donkeys, drays, wagons and carts add to the general bustle which, however, shows the busy life of the place and its importance as a commercial port. The flags of half a dozen nations can be seen on the bay almost any day in the year. Large vessels have to anchor off the shore in from 100 to 180 feet of water, and are loaded and discharged by lighters. Hundreds of these lighters can be seen plying to and fro.

The bay forms a crescent, protected on the south and west by low headlands and a recently completed breakwater. The northern side is fully exposed, which renders shipping dangerous and sometimes impossible when the "Northers," as they are called there, sweep down on the place in the winter months.

Encircling the beach is an embankment of masonry called the Malecon, which considerably broadens the water-front and at the same time serves as a protection from the sea.

Passengers are not allowed to land nor can boatmen board the vessel until the captain of the port makes his inspection and gives

a permit. This is the rule of the Customs. The morning our steamer came into the harbor we were glad to get through this official ceremony. After our belongings were examined we were allowed to land. What looked like a Spanish Armada in miniature surrounded our vessel and we were fortunate in getting one of the government boats to take us ashore.

I put up at the Royal Hotel during my visit and I must say I found the *cuisine* and general arrangements very good, and in addition the attendants were polite and abliging. The charge was moderate. For two dollars gold per day one can secure good accomodations, much better in fact than in the hostelries of Peru at three times the amount. The tables never lack a supply of fresh vegetables and fruits. These come up from the Quillatta valley, some forty miles distant. I visited the markets where these products were bought, and found everything very nice and clean. I saw delicious pears, peaches and plums and many other varieties equally pleasing.

The water is good, sparkling and clear, and free from any kind of sediments or germ life. It is supplied by the Penuelas waterworks, the reservoir of which is situated on the Placilla plateau, eleven miles from the city; the circumference of this reservoir is thirty-four miles and its capacity twenty billion gallons. Piping, thirty inches in diameter, conveys the water from it to filter-beds 500 feet below, which are connected with the main aqueduct that conveys the fluid to the distributing tank on Vigia Hill, the extreme west of the elevations surrounding the city.

The visitor can have a pleasant enough time in Valparaiso if he goes about it in the right way and makes an effort to adapt and comport himself to his environments and the people with whom he comes in contact. As a general rule the Chileans, or Chillenos as some prefer to call them, are a free people and easy to get along with when one understands their ways. Of course, as has been said, there is a large foreign element with the German predominating and the British a close second. There are also many Italians and a goodly number of French, but not many North Americans. A casual walk through the streets at once convinces the visitor that the Anglo-Saxon is the prevalent type of foreigner. Half the women you meet are of this type, with blonde hair, which is rather refreshing after one has been accustomed to nothing but dark tresses among the belles of the republic lying to the north. The ladies of Chile affect modern costumes more than those of any of the other

South American countries. The shops of Valparaiso are repletc with the latest Parisian modes and fashions. However, the black manta, with its edging of lace, always remains in favor and may be called the national costume. It is becoming to every figure—the angular or *embonpoint,* the lean or the adipose, the short or the tall; it sets off a beautiful shape and it hides the blemishes of a defective one. In fact, it makes the old look young, the young graceful, the stout slender, and the thin slyph-like and pleasing. Nearly all wear it to church in the mornings.

Those who can speak only English can get along very well at the hotels, in the marts and on the streets, for that medium of speech is widely used, though Spanish is the official language. I had little occasion to address any one in Spanish. Of course the newspapers are printed in Spanish, also the street signs and general advertisements. There are ten newspapers altogether in the city, the principal and best being *El Mercurio,* which also publishes an edition at Santiago.

The climate of Valparaiso is fine, I was almost going to say ideal. The mean annual temperature is 57.6 degrees; the mean of the coldest month is 52.8 degrees and of the warmest 63 degrees F. There are no scorching days and no intensely cold ones, and the air is always soft, pleasant and invigorating.

I have already said that Valparaiso has scarcely as yet recovered from the effects of the earthquake of 1906. That was a terrible blow, in fact the worst receiveed in the checkered history of the city. It had been dealt hard knocks before and received many wounds. In its infancy Drake sacked it in 1578; Hawkins, the Buccaneer, swooped down on it in 1598; the Dutch pirate, Van Noort, plundered it in 1600; earthquakes and tidal waves ravaged it in 1730, 1822, 1839, 1851 and 1873; fire decimated it in 1858. It also suffered horribly in the Balmaceda revolution, but its crowning disaster occurred, on the evening of August 16, 1906, when a fearful earthquake exerted such a force of devastation that it wiped out hundreds, some say thousands of lives, besides destroying over $100,000,000 worth of property. Coming so soon after the San Francisco horror the Valparaiso disaster shocked the civilzed world.

South America has been the scene of some dreadful cataclysms of nature, but probably the most awful visitation in its history was this earthquake. Thousands of buildings were demolished; about thirty blocks of houses, three to five stories high, in the Avenida

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TRAINING SHIP, NAVAL COLLEGE, VALPARAISO

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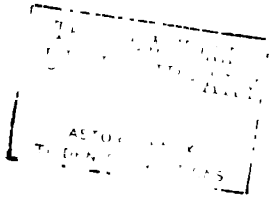

Brazil alone, fell with a thunderous crash, killing scores and maiming hundreds. The gas, electric light and water mains were snapped and the city plunged in Cimmerian darkness—a prey to fire and flood. Fully ninety per cent. of the houses are said to have been destroyed. The condition of the wretched people became pitiable. Some 60,000 encamped on the hills above the city without food or clothing. Others took refuge in the shipping in the bay until the terrible commotion passed. Think of it! So many lives lost in a city of only 150,000 and over $100,000,000 worth of property destroyed! Think of the staggering blow to a country with only four million inhabitants! San Francisco, when it was wiped out, had the richest country in the world to fall back upon, and upward of 20,000,000 people throughout the country pledged themselves to rebuild it. Valparaiso had no such hope, but nevertheless it has risen valiantly up again from the ruins of the terrible past, and promises to be soon greater and better than ever. All credit to its spirit and undaunted courage, and success to its efforts!

Before leaving the neighborhood we paid a visit to Vina Del Mar (vineyard of the sea), seven miles distant from the city. This is a favorite resort in the summer months and contains some fine villas and mansions of the wealthy citizens who come out here to spend the enjoyable season. It may be styled the Newport of Chile, for it is a gay place and society is seen at its best. There is much sport carried on in the way of horse-racing, polo, tennis and golf. It lies in a kind of valley upon an arm of the sea which is watered by a small stream. There are several *posados* or eating houses, and a large hotel which does a thriving business in the height of the season. We were struck with the neatness and beauty of the flower-beds in front of the residences, as they seemed to give a life and freshness to the place. We could only wish that we had such at home, but how long could they be kept intact from the ruthless, vandalizing tresspassers in our northern resorts! There is one drawback to this really delightful retreat, and that is a large sugar refinery which belches forth volumes of black and poisonous smoke that hangs like a pall over the resort, obscuring at times the beautiful marine view and the range of violet colored hills in the distance.

Returning, our road ran for a short course over the foot of a rocky cliff along the shore of the ever restless sea. As we looked out from the train across the water our vision rested upon a scene of sublime beauty that alone would have repaid us for coming

to Chile. The sun was sinking in the west, his last crimson rays flashing over the waters of the bay of Valparaiso. But even as we looked the glory of the scene faded, the sun went down beneath the horizon and the approaching city became pale and phantom-like in the deepening twilight.

Next morning we bade *adios* to the waters of the Pacific and started across the mighty Andes on our way to Santiago.

NAVAL MONUMENT, VALPARAISO

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CHAPTER XIII

THE CAPITAL OF CHILE

SANTIAGO, GEM OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC

We left Valparaiso by an early morning train with quite a large number of passengers on board, cosmopolitan and native. From the first stretch of road skirting the harbor, the waters of the bay flecked with boats of many nationalities, lay glittering in the soft light forming a very pretty and appealing picture as the undulating motion of the wavelets flashed back the rays of the ascending sun in streamers of glinting glory which lent such life and loveliness and charm to the place that we could not resist looking back until the scene receded into the distance of space as we sped onward on our journey. Soon we came to parched and brown fields lying on either side of the track, presenting an unpleasant contrast to the sea-views we had just left behind. These dreary fields, however, were relieved by little streams here and there, on the banks of which grew graceful weeping willows, the appearance of their foliage bringing to my mind the queer simile of children's hair cut in Dutch fashion, that is, in circular form, leaving an overhanging eave above the neck. In some places we could see patches of cacti, their spines bristling like the "quills of the fretful porcupine," in others matted shrubs and stunted trees resembling old crab-bushes or dwarfed specimens of the apple variety. Now and then great ox-carts, hauled by weary, yet patient animals, lumbered along some rude road like remnants of a camel caravan making track through an African desert. The scenery, however, was not dreary and monotonous all the way—there were some vistas and views to arouse the spirits and make one take an interest in the journey. The snowy summits of the Andean peaks showed themselves in the distance looking like gray nightcaps on the brow of Age. The crest of

the towering Aconcagua can be seen distinctly nearly the entire distance.

The total length of the railroad between Valparaiso and Santiago, as surveyed, is 122 miles, though the journey over it seems to warrant its being much longer. It was commenced in 1852 and is said to have cost in the neighborhood of $5,500,000, or about $25,000 for each mile of construction. A very mint of money has been sunk in these Andean systems of travel and transportation, for the difficulties in the way of making them were enormous, taxing modern science and engineering to the limit. However, the obstacles in constructing this branch were not so many nor so hard to overcome as those of the Oroya track. It is run on the English plan and is similar in equipment and system of management to most of the European lines. The engine which hauled the train was of English make, but the Pullman car in which we rode was turned out in America.

After reaching an elevation of some two thousand feet above sea-level, a plain, well-watered and fertile, comes into view, in the midst of which is Santiago, the metropolitan city of the Andes and the gem of the southern Pacific slope, a city of over 400,000 inhabitants, more than one-tenth the entire population of the Republic of Chile.

Nearing the city the sides of the road for a considerable distance are lined with ditches bordered by mud walls, fashioned from the ooze and earth taken out in the ditch-making. These walls are of uniform thickness and height as the mud which forms them is cast into a frame of the required dimensions and allowed to harden before the framework is taken away. In some places they are roofed with tile. They make excellent fencing, for owing to the warm climate there is no frost to crack them. Under existing conditions they stand the weather remarkably well and last a long time. In addition to these boundary walls long rows of poplars, shooting up in stately height, presented a vista in perspective which reminded us somewhat of a long-drawn out cathedral cloister or church aisle. Other fences along this part of the route consisted of stakes, interlaced with the pliant rods of "Espino" bushes.

Occasionally we passed a "rancho," or farm-house, built with adobe, thatched with straw or roofed with tile and surrounded by little orchards of fruit-trees. A few country seats, residences of the "haciendados," or landed proprietors, added an attraction to the landscape and suggested comfort and easy circumstances.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SANTIAGO FROM SANTA LUCIA

AVENIDA DELICIAS, SANTIAGO

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After a five hours' ride, we arrived at the *Central Estacione,* from which we were driven to the Gran Hotel de Francia, overlooking the Plaza des Armes, which may be termed the peripheral center of the Chilean capital. Round about are the principal streets and many of the public buildings. On one corner is the Cathedral, on another the Post-office, while close by are numerous portals or corridors occupied by well-filled booths and walled at the back with inviting shops which make a fine display of all kinds of goods to be found in an up-to-date and progressive city. The Plaza itself is a pleasant little park beautified with tropical plants, flowers, palm trees and fountains.

The hotel we selected was a very well-equipped hostelry and our wants were catered to by courteous and obliging attendants. There are several other good establishments of this kind, so the traveler need have no apprehension on the score of accomodation in visiting this really delightful old Spanish city nestling in the shelter of the mighty mountains.

I had anticipated an interesting time. Often I had pictured this historic place in imagination and fondly dwelt on the possibilities it would reveal. Now the reality was achieved. There it lay before us in its calm dignity, in its peaceful beauty, in its captivating charm, in its wealth of memories—the city which Valdivia founded in the sixteenth century and named after the patron saint of Spain, long years before the English mapped out *their* Jamestown on Virginian soil, long before the pilgrims of the *Mayflower* sailed into Plymouth Bay. The red men of the great Northland were running about in primitive wildness on Manhattan Island, and neither gay old Petrus Stuyvesant with his wooden leg nor New Amsterdam with its Dutch colony had been heard of when the civilization of ancient Castile planted its banners on the rock of Santa Lucia.

Speaking of Santa Lucia let me commence the description at this wonderful landmark standing up like a finger-post of Time pointing to the sights and scenes, the life and loveliness, the gaiety and grandeur, the houses and hollows, the sreets and squares, the spires and steeples, the domes and doorways, the marks and monuments of this historic city. It is appropriate that I should begin here, for it was from this spot that the early settlement sprang which was to grow into this magnificent and thriving commonwealth of the present day. Valdivia erected a stronghold on the rock and then commenced to build at its base, laying out the squares with lines

running north and south, east and west with studied regularity. The rock itself stands at one side of the city and is a huge mass rising up to a height of over five hundred feet, or about as high as the Washington Monument. It is one of the most interesting freaks of nature in the world. Some geologists are of the opinion that it is of volcanic origin and others will have it that it was deposited by some wandering iceberg in a remote age on the plain where it has since stood. For miles around there is no other elevation, and this would scarcely be the case had vocanic action been at work, therefore, most people lean to the iceberg theory, but an ordinary layman, with the credulity of ignorance on the subject, might be inclined to believe that it dropped from the clouds.

The great fortress on the top commanded the surrounding plain with its guns, but this was removed and the place given over to the sepulture of those forbidden burial in consecrated ground, in which class were included, besides infidels, Protestants and Jews. The bones of these unfortunates were finally taken up and dumped in a corner of one of the Catholic cemeteries as "exiles from both heaven and earth."

In 1852 the United States Astronomical Expedition used the place for observations. After the departure of this expedition Benjamin Vicuña McKenna, a public-spirited and wealthy citizen, set about beautifying the rock and surroundings. He raised subscriptions for the purpose and spent much of his own money That he succeded well in his efforts is testified to by the appearance of the place to-day, and that the people appreciated what he did is shown in the honor conferred on his remains which lie buried in a little chapel on the summit. In fact McKenna did all that could be done by man to supplement nature and make of Santa Lucia a spot fit for an artist's dream of loveliness. Several acres around the base and up the sides were converted into a park which is one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful on earth. I think its grandeur and charm are unparalleled by any othe place in the world set aside for such purpose. I have looked on no fairer, rarer scene anywhere else on my travels, though I have wandered in many lands and have seen the boasted beauties, natural and artificial, they possess. Flowers and fountains, arbors and arborage, beds and bowers, banks and balconies, grottoes and galleries, gardens and greeneries, walks and windings, terraces and turnings, parapets and pillars, statues and stonework,—all combine to give it an attraction which irresistibly appeals to all. Winding paths lead to the jagged

VIEW FROM SANTA LUCIA

SANTA LUCIA PARK

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summit and these are enclosed by low walls festooned and trellised by rare bushes and creeping plants; great multi-colored blossoms peep out from corners and crannies at every turn; ferns and tropical exotics extend their fronds and petals in lulxuriant profusion; eucalypti trees and palms raise their lofty stems like guardian genii keeping guard over a bower of beauty. The whole is a scene of light and coloring truly indescribable, a galaxy of glory, a veritable garden of the gods, an earthly Eden where the restless soul of man might linger in contentment finding solace and peace and joy away from the world and its sordid considerations. The fragrances and perfumes distilled and exhaled from shrub and flower and plant and tree as they come with the breath of morning or float on the zephyrs of evening seem not like the scents or smells of earth, but rather like what one might fancy as the waftings of incense from angel altars in some celestial shrine beyond the pale of mortals.

What a view from the top of the rock! No pen can describe it adequately, nor brush transfer it to canvas. Never shall it be erased from the tablet of memory. In imagination I behold it as plainly as when I looked upon it in reality—the city below with its vast expanse of red-tiled roof, and the plains beyond in their rich growth of green, and in the distance the snow-capped peaks of the Andes picked out in hazy blue. The streets, the squares, the tree-lined avenues, the parks, the towers and domes, the cupolas and spires of the churches scattered here and there, the busy scenes of life and activity, lay before one like a fairy panorama on which the eyes gaze in rapturous delight. I felt as if I were looking upon some enchanted scene called forth by magician's wand and that if I turned away it would dissolve into airy nothingness like the "baseless fabric of a dream" never to return. So I looked upon it long and lingeringly, loath to relinquish such a view and still more unwilling to leave Santa Lucia. Santa Lucia! the very name is synonymous with enchantment. And is it not euphonic, does it not strike the ear with a peculiar pleasantness of sonance as if harmonizing with some fond recollection, something that once thrilled the heart and called up the tenderest emotions of the soul?

As I stood on its crest I heard the words of the name spoken in the soft accents of the Spanish tone by a passing senorita and their utterances seemed like liquid music, the refrain of which is still echoing in the chambers of memory. Reluctantly, indeed, I had to say *Vale* to beautiful Santa Lucia and give attention to

other scenes of interest in this wonderfful city of the Southland.

The Alameda, a magnificent pathway, stretches from Santa Lucia to the farthest end of the city, a distance of over three miles leading out to the parks known as Quinta Normal and Cousino. It is three hundred feet wide and has a roadway on either side. In the center is a promenade bordered by gurgling streams of clear mountain water and shaded by rows of great poplar trees which form an overhead arbor of such density as to afford excellent protection from the rays of the sun. Along this promenade are stone seats at short intervals for pedestrians to rest when tired from their walking exertions, and also many statues of heroes and others who have played prominent parts in the history of the country, for Chile is fond of perpetuating in bronze and marble her distinguished sons, though she may have been far from kind to some of to them when alive. Indeed one or two victims of assassination and a few who were sent into exile are called to memory in this way, which seems much of a parody on the fate meted out to them.

In the early evenings, from about three to five o'clock the Alameda is crowded with pedestrians, while the side roads are taken up with the carriages of the wealthier class, reminding one of the turnouts of New York's fashionable element on the driveways of Central Park in the summer evening, *minus* the lines of honking autos and screaming taxis to frighten peaceful citizens in crossing the walks. Of course there are some automobiles in the procession, but broughams and victorias predominate. During the season bands of musicians discourse popular airs, and altogether the scene is gay and inspirating and typical of the pleasant life of the people.

Fronting the Alameda are many of the great show palaces of the place, splendid residences which bespeak wealth and taste. Though the style of construction for the most part is after the old Spanish model, they call to mind showy châteaux along the Parisian boulevard. Of course all have the invariable patio or center court with its fountain and flowers. Some are so large that they contain fifty good-sized rooms. The ceilings are high, giving opportunity for decorative effect, though most of the houses are not over these story, some only two. As to cost and furnishings many of these great piles can vie with the best of the Old World. Few of the ducal residences of Grosvenor Square, or the princely homes along the Unter den Linden, or the gilded palaces of the Champs Elysées can eclipse in grandeur and appurtenances these millionaire mansions of the Chilean capital. The massive building which Henry Meiggs

here erected cost millions, every stone and brick and timber in it having to be imported at lavish expense. It was a sample of money extravagance worthy of old Rome in her most spendthrift days. It has fallen to decay, as no one has come forward willing enough or ambitious enough or perhaps wealthy enough to fit it up in keeping with its former splendors and richness of details. Another gorgeous example of Southern prodigality is shown in the house erected by the late Señora Isadora Cousino. It resembles some elaborate public building rather than a private home. The decorations and furnishings were on the costliest scale, befitting a royal palace or kingly residence. This lady was famed for her large expenditures. The immense sums she lavished on display and gave to public enterprises formed a subject for gossip not only in Chile but over all South America and in other lands. She was the Hetty Green of her time as far as the accumulation of vast money was concerned, but she had none of the close-fisted characteristics of the Northern millionairess. She spent and spent royally; enormously rich in her own right she married the richest man in Chile, and his money and possessions became hers at his death. She invested millions in all kinds of real estate—lands, houses, railroads, mines, steamships and herds of cattle. She loved grandeur and the good things of life, and spent like a queen to gratify her tastes and ambitions. Besides her town house she had an *estancia* at Macul, about an hour's ride from Santiago, which rivaled any European principality. She presented the city with the beautiful Cousino Park, containing several thousand acres. This is the popular playground of the common people, a place which affords entertainment and amusement for thousands of the working classes. There are many kinds of games and forms of merrymaking, and when in full swing in the season the place presents a very animated scene with its fun-seeking crowds, gay colors, bands of music, booths and refreshment stands and other addenda characteristic of such resorts. Here the visitor can see at its best or maybe worst, the famous national dance of Chile—some might be inclined to call it infamous—called the *cuaca*, which is pronounced *quaker*. The couchee-couchee of Coney Island in its halcyon days was tame when compared to it. Even the turkey trot and tango of New York's Great White Way would be but mild evolutions beside it. If Mr. Roosevelt saw it during his late visit he probably declared, in his emphatic way, that it beats both to a frazzle. It is a sort of *can-can*, in which the male partners do most of the high kicking, though when the fun waxes fast

and furious, the females are nothing backward in emulating the antics and gyrations of the other sex. It is danced by the couples pairing off, one set facing the other; each man and woman or youth and maiden, as the case may be, waves a handkerchief above their heads as they circle and gyrate and caper around in curves and postures intended to display the suppleness of the limbs. The dance is accompanied by the thrumming of guitars and mandolins by musicians who sit on benches beside the arena of performance. It usually ends in a wild carousal of merriment when all decorum is thrown to the winds in a bedlam of shouts, laughter and catcalls, while the performers embrace in the most promiscuous manner, after which they retire to the tents to indulge in chica and cool off after their arduous exercise.

I have not introduced a description of this dance for the purpose of reflecting in any way on the morals of the common people, for I must say they are a good, well-conducted class in general, loyal to time-honored institutions, devoted to their duties, attached to their home interests and sincere in their actions. The women, as a rule, are modest and retiring and sensitive as to their good name; they are simply fun-loving for the sake of fun, and any seeming oustepping of the strict bounds of feminine decorum and behaviour may be set down to their light spirits and gay nature, and not to any desire or intention of transgressing the laws of propriety. I merely bring in the dance to illustrate a custom of the country, one, however, which I should be glad to see relegated to the history of the past, as it detracts from the present.

A form of amusement much patronized in Cousino Park is horse-racing. There is a track known as the "Club Hippico," which is crowded on Sunday afternoons. The Chillenos take much interest in horses and horse-breeding, and turn out some very fine animals.

Although the very wealthy citizens of Santiago prefer the boulevard of the Alameda to display their fine residences, there are many good houses on the side-streets, which, if not so pretentious and elaborate, are striking and aristocratic. Very few are over two stories, a circumstance that of course conduces to safety in time of earthquakes. They have the wide Spanish entrances guarded by great iron gateways, high and wide, through which the largest wagons and carriages can readily pass.

The insides of these houses are furnished in keeping with the wealth and social standing of the owners. There are huge mirrors,

THE ALAMEDA, SANTIAGO

LADIES IN MANTAS

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beautiful statues, costly paintings, rare bric-a-brac, gorgeous tapestries and portières, curtains and hangings of the most expensive weaves—the products of Eastern looms. There are ball-rooms, billiard-rooms, reception-rooms, guest-rooms, in addition to the living-rooms, and all furnished with the richest paraphernalia to suit the uses to which the apartments are devoted. Some have Moorish bath-rooms with fountains playing in vari-colored lights, giving an effect of enchantment such as we read about in the legends of Oriental lands. Much of the furniture is plated in gold leaf, and gold and silver vessels and ornaments are displayed, embossed and studded with diamonds and other rare stones.

A noticeable feature of the buildings on both sides of the Plaza des Armes is the old quaint portales, so like what one sees in the Moorish towns of Estramadura and Andalusia. When I saw them my thoughts flew back to the dreamy homes of southern Spain and I recalled pleasant days spent in wandering through that sunny land.

Within these portales are the booths, flanked by fine shops filled with as wide a variety of merchandise and of as good a quality as can be found in Paris, London or New York. Tiaras of diamonds, ropes of pearls, brooches, bangles, bracelets, rings and trinkets flash in the windows inviting purchase. The costliest silks, satins, brocades and laces are displayed and find ready sales, for the ladies of Santiago are extremely fastidious and pride themselves on up-to-date and elegant toilets. Many of the creations are as good as any Worth of Redfern can turn out. In most places one must pay a high price for a high-class article; this is the case in Santiago. The goods seem dear to a foreigner, but when the relative value of money is considered they are no dearer than at home. Thus a lady's hat may be marked $100, but that is not much over $30 of our money. The stores in the portales round the Plaza are not so large as those a block further along near the corner of Ahumada and Huerfanos. The latter are pretentious establishments and modern in every detail. There are many shoppers during the day. The opulent ladies roll up in their coaches and broughams and even automobiles, for the last mentioned are now ubiquitous and Santiago can boast quite a number. The poorer women dressed in black skirts and with the customary mantas over their heads and shoulders, shop on foot, and are always accompanied by friends or companions. A woman is scarcely ever seen alone.

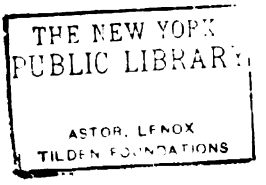
Santiago has a number of fine public buildings. Perhaps the

best of these is the Palace of Congress, which covers an entire square and is of modern classical construction similar to many of the public buildings in the United States. The National Library opposite, is an imposing structure and contains a fine collection of books. The City Hall, the Palace of Justice and the Army Building are other show-places which the Santiagoan points out to the visitor with pride as indicative of the prestige and importance of his city. The President's residence is a fine three-story structure with imposing surroundings. It contains the offices of many of the Government departments. The Opera House is a municipal institution and is claimed to be the finest structure in America. It is built after the European style with four balconies supported by brackets, so that there are no pillars to obstruct the view. The boxes are luxuriously upholstered. Opera is given several nights a week during the season, generally by Italian companies brought over for the purpose. The people are as familiar with "Trovatore" and "La Tosca" as the *beau-monde* of New York's Fifth Avenue. Not alone is the building free, but a good sum is given by the government to the management to secure the best talent. Between the acts the gay youths drift down to the orchestra rail and put up their glasses to scan the boxes, and when the performance is over they linger in the large foyer to watch the señoras file out in the hope that they may catch a glance from the dark eyes or a smile from the ruby lips of some witching damsel.

There are many churches in Santiago. The Cathedral is the most imposing of all. It is of time-worn gray granite and fronts on the Plaza. I happened to be in the city during Holy Week, and therefore had an opportunity of observing religious fervor at its greatest intensity. When good Friday came a solemn hush seemed to pass over the place, and a silence followed which was almost oppressive. Business, for the most part, was suspended and the stores closed. Thousands of women in funereal garbs crowded the streets as they silently made their way to the different churches. The great Jesuit basilica seemed the center of attraction. When the devotions inside this and other churches were over, tens of thousands of men and women lined the sidewalks, the men in bared heads, while great floats were borne along on the shoulders of perspiring carriers, each bearing some allegorical representation or scene emblematic of the different stages of life of the Saviour, from His first public appearance to His crucifixion on the Cross of Calvary. It was all very impressive, very religious, yet it must have seemed fantastic to other

CATHEDRAL FROM PLAZA DES ARMES, SANTIAGO

CONGRESSIONAL BUILDING, SANTIAGO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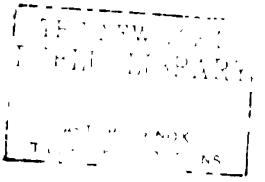

than Catholic eyes. On Easter Sunday I attended service in the Cathedral and listened to the chanting of the high mass and the deep tones of the organ, while the altar blazed with lighted candles in shimmering candelabra and the gold and silver crucifixes and mountings and hangings and tinsel flashed and scintillated in the colored rays which came in through the stained-glass windows. It was a sight not soon to be forgotten,—the gorgeousness and pomp and panoply of religious worship as practiced by the ancient church of Rome. Yet I wondered could such grandeur be in harmony with the life and desires of Him it proposed to honor, Him who taught humility, who lived in poverty and sufferings, who had scarcely a place to lay His head. Despite the thousands, and the glitter and the grandeur I felt lonely in that cathedral and wished I had some of my home friends with me to keep me company.

There are many feast or "fiesta" days in Santiago, which take much of the people's time. They make such days holidays and try to have as good a time as they can, with the result that many are incapacitated for attending to their duties the following day, and thus they lose two days. Again, as each one insists on celebrating the feast of his patron saint, there are a good many feast days in the calendar. Sunday is the day for general celebration among the peons, and they celebrate so well on chica and other drinks that they require Monday to recuperate. Therefore Monday among the working classes is more or less regarded as a *dies non.*

There is one great holiday common to all the people. This is the day the anniversary of Chilean independence is celebrated, the "diaz y ocho de Setiembre," that is, the 18th of September. It is the Chilean Fourth of July, great preparations are made for it, and when it arrives all public buildings, banks and business houses close and young and old engage in the general festivities.

There are two markets in Santiago, both of them on the banks of the Mapocho, a stream 130 feet wide, which runs through the city for about two miles, having stone walls along the banks over-topped with shade-trees. The old market is a most interesting place, well worthy a visit. The produce brought to this market comes from quite a distance, from the rich Chilean valleys lying among the hills, where warm suns and refreshing dews force the soil to bring forth its best. Probably the meek-eyed oxen reclining under the shade of the trees quietly chewing the cud have been on the road for three or four days dragging their loads up the steep inclines and over the dust-choked levels. The fruits, as in Valparaiso, are excellent, the

pears and peaches being particularly fine, outclassing those of California, though little pains are taken in their cultivation. There is a great deal of haggling over prices. The venders ask twice and three times as much as they expect to get, so an inexperienced person is liable to be taken in by their demands. A little observation, however, soon makes one wise to their style of dealing, and when they see that their methods are discovered they become reasonable enough in their prices.

There are many newspapers in Santiago—so many indeed that one wonders how some of them get circulation enough for support. The principal one is *El Mercurio.* It was founded in Valparaiso in 1827 where it still publishes an edition. It came to Santiago, which it now makes its headquarters, in 1900. There is an afternoon edition of this paper called *Las Ultimas Noticias,* "The Latest News," and it publishes an illustrated weekly called *Zig-Zag,* which has a good circulation all over the country. *La Union* is another leading paper which commands a big influence. Others are *La Lei, La Patria, El Chileño, El Ferrocarril* and *La Reforma.* You will meet newspaper boys at almost every corner shouting their wares and making insistent demands for patronage.

The climate of Santiago is similar to that of Washington, yet the midday is rather hot when the sun beams down in zenith strength, for the surrounding mountains shut in the heat-waves, and consequently the place is warmer in the daytime than the latitude would otherwise warrant. The nights are cool, sometimes too cool, for there are no fires, no stoves or chimneys in the private houses, and on occasions the people have to resort to additional clothing to maintain bodily comfort.

It is not uncommon in the evenings to see men sitting witih their feet in fur bags and ponchos wrapped around their shoulders. It looks very strange to see gentlemen and ladies surrounded by most of the luxuries that wealth can buy sitting in furs and overcoats with chattering teeth and blue in the faces for want of a simple fire. The low latitude of the night atmosphere is caused by cold air-waves rolling down the snowy sides of the Andes after sunset, and accumulating in the Chilean valleys. This cannot take place on the other side of the Cordilleras where there is a great sunny plain stretching away to the east, and consequently no valley formations between great hills. Many enjoy the cool air of the evening, especially those whose occupation shuts them in during the day. It is said to be healthy, but science would scarcely indorse such a

FEMALE CONDUCTORS, SANTIAGO

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view. The healthiness of a city or climate cannot be measured from such a standard. Neither has the brightness of the Southern Cross nor the color of the moon aught to do with the health or sickness of Santiago. That it is not a healthy city is borne out by the figures of the vital statistics. The prevailing diseases are pneumonia and throat and lung affections, and the mortality from these causes is very high. Therefore, beautiful as it is, I would not recommend it as a health resort.

CHAPTER XIV

CROSSING THE ANDES

FROM SANTIAGO TO BUENOS AIRES.

The transandine journey is one which the traveler will not soon forget. To describe the trip fully and do justice to the majestic scenery is not possible to the most gifted pen. Words are too weak to convey to others the impression made upon the mind of the traveler by the mighty manifestations put forward by Nature in the sublimity of her power throughout this region. In face of such stupendous scenery the eye becomes bewildered and unable to take in the vastness, the scope, the contrast of colors, the lights and shades, the hues and tints, the ascending and descending manifestations of glory and gorgeousness, which open out among these everlasting hills. It is as if some mighty picture of creation were presented to our view swinging on a revolving easel and at which we can only stare in wonderment as it unfolds itself scene by scene. We try to focus our glance on some particular spot but ere we have time to center our attention it passes on to give place to some other feature in the ever-varying revolutions of form and color.

The mind has limitations beyond which it cannot go, and here the vision of the eye is too narrow to assist it in comprehending and digesting the mighty surroundings, no more than one can assimilate some awe-inspiring phenomenon at first glance when suddenly confronted with it.

The Andes are compelling, tremendous, overpowering, and no one who looks upon them in this place, be he the most imaginative poet or the most gifted artist, can grasp their greatness, their grandeur, their sublimity, their effect, within his own individual comprehension. If, like the strong-winged condor, one could soar above

their towering peaks and take a bird's-eye view of the scenes below he might be able to give an impression of their majesty, but even then such would be faint and inadequate to convey to others the sensations they produce. When the sunlight plays upon their bouldered sides and burnt breasts and snowy heads, such a riot of colors flashes out as dazzles the eyes and defies classification. They are arranged and limned by the Master Artist of creation, and no mortal may ever hope to imitate them on the canvas of Art. Neither prism, nor spectrum, nor painter's palette can ever present such a blending of hues and tints, in some instances bright and brilliant, in others dark and somber, and at all times impressive. Here the granite shows gray and shadowy, there the rocks appear as if splashed with blood through which run intra-venous threads of copper stain, sometimes green and sometimes blue in their wavy outlines; greenish crystals of hornblende give way to pinkish patches of flesh-colored feldspar shining in vitreous luster, and in turn these give way to dioritic basalt and splashes of yellow ochre and laminations of gneiss-rock and glints of sandstone, marble and porphyry—all combining an array of tints confusing to the sight, but at the same time fascinating to the senses by the wonderful variety of their display.

I had anticipated this journey across the huge vertebræ of the continent from many points of view, and tried to conjure up what would be revealed on the way, but the reality excelled anything and everything imagination had called forth. I shall endeavor to place before the reader our impressions of some of the places along the route, but any description can only be a faint attempt for, as has been said, the scenery baffles description.

We left Santiago in the evening. As we drove down the long stretch of the Alameda to the Alameda station, we fondly looked back, for we were somewhat loath to say "adios" to the city which had captivated us with its beauty and associations. The last beams of the western sun were gilding the spires and domes, and as they lingered on the turret of never-to-be-forgotten Santa Lucia, they revealed a picture which shall ever stand out in the foreground of my memory. It was hard to let it pass from view, but the crazy old coach—a cross between a *volante* and a *calecche* with the bad points of both—drawn by a pair of attenuated, or seemingly articulated, specimens of the equine race plunged onward and soon the entrancing pile was lost to sight. Speaking of horses, there are very good ones in Chile and in Santiago, but they are not put to street coaches. It is only those which should be superanuated and given a

pension for past services that are put to such use. Our Chilleno driver whipped the miserable beasts along. He was more like a bandit than a driver—rough, uncouth and "bearded like the pard." He had no soul for beauty, probably only money—the amount of his fare or what he could brazenly charge—was in his thoughts, or maybe familiarity, as usual, had begotten contempt for his native city and the sights it presented. At any rate he flogged on until the station was reached. There we boarded the train for Llai-Llai, (pronounced Yi-Yi) where the road from the capital meets the continuation of the transcontinental line from Valparaiso. Llai-Llai, which, being interpreted, means Windy-Windy, is a little town of about five or six thousand inhabitants, and is situated about 2,500 feet above sea-level. At nearly all hours fruit-sellers come to the station to offer their temptations in the way of luscious pears and juicy peaches, which they obtain from an Arcadian valley lower down and which are really delightful and very cheap, when one contrasts what is asked with the imposition of the street peddlers in Santiago and Valparaiso.

Here we changed for the main track and were soon on our way to Santa Rosa de Los Andes, which may be called the terminus of the State Railway and the beginning of the Chilean Transandine Road. The ride to this little town at the foothills of the Andes took us through the fertile valley of the Rio Aconcagua. As it was night we could not view the scenery on either side, and on this account we regretted the late traveling, for this is one of the garden spots of a rich agricultural section, where there are waving fields of corn, wheat and tobacco, with swelling vineyards and swaying orchards and studded with pretentious tile-roofed haciendas of well-to-do planters. We passed San Felipe, a town of 12,000 inhabitants, situated in a belt of well-cultivated land; it is about equally distant from Santiago and Valparaiso, some seventy-eight miles from either.

We arrived at Los Andes at 10 p. m. and turned in for the night at one of the two hotels, to get a needed rest for the hard trip before us on the following day. The accommodation might have been better, but one need not expect the comforts of a modern city hostelry in these mountain caravanserais. Most of the rooms are on the ground floor, and not infrequently there are three or four guests to each, but luckily there is enough space to do away with any necessity of sleeping together. As it is, one has to make the best of it where there is no pick or choice in the matter. It was

almost midnight when we got to bed, and as the train was to leave early in the morning we had little time for rest. It seemed that we had not yet reached the end of our first sleep when the call came for us to get up. We rubbed our heavy eyelids, stared around for a while to get our bearings, and then realized we must hurry for the road again. We made a hasty toilet and after a *desayuno* of black coffee and hot milk, with a crust of hard black bread, we rattled our bones over the stones to the waiting train. I should not forget to state we were charged a rather long price for the short stop and the black coffee—somewhere about eight dollars a head in Chilean money. Los Andes from what we saw of it in the early morning light, looked encouraging enough. There was an abundance of vegetation and many fruit-trees of different varieties. I have heard that a fruit-canning plant has been established there, which promises to develop into a profitable industry.

At exactly five o'clock the levers were pulled to open the throttle of a specially constructed mountain engine, and in the glorious morning sunshine the cars began to move up and over the most wonderful of mountain roads which leads across the mightiest mountain-chain in the world. The track is the narrow gauge type, and the special engine was what is known as the Borsig rack-and-pionion, or cog-wheel locomotive, manufactured in Germany, a land which fathers many inventions to be found in all parts of the world. When the gradient became steep, say four in one hundred, we toiled laboriously up tooth by tooth at a rate of not over ten miles an hour, but when the gradient descended a little a fair speed was attained, as fast as with an ordinary engine. The climb began almost immediately after leaving Los Andes. In the first thirty miles or so there is a rise of about 7,000 feet. The track follows the course of the Rio Aconcagua, which gradually narrows until at Puente de las Viscaschas it is spanned by a narrow bridge, beneath which the waters churn and foam in their close channel as if battling to get out to join the current on its way to the sea. Occasionally we could catch a glimpse of life on the ancient high-ways that thread the valley—natives driving oxen to haul primitive wagons or carts with block-wheels, such as were used in the days of the Pharoahs; in a few fields we saw the animals attached to single-handled wooden plows that seemed replicas of what history tells us were the tillage implements of the Egyptians and Chaldeans, a fact which shows how strong must have been the Moorish influence in Old Spain which transplanted its methods and customs to

this new continent. We could also see mud huts here and there on the mountain-sides embowered in vines and creepers which gave them a pretty appearance in the perspective of distances.

About thirteen miles from Los Andes is the little station of Resguardo, where guards are posted for the purpose of protection, as there is danger of train hold-ups in these mountain settlements. A little beyond is Los Loros, a name which suggests parrots, but what that has to do with the people is a matter for conjecture. From here on the mountains rise grander and grander and more impressive, great masses piled on one another, their summits, cutting the sky-line, as if in defiant majesty of the realm of air and sky. In some places great boulders of rock hang almost perpendicular over the road. Enormous fragments look as if on the point of falling and are so close to the sides of the track that they seem to block the passage in front. One cannot cast off a dread feeling of danger as he looks on these huge masses apparently suspended in the air and ready to topple at the slightest friction. The air here became so cold and thin that to some of us came the old sensation of impending sorroche, but it passed off as we tucked our rugs more closely around our knees to ward off the chill. The vegetation got scanter as we ascended and soon there was scarcely anything of life on the bare burnt sides of the mountains which looked as if some fire-breathing monster had stalked over them, withering with devastating breath all that came in its way. The train rushed over a shelf cut out of the solid mountain-side that spanned a narrow gorge through which the waters rushed and roared a thousand feet below. This gorge is known as the Salto del Sodaldo, or "Soldier's Leap," around which tradition has flung its mantle. It is said that during the war of independence, a Chilean soldier, pursued by the enemy, leaped across the chasm and escaped. Of course the story is improbable, but it adds spice and gives an interest to the place.

Juncal (pronounced Hoonkal) was passed. This place for several years was the terminus . It is at an elevation of 7,500 feet and the name means marsh or cornbrake, but the significance seems very inappropriate, as there is nothing marshy or like a corn brake about it. Soaring aloft above these wild hills may be seen ,in all its strength of flight and power of wing and pinion, that rapacious bird of the Andes, the condor, which name is derived from the Indian word *kunter,* in turn a corruption of an Incan term meaning "to smell well."

BEFORE THE RAILROAD

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VOLCANO OF COTOPAXI IN ERUPTION

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"The condor where the Andes tower
Spreads his broad wing of pride and power
And many a storm defies."

These birds fly to a great height, in fact until they become but mere specks to the naked eye in the blue dome of sky. In winter-time they come near shore, but in summer they seek the highest peaks. The condor is the royal bird of the republic, figuring on the national escutcheon as an emblem of strength and independence. A stranger may be pardoned for saying that such an emblem is not happily chosen. Certainly our own old glorious baldheaded eagle, typical of might and majesty, king of birds, is more appropriate for a nation's standard than the rapacious carrion-loving vulture of the Andes. But each to his own. The condor is native to Chile's mountain-peaks, just as the eagle is native to ours. The Indians have woven many legends around the accipitrine bird. Most of them believe in metempsychosis and many think that the souls of their departed who led evil lives enter the bodies of condors, to be poised between earth and heaven deprived of the comforts of one and the joys of the other.

Caracoles is the name of the little station at the Chilean end of the international railway. From this place a tunnel has been cut right through the rock of the Andes, connecting it with Los Cuevas where the traveler catches his first glimpse of the Argentine country. This tunnel is 10,300 feet in length. At the time of our visit it was not ready for traffic; so we had to change from the cars at El Portillo and take to coaches for our journey across this part of the mountains until we could again get a train at Cuevas. In the early days this intervening space was covered on foot or saddle-back, but later a service was established consisting of many coaches, baggage wagons, horses and mules, which did a profitable business in conveying passengers across. There were two companies engaged in the tranportation, but the competition did not benefit those who were compelled to patronize either, in the way of superior accommodations. The tourist nowadays should be glad that the necessity for their coaches is a thing of the past. Certainly these conveyances were typical of a crude mode of locomotion. I still have a lively remembrance of the one in which I traveled. It was a small cramped affair, drawn by four horses hitched abreast, after the manner of a Roman chariot, and seated only four persons. The seats ran sideways and the top was covered with a white canvas, like that of a baker's wagon. I got many a hard bump and stiff

knock and sickening jolt ere I reached the end of our six hours ride. I was, however, reconciled with the suffering because the magnificance and wild grandeur of the scenery more than compensated for the annoyance and drawbacks of the conveyance. Some of the views were sublime, outrivaling by far any I had seen in other parts of the world. Mountain-peaks, more than twice a thousand feet in height, towered above us like Titanic genii guarding us along the way. As we zigzagged slowly up that immense ascent, turning and twisting on hair-pin bends, we felt as if we were buried beyond exhumation in these fearsome Andean passes. I have traveled along many narrow and dangerous roads in different countries; I have threaded the corkscrew paths of the Alps above which Jungfrau and the Matterhorn frowned in icy threat; I have been in the ravines of the Himalayas, but I have seen nothing to equal the rocky, rutty steep, up and over the backbone of the Andes. There was but the merest pretense at a wall to keep the coach from rolling over the edge down to destruction thousands of feet below. The element of danger was never lacking as the horses jumped and jerked with the high-wheeled *coche* careening and bumping along after them like a wooden car on a switchback railway. The mountains rose higher and higher and came closer and closer, their awful masses instilling a feeling of dread into those who looked upon them for the first time. The keen wind swept our faces and the snow beat and cut into the flesh like icicles, though the season was but autumn. We wrapt our vicuña rugs closer, but they were insufficient to protect us from the cold. Some of the less hardy passengers in other coaches succumbed and toppled off their seats in a faint; probably fright at the seeming danger of their surroundings had as much to do with their collapse as the cold. I am here led to say that it requires an organic soundness to successfully negotiate this journey and not suffer at the time, or from after effects. Of course the tunnel now obviates much of the difficulty. This pass in the winter months—June, July, August and September—was almost impossible; in that season it led through a veritable land of desolation with death lurking at every turn and a white annihilation over all, the snows often reaching a depth of fifteen to twenty feet. Many a brave fellow lost his life for his temerity in trying to overcome the peril. Even in the open months sudden storms are not infrequent Huts were erected at intervals along the path to protect travelers when overtaken. We passed several of these huts. They are about twelve feet high, built of brick and mortar and have arched

roofs. They remind one very much of dungeons. The scenes around add a melancholy gloom to their appearance. They are suggestive of suffering, calling to mind the fate of unfortunate wayfarers who day by day anxiously looked through their grim doorways to see the snows getting deeper and deeper until hope fled and death approached to put an end to their despair. It must have been terrible to the poor victims to realize that the pass had become impassable and that they must die amid the awful solitude of the mountains.

As we toiled upward the ravines among the hills seemed deeper, their bottoms became shrouded in shades of darkness, from which we turned our eyes to gaze upward at the grim peaks across which wracks of gray clouds were scurrying like the wings of great birds brushing them in their fight.

In considering these Andean solitudes the most striking aspect they present is the terribly bleak and desolate appearance, with no trees or vegetation, not even grass, save a few blades, peeping out here and there from cleft or crevice in the rocks. Imagine a mighty expanse of yellowish sand and stone with towering peaks on all sides, their stratification so varied that the hues of the different compositions strike the sight in a bewildering array of colors. Torrents of brackish water rush down the steep sides, in many places forming deep and dangerous holes, which make the fording very perilous.

At length, after a laborious climb which completely exhausted our poor animals, we came to the pass of the Cumbre or upper ridge of the Cordilleras, 12,796 feet above sea-level. This is the most dreary spot I think I have ever looked upon, a place which makes the shivers run down the spine, yet one feels thankful that it is the culmination of the toilsome ascent and that from here onward the journey will be less terrible, and that soon some of the comforts of railway travel will be experienced again. The Cumbre is the most dangerous pass on the whole route, on account of the storms which sweep over it. At one side is a little graveyard with many wooden crosses, silent testimony to the toll taken by the angry gods of the mountains. Aconcagua is distant about a dozen miles, its vast proportions looking like the battlements of some stupendous castle conjured up by the fancy or evolved from the legends of some mythical past. Torlosa and the Torins rise on either side like colossal sentinels, mutely standing to guard the great highway that connects the two republics of Chile and Argentina. Hill upon hill and range upon

range stretch away to the west, dwindling in height as they near the coast. When the sun in meridian glory illumines the crests and sides of these eternal sentinels of creation, it seems as if the Master Builder were opening the doors of His workshop to show us the might of His handiwork and at the same time impress us with our own insignificance and weakness in face of His own power and majesty. No one can look upon the scene without acknowledging how infinitesimal are the proudest works of man in comparison with those which Nature sets up for his wonderment and instruction.

Dreary and desolate though the Cumbre is, the view from it is magnificent and sublime. There was another satisfaction to make up for its inhospitable appearance, and that was a feeling of triumph that we had conquered the dread ascent and the worst was over. Hitherto we had been struggling upward, but the struggle was past, the difficulties overcome and instead of having to look above to the mountains we were now able to look down upon them.

Before leaving here that most remarkable statute, known as "Christo Redentor," the Christ of the Andes, claimed our attention. This colossal statute is placed on a gigantic column, and is both imposing and impressive. There is none such other in the world, and the only one which approaches it in dimensions is Bartholdi's "Liberty" in New York Harbor. Aside from its size, the fact that it stands on a pass almost 13,000 feet above sea-level, adds to its unique distinction. The figure of Christ is twenty-six feet in height; one hand holds a cross and other is extended ,as if invoking a blessing. It was erected in 1904 as a symbol of perpetual peace between the two nations, and was cast in bronze from melted cannon belonging to both. On the base of the pedestal are the emblematic figures of Chile and Argentina clasping hands as if ratifying the settlement of the boundary dispute. One of the tablets bears the following inscription:

"Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than the people of Argentina and Chile break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

Leaving this place we were on the down grade, and though the road was winding we rapidly made the descent until Los Cuevas was reached. Indeed so rapid was our pace that it must have resembled a Roman chariot race, with this difference, that the road we bounded and bumped over was exceedingly narrow, with many turnings and slopings of such precipitous descent that a sudden

"CHRIST THE REDEEMER"

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plunge or runaway might have resulted in us reaching Cuevas in pieces by being hurled in fragments down the steep decline against the walls of the town. But we landed safe, though almost exhausted and veneered, *cap-a-pie* with grime and dust. We were right glad to sit down to a rather meagre lay-out of thin soup, vegetables, and tough steak, probably llama joints. That simple *déjeuner* at the time tasted better to me than any elaborate *table d' hote* I have ever had at the most pretentious hotels, for I was both cold and hungry.

Los Cuevas, which signifies the "Caves," is, as we have said, where one gets his first view of Argentina. It is depressing, a scene of vast desolation, a wilderness of miserable solitude with not a vestige of vegetation to relieve the monotony. Yet there is a marvelous coloring in the rock strata, and this with the white glints from the peaks in the distance somewhat relieves the eye.

After the usual and often useless Customs examinations of baggage we again took the train for Mendoza, stopping on the way at Puento del Inca, one of the marvels of the world, where the River Mendoza has torn through the rocks, leaving a perfect natural bridge with a single arch, more wonderful than any I have seen thus formed elsewhere. The waters which bubble beneath are said to have medicinal qualities and there is a tradition that the old Inca chiefs came here to recuperate by drinking the healing fluid. There is an hotel there now, known as the Hotel del Inca, which is claimed to be a health resort where many afflicted with mental worries and bodily ailments go to get rest and relief. A little way out from here is a curiously shaped mountain called "Cerro de los Penitentes," that is, the Ridge of the Penitents, so called because it is serrated and pinnacled resembling to a vivid imagination penitents kneeling in prayer. Los Vacas, Uspallata, La Invernada, and other small stations are passed. The route follows the old mountain road called Antiqua Camino, by which General San Martin made his famous march in 1818 from Argentina to the relief of Chile in the long war of independence from Spain. His march over the Andes deserves as high a place in military history as the more recorded marches of Hannibal and Napoleon. It was a terrible journey then, and there is no improvement in that region since, but, on the contrary, it is a little worse, as there have been volcanic upheavals on the mountains and, besides, the process of erosion of countless ages is still going on, the slow gnawing of the rocks, the mineral particles of which color the water of the Mendoza River so that in places it has a metallic sheen.

After passing several more little stations, including Rio Blanca, where we saw a spouting well throwing cold water one nundred feet in air, we arrived at Mendoza, where we found an elegant Pullman car awaiting us, attached to a broad gauge train of the Buenos Aires and Pacific Railway, the line running from this place to the big city of Argentina, a distance of about six hundred and fifty miles.

Mendoza is a picturesque town of about 30,000 inhabitants lying at the foothills of the Argentine Andes. It is an oasis in the midst of a desert. It is the westernmost town of the republic. The streets are quite wide and the houses almost without exception, are but one story. This is on account of earthquakes. Mendoza got a fearful lesson away back in 1861 and is taking no more risks than it can help. On that date occurred one of the worst earthquakes in the history of the world, an earthquake accompanied by a cyclonic waterspout. The town was almost wiped out of existence and about fifteen thousand persons lost their lives,—some authorities give the number at twenty-five thousand. Fire and lawlessness added to the terrible catastrophe. A new Mendoza has arisen since and is a place of considerable importance and trade. There are many handsome streets, good public buildings, fine private houses and recreation parks for the people. The central street of the town is the broad Avenue de San Martin ,an alameda with double rows of trees and streams of water that run either side of the roadway, as is the case in the principal thoroughfare of Santiago. The street is cobblestoned, and there is a *corso* or carriage drive on which many fine turnouts can be seen,—landaus, victorias, broughams and even automobiles, for many Mendozians are wealthy and keep up with the march of modern style. The town is a great wine center. It is surrounded by vineyards which have become very profitable to the growers. The fruit is very luscious here, and is produced in such abundance that large quantities are shipped as plucked to other parts for making jams and preserves as the wine manufacturers cannot use all the supply.

The great prairie pampas of this region are about nine hundred miles in breadth. On leaving the base of the Cordelleras they are covered with stunted trees and tough shrubs, but these, farther on, give way to the long gray grass, and sand stretches, peculiar to this Argentine plain. One of the chief discomforts of travel is the dust which shifts in through windows and doors until it is almost stifling. It also covers the person with a yellowish gray coating, which is very difficult to brush off. Another unpleasantness which may be

experienced is the *pampero,* or wind-storm, which often comes with the fury of a western blizzard driving the dust in clouds before it, interfering seriously with the traffic. It has been known to block up the track. It comes after a great drought and is immediately followed by thunder and lightning and heavy rains. The pampas are not destitute of life. Scattered over this wide area are tens of thousands of ostriches, but the feathers of these birds are not as valuable as in the African species. There are also many flamingoes which haunt the lagoons.

Nearing Buenos Aires, the country becomes as level as a book leaf and the train traverses fertile fields, in which wheat, corn and grazing lands alternate. There are corn stretches miles in length, while the grass, clover and alfalfa pastures would delight the eye of a western farmer. This section impresses one with the great agricultural resources of Argentina. There are many large *estancias* or estates of rich cattle owners. We were told, the land is not sold by the acre as with us, but by the square league which is equivalent to about 6,000 square acres. And the man who owns but a square league is considered a very small farmer indeed. Statistics show that among the one hundred thousand reported land owners there is an average holding of six square miles. A great annoyance to the farmers are the locusts which swarm in millions over the pampas.

There are not many large stations along the route but as we had only a passing view of the towns beyond them I cannot venture to offer an opinion, much less indulge in criticism. We finally arrived in Buenos Aires, wearied and worn after the long journey of twenty-seven hours, hard traveling the greater part of the way, and were sorely in need of the comforts of a first-class hotel, where ice water could be obtained.

CHAPTER XV

THE CAPITAL OF THE ARGENTINE

LARGEST CITY IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE

Buenos Aires has a population of over a million and a half. It is the biggest city south of the equator and the largest Spanish-speaking center in the world. It is also the second largest stronghold of the Latin races; also the second largest city of the Roman Catholic faith, and takes rank as the fourth metropolis of the Western continent. It has been styled the Athens of the South, but the comparison might well be extended to the Paris or London, or New York of the Southland, for what these cities are to their respective countries, Buenos Aires is to the Argentine Republic, and in fact, to all South America. It is not alone the political capital of the country, it is the commercial and industrial capital and the financial, social and intellectual center as well. It contains more than a fifth of the population of the Republic, and considerably more than a fifth of its riches and influences. The important families have their homes here, homes of wealth and princely magnificence, the large merchants and millionaires their businesses and interests, and the statesmen, representatives and professional men make it their headquarters. It is the hub, the pivot on which turn the wheels of business, industry and commerce.

The growth of this city has been amazing. Though founded centuries ago, the greater part of it is quite modern. The Spaniards made a settlement about 1535, but for generations there was only a collection of rude shanties and mud huts which gave but little promise of the splendid buildings of the present time. Lots, square miles in area, if lots they could be called, might have been obtained for a few pesos, but there were none to buy, and so the land lay

waste for many years. At length people were attracted to the mud flats and the place brightened up a little, yet the growth was slow for a long time. There were about 3,000 of a population when the American Revolution broke out. By the time of our Civil War, it had increased to 50,000, but the great rush to found homes only began about a quarter of a century or so ago. During the closing years of the last century the place became the boom center of the Southern continent, and since then the growth has been phenonmenal. The city increased with almost as great a proportion as New York or Chicago. Population gained at the rate of 100,000 a year and great buildings were erected with marvelous rapidity. Many of these are from six to eight stories and very solidly constructed. The skyscraper is not allowed on account of possible earthquakes, but at any rate there is no necessity for it, as there is a wide area for distribution. There is no congestion of business space calling for tall buildings, with numerous offices, as is the case in the large cities of the North.

The port has been made to keep pace with the buildings and the importance of the city as a commercial emporium. Thirty years ago there was only a flat mud-bar along the water-front, and ships had to anchor several miles out in the river. Both passengers and freight had to be conveyed to the shore in lighters and rowboats, and before a landing could be effected high-wheeled carts had to be pushed into the water, and on these the passengers scrambled to reach the shore without getting wet. As the trade increased something had to be done to remedy this states of affairs. The civic fathers put their heads together with the result that an English engineer was brought out who planned and carried to completion a system of docks at a cost of $40,000,000. Five great basins were constructed which extended along the river-front for three miles. The tonnage of the port soon increased to a million, and additional basins became necessary. Now the tonnage is about 12,000,000 annually, which makes Buenos Aires one of the foremost ports in the world. A splendid custom-house has been erected at a cost of almost $2,000,000 to provide room and give facility to the large working force required to look after such a big export and import trade.

It is at the docks that a good idea may be gathered of the vast importance of the place, not only as a shipping center, but as a great bustling hive of industry, keenly alert to the spirit of modern progress. The streets are crowded, and the wagon traffic is so

heavy as scarcely to admit of a foot passenger getting across from one side to the other. Hundreds of trucks and drays are busy hauling merchandise to and from the railroad freight depots and the commission houses. Along the wharves the vast warehouses are piled from floor to ceilings with all kinds of commodities, either home products waiting to be shipped to other ports, or foreign goods consigned to the merchants and brokers of the city. Beyond the edge of the basins can be seen a range of funnels, poles and spars, belonging to ships of all nations here to discharge their cargoes and take on new supplies. From the tall masts you can see flying the flags of the principal nations—England, Germany, France, Austria, Italy, Spain, etc. The flag of the United States is rarely seen. Of the thousands of vessels entering the harbor every year scarcely half-a-dozen sail under the colors of Uncle Sam. Sometimes there is such a congestion of shipping that freighters have to wait for weeks before they can enter the basins to have their cargoes discharged.

The busy streets also exemplify the increasing activities and strenuous life of the city. They are generally thronged from morning till night with eager, anxious crowds, rushing hither and thither on business intent, while cabs, carriages, automobiles and taxis go clanging and whizzing along seemingly reckless of the safety of the pedestrians; yet, there are very few accidents, for the traffic is certainly well regulated. The street-cars and vehicles are allowed to go only one way on one street, and must return by another thoroughfare. Thus, by a certain street they proceed east, but they cannot come back through that street—the western or return trip must be taken through another, which is generally the next street. This seems a wise arrangement and diminishes collision and danger to the vanishing point. Moreover, uniformed policemen are stationed at the intersections most congested and take care that foot travelers get across in safety. What makes the streets seem so crowded and accidents liable to happen is their extreme narrowness, besides which they are built right out to the street-line. These narrow thoroughfares are relics from the old days of the shanties and mud huts, when it never was dreamed that a mighty modern city would raise itself on the site of these primitive dwellings. Many of the business streets are only thirty-three feet wide. Some of these are Congallo, Bartolomé, Cuyo, 25th of May, San Martin and the Calle Florida. Now there is a city ordinance by which no new street can be opened less than sixty feet in width.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF BUENOS AIRES FROM "LA PRENSA" BUILDING

LOOKING FROM "LA PRENSA" DOME

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The Calle Florida is the fashionable shopping street. It is lined with splendid stores, every other one of which seems to be a jeweler's. Watches ,diamonds, brilliants, pendants, necklaces, trinkets and other ornaments flash in the windows in dazzling array to captivate the eyes of the passing shoppers. Most of them are well patronized, for the people are extremely fond of display and a large proportion can very well afford to adorn their persons with what takes their fancy in the way of costly attractions. Especially in the afternoons is this street crowded. From about four o'clock to six o'clock the throngs are so dense that it is difficult to make one's way to any objective point. The rank and fashion of the metropolis —well-dressed gentlemen and ladies—are out in their autos, landaus and victorias, surveying the pedestrians from their leisurely points of vantage as they slowly roll along, lolling back on their silken cushions, taking life easy in that *dolce far niente* way which is the envy of the proletariat or working classes. Sometimes the congestion of foot traffic is so great on this street during the afternoon hours that no wheeled vehicle is allowed to enter. Then miladi and her lord have to condescend to foot it, like the ordinary citizens, and brush skirts and coats with Pedro and Alonzo and Juanita and Carmencita from the lower walks of life, who earn their bread, as well as their leisure time, in the sweat of their brows. The ubiquitous young idlers common to all large cities, the "Johnny Boys" and "Smart Alecks," who neither live by their brains nor their hands, are much in evidence. These would-be dandies stand at the corners twirling their moustaches *a la* Kaiser Wilhelm, the while puffing their cigarettes and all the time looking for an opportunity to ogle the sweet-faced little señoritas as they pass by. We are well accustomed to this despicable *genus* in the cities of the Untied States, but it is even more obnoxious in the Southern capital.

A striking contrast to the other narrow streets is the wide asphalted boulevard called the Avenida de Mayo. This, being near the heart of the city, wtth its rows of stately trees and fine stores, hotels and office buildings, reminds one of the Champs Elysées in Paris. It has nothing of old Spain about it, none of the low one-story buildings, but everything quite up to date—modern and imposing in appearance. There are many open-air cafés on the broad sidewalks. These also help to emphasize a resemblance to the famous Parisian boulevard. The construction of this splendid avenue is said to have cost $12,000,000. It is constantly being beautified and chaste and imposing buildings are still being erected to look

down upon it. Already it is considered one of the finest streets in the world, and in time may lead all others in stately grandeur and magnificent display. At night, when it is lighted up by electricity, its appearance is particularly impressive. As we walked beneath its trees while the long line of arc-lamps stretched out in far perspective before us, scientillating and sparkling against the darkness overhead, it seemed like some long-drawn-out passage to fairyland, or some golden paved highway leading to an abode of the gods, upon which mortal feet must tread stealthily and mortal eyes look with wonder and admiration. I thought of some of the famous streets I had seen, but none of them appealed to me so much as this, with the magic mantle of night upon it, and the stars of the Southern Cross blinking down, as if ashamed of their pale and feeble light in contrast with the brilliant bulbs of glowing radiance which man had flung out in defiance to the darkness of space.

At the eastern extremity of the avenue, is the Plaza de Mayo, which covers eight acres, and upon which face the Cathedral, the President's House, Congress, the Courts and the *bolsa* or Stock Exchange.

The Palace of Congress is a noble building not long completed. It was thirteen years in erection and the cost was almost $10,000,000. With its great dome and its Cornithian columns it reminds the observer of the Capitol at Washington when viewed from the end of Pennsylvania Avenue.

The Cathedral is a great building, but not an imposing one. It was modeled after the church of the Madeleine in Paris, and looks more like a government structure or art gallery than a place of worship. It covers an acre and will seat about 9,000, though there is rarely half that number in it at one time, despite the fact that Buenos Aires, wiith the exception of New York, has more Catholics than any other city on earth. In fact about 97 per cent. of all the people of Argentina are Catholic. But the truth is that the Porteño has grown luke-warm in his faith, he has fallen away from the intensity of fervor and religious spirit which characterized his ancestors. The cause of this is not our province to touch upon, but the effect any one can see for himself. Most observers would be inclined to believe that the luxurous lives and idleness of the priests have had much to do in turning the people away from religion. Professing to be followers and disciples of the lowly Nazarene, who "led a life of poverty and suffering," they wallow in purple and fine linen, partake of the good things of the earth, eat, drink and

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are merry, and never give a thought to suffering or sorrow. They make an apotheosis of self, and place it on the altar of their own indulgence and laziness, where they worship it night and day.

During the reign of the Spaniards the priests and monks had very great influence, and the dimensions and archteictural splendors as well as the furnishings of the many churches throughout the land show the power and riches they possessed. I could not help comparing some of these churches with their pictures and statutes, their gold and silver ornaments, their candles and incense and mighty organs, with the quiet little church in the village where I was born, with its bare walls and simple pulpit and wooden benches, yet with an air of sanctity hanging around it which breathed of reverence and true worship. South American churches were built principally for the conversion of the Indians to the Christian faith, and it is melancholy to think that the priests should have attempted to do by pomp and show and display of wealth what would have been performed effectively by reason and kindness and humility. These worldly but not spiritual pastors made their temples as attractive as possible, and men were called to see and admire instead of to listen and to reflect.

Besides the Cathedral there are twenty-four other Catholic churches in Buenos Aires. There are four Protestant churches, the chief of which is the American Methodist church which is very well attended. Of course there is no restriction on any religion, and happily little of the rampant and vindictive bigotry shown toward Protestant missionaries and colporteurs, which characterize so many other centers of the country.

The hotels and restaurants are very good, quite as good if not better than those of our own cities. I put up at the Grand Hotel, which is probably the most central and best in the city, where the service was excellent, the cuisine all that could be desired and the attendants courteous and anxious to please. There are many fine cafés and rathskellers, for the Porteños are fond of the good things of the table, and while there are no Lucullian feasts, there are often great banquets, for which almost all the countries of the world are laid under contribution, where there is "flow of wine and feast of soul" and dishes to delight the most fastidious epicurean or censorious gastronomist. Perhaps the best-known retaurant is the "Sportsman," which is to Buenos Aires what Delmonicos was to New York. Here any kind of dish may be obtained, and the gourmand, if he likes, can glut his appetite with the choicest viands

of European lands, as well as the concoctions of native soil. He can order *paté de foie gras,* or Russian caviare, or kangaroo steak, and as for liquid refreshments he can have burgundies, moselles, sauterne, hock or any of the choicest productions of the Rhineland or the sunny fields of France. Should his appetite crave something stronger he can call for Jamieson's "Seven-year Old" Irish, or "Kingussie" or "Glenlivet" Scotch, but these ardent liquors are not very suitable to the climate.

There is generally music in the leading restaurants and, of late, free moving picture shows are provided for the delectation of patrons. To obtain a seat at certain hours it is necessary to make arrangements beforehand, for the attractions are so many that diners are liable to linger long at the tables. As a general rule a meal begins with a dish of cold meats, followed by the soup. Then several kinds of meat and fish are brought in, and lastly a pastry or some sweet confection to serve as a dessert. In one of these restaurants we had some "Yerba Maté," or Paraguayan tea, a native drink which is very popular and which seems to tickle the South American palate. This tea is mostly used with sugar and hot water. It was served to us in a large gourd nicely carved. On account of its being in very fine form, it leaves a sediment on the bottom of the vessel, and to prevent this from interfering with the liquid, the infusion is sucked through a tube having a strainer at the end. This tube is called a "bombilla" and is generally made of silver or brass. The concoction was not to our liking, for the taste was rather herby and bitter, yet South Americans often have nothing else for their early breakfast. It is considered very nourishing, and, somewhat like opium, it has the double effect of soothing the nerves and stimulating the spirits. The gauchos of the plains will travel on horseback for weeks asking no better fare than dried beef washed down by copious draughts of "Maté." The tree from which this tea is obtained is a species of holly, which was grown by the Jesuits on their plantations in Paraguay and on their branch missions in the provinces of Paraña and San Pedro de Rio Grande, and it is from these places that the supply comes at the present time.

There are many fine parks in and around the city, as well as numerous places where the "good airs" may be enjoyed. Of the former, Palermo is the chief; it is the "Rotten Row" of Buenos Aires. Leading out to it is the Avenida Alvear, which in itself is a striking street with its splendid residences of wealth and luxury. The mansions which line it are interspersed with lovely plazas and

PLAZA VICTORIA, BUENOS AIRES

CAPITAL AND CONGRESSIONAL BUILDING, BUENOS AIRES

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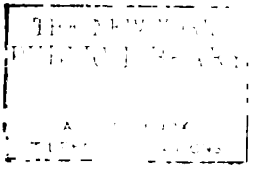

blooming gardens, the profusion of flowers and verdure giving a unique beauty to the whole. It was with much interest as well as curiosity that we watched the rank and wealth and fashion and beauty of the Southern metropolis in their magnificent equipages and turnouts driving along this palm-fringed avenue on their way to and from Palermo Park. Society drives and rides here every afternoon, and often there is upward of a thousand carriages and other vehicles in line. Palermo Park is about half an hour's ride from the heart of the city. It is a scene of verdure and vegetation of life and loveliness that is truly charming and irresistibly captivating. Although below the tropics there is a tropical luxuriance of growth. The stately palm thrives here, and different species of eucalypti, with gourds, gardenias, tuberoses, oleanders, feathery ferns and many other varities of flowers and plants appealing to the eye and pleasing to the olfactory nerves. Around the park are the principal sporting and play-grounds, and through it runs a broad boulevard which leads out to Belgrano, a fashionable suburb of the city where there are many homes palatial in arrangements and princely in adornment.

Another park that may be mentioned is the Paseo Cristobal Colon (Columbus), very artistically laid out and having many fine trees and beautiful shrubbery. It does much credit to the landscape artists, when it is taken into consideration that twenty years ago the site was a marshy strip of ground occupied by docks, unsightly and unclean, and seemingly incapable of being transformed into the bowers of beauty which make up the present park.

The "Jardim Botanico" is another spot of tropical profusion and costly magnificence, where Nature is forced to put forth her best efforts to beautify and please. In fact the parks and plazas make of Buenos Aires a very garden city, ever presenting a varied assortment of floral delights to the eye. Shades of color, verdure and loveliness seemed to greet us at every turn.

The "Hippodrome," or race course, cannot be omitted from description. The Argentinians are a sport-loving people. There is an exclusive Jockey Club made up of wealthy residents with a very high entrance-fee and annual dues which only the rich can afford to pay. It is open only to natives. The races are held on Sunday afternoons from twelve o'clock to three o'clock. The crowds gather to the extent of many thousands, and the scene is very animated and gay, variegated and picturesque, with the bright costumes of the ladies who take as much delight in the sports as their male escorts

and companions. Probably, too, the love of show, as everywhere else, is another consideration with them, as it is an excellent place to display their rich and fashionable costumes. Carriages and automobiles are drawn up along the curb while the races are being run, and lorgnettes, spy-glasses and opera glasses are much in evidence. As soon as the races are over the long line of vehicles wend their way to Palermo Park and there throng the driveways beneath the palms until sunset, when they return to the city in a resplendent procession.

There are many theaters in the city which have a brilliant season beginning in June. The Porteños are very fond of the play and willing to pay fancy prices, therefore the managers are able to offer big salaries to tempt the very best talent of Europe and other countries. The Teatro Colon is the largest opera-house in South America. It enjoys a government subsidy and is able to secure the famous song-birds of all lands. Most of the world's greatest artists in the operatic line have trodden its boards at some time in their career. It is capable of accommodating thousands, and is nightly packed during the season by a fashionably dressed audience. The ladies make a lavish display of their jewelry—diamond tiaras, ropes of pearls and crescents, costing a fortune, flash and scintillate in the myriad of lights with a splendor worthy of London or New York at their best. Some of the boxes cost a thousand dollars a season and the price is readily paid.

The Moving Picture show has invaded Buenos Aires and with a vengeance. Exhibitions of shocking indecency are countenanced and films permitted which would be tabooed in any city or town in the United States. It is a pity there is no Board of Censors to regulate the representations put before the common people in this respect. As it is, the pictures shown for the most part are subversive of morals which, instead of being thus weakened are in much need of strengthening, for the tide of morality is at a low ebb in the Argentine capital. As has been said, the Catholic Church has lost its grip on the people, the clergy do not show a good example, and as a consequence there is no restraining influence to keep them in the straight and narrow path, so they stray away led by their own passions, and the Moving Pictures are pushing them farther on the down grade.

As may be expected there are many newspapers in Buenos Aires. The best one, and one of the best in the world, is *La Prensa*, which has its stately three-million dollar home on the Avenida de Mayo. *La Prensa*, signifying the Press, is a newspaper of which any coun-

PICTURESQUE FOUNTAIN, BUENOS AIRES

TOMB OF BELGRANO, BUENOS AIRES

try might well be proud. Although its circulation is but 120,000, it maintains a news service which covers the world. In North America it is served by an arrangement reciprocal with the *New York Herald*. It is an independent organ, not under government control in any way. Its statements are always taken as facts. If *La Prenza* says anything is so, the Argentinian will swear it must be so. Its editorials are scanned and digested from one end of the Republic to the other, and in fact all over South America, for it has readers throughout the continent. It publishes more foreign news than any newspaper in the world, generally never less than two pages of foreign cablegrams, principally from Europe. In the treatment of all questions it maintains a lofty tone and judicial dignity and displays a fearlessness much to be admired. The home of this newspaper is one of the imposing sights of the city. Besides the extensive plant of this great modern journal there are several departments in the building for the good of the public and the glory of the city. There is a large hall for lectures and public meetings as well as musical entertainments and private operas; suites of rooms for receiving distinguished foreigners or guests of the city; a dispensary attended by competent physicians who administer to the sick without charge; a legal-room, where full legal advice can be obtained; a large reading-room and a well stocked library free to all, and private rooms for the reporters and others connected with the paper.

The next journal in importance is *La Nacion,* which has a large and distinguished clientele. *El Pais, Tribuna, El Pueblo, El Tiempo, La Argentina* and *La Razon* are some of the other leading dailies. The principal evening paper is *El Diario* which is issued at four o'clock. In all there are some five hundred different publications in the metropolis, composing indeed a most polyglot press. Four hundred and twelve are printed in the Spanish language, twenty-two in Italian, eight in English, eight in French, eight in German. The Dutch, Swedish and Danish are represented by one each, and there is one in Arabic. There are two hundred weeklies, sixty-four monthlies and sixty-six dailies. The maintenance of such a vast number indubitably proves that Buenos Aires is a reading city, and indeed it is, and, besides, a very well educated one. There are sixty-seven buildings devoted to educational purposes and the total cost of keping them up runs into millioms of pesos annually. Some of the schools would do credit to any of the large cities of our own country. It is pleasing to note that the system of education is being modeled after that of the United States.

The University is one of the great educational institutions of the New World. The buildings are scattered over the city in different sections as various departments have been added from time to time, the site of each depending on facility of acquirement, suitableness of location and other circumstances. At present there are about five thousand students enrolled, and about half of these are studying medicine. The College of Medicine of the University is a large and well-equipped institution. The Department of Law and Social Science also claims many of the students. There are no less than sixteen hospitals, most of them maintained by the municipal or federal government. Well-qualified physicians are in attendance. There are many homes, asylums, orphanages and institutes for the aged and unfortunate. There are not many aged, however, for longevity is not a striking characteristic of Buenos Aires. Though the Spanish freebooter, Pedro de Mendoza, named it "good airs," the air is not particularly good, nor the percentage of life-giving ozone very high. On the contrary, sometimes the air, especially when there is a fog, is bad. The fact is, the name had no reference to the air at all. Mendoza, like the rest of the saint-worshiping cut-throats of his country, wanted to honor one of them, so he called the site of the settlement after the Virgin Maria de Buenos Ayres of old Spain. That the air is not good is borne out by the high death-rate, thirty-three in the thousand, which beats "muggy" old London itself and places this wrongly named city almost at the head of the mortality list.

Speaking of mortality, Buenos Aires can be said to remember its dead with a silent eloquence that well indicates the sorrow and appreciation of the living. It has one of the finest cemeteries on the continent, that known as the Ricoleta Cemetery, which has the appearance of a small city of marble and granite with paved narrow streets between the vaults that line either side. These vaults are of many sizes and conditions, some small, others large; some grand, others unpretentious, according as they are the last homes of the wealthy departed, or the humble tenements of the dead poor, whose friends have been unable to erect a costly mausoleum over their remains Some of the vaults contain scores of bodies. In each there is an entrance-room, generally furnished as a mortuary chapel. Some times you may see in this room a marble slab containing the coffin of some distinguished member of the family, but, as a general rule, all the coffins are placed in the vault beneath. Usually the room is filled with flowers, real or artificial, to testify to the remembrance

"WE MUST WALK, OTHERS CAN RIDE"

IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BUENOS AIRES

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of the living and their affection for the dead. This particular "God's acre" up to the present time is said to contain about 300,000 bodies. There are some peculiar funeral customs. Funerals are of first, second and third class, depending upon the rank, wealth and condition of the deceased. A first-class funeral is very elaborate. The hearse, a heavy lumbering coach of black ebony, is ornately carved and drawn by black horses. Footmen and coachmen in somber black livery are provided for the occasion, and servants are posted at the door of the church to take the cards of those who attend and those who send regrets for their absence. The death-notices are widely advertised in the newspapers, so as to draw large crowds. Scores of mourning coaches follow the hearse, the larger the number the more pleasing to the friends of the deceased, as the number of coaches is looked upon as proportional to the respect in which the family is held.

One morning we visited the markets of Buenos Aires. They are very interesting places, particularly in the early hours before the supplies are diminished, and all is bustle and life. One is impressed by the great quantities of produce which overflow the side-walks and corners. There are fruits by the ton, vegetables by the van-load, butchers' meats in carcasses and joints, and in short, everything for the consumption of a great city in lavish abundance. There were thousands of dozens of eggs, and pears and peaches enough to fill the largest warehouse. These fruits, with the Mendoza grape, are of the finest quality, but their great abundance does not render them cheap, for they are almost as dear as in the United States. Meats are cheap, especially in the afternoon, for the law compels all meat to be sold the same day it is killed. Early in the morning the butchers go out to the municipal slaughtering-houses and kill as many animals as they think they can sell during the day. These markets are scenes of wonderful animation when the selling and buying are proceeding briskly in the early morning, with the sellers holding out for their prices and the purchasers trying to beat them down to a lower figure, or, as many would say, "Jew them down," in reference to the bargaining instincts and commercial cleverness of our Hebrew friends.

Those who find it inconvenient to attend the markets are supplied by street hawkers who go around from door to door with baskets suspended from a pole swung across their shoulders. These peripatetic merchants rend the air with their cries and are much the same kind of a disturbing element as the "ol' cas' clo'" men or scissors grinders of our Northern cities. Here, too, the milkmen come around with their living sources of supply, heralding their approach by the

tinkle of a bell and drawing the amount ordered from the udders of the patient animals. The asses, as well as cows, are driven around, for there is a demand for donkeys' milk, as it is said to be preferable to cows' milk, for feeding infants.

Lecherias, or milk shops, are plentiful, where the milk is sold over the counter by the glass. Frozen milk takes the place of ice cream in these establishments, which are kept neat, clean and enticing. There is a large number of places where intoxicants are sold, for the liquor license is small, but saloons or bars after the English and American style are only found in the business districts. There is not much open intoxication and few arrests for drunkenness.

The city has a fine water-supply. It is taken from the La Plata River, far enough up to avoid any chance of pollution. Wells have been bored beneath the bottom of the river and the water pumped through tunnels to a central station, where it is filtered and distributed to all sections of the city. The reservoir in the center of the city is called the Aguas Corrientes. It looks more like a palace than a reservoir, with its imposing glazed brick and terra cotta facings on all sides. The shell of this building, not to speak of the tanks inside, cost the city one million dollars, but it was all done for show and to add to the attractiveness of the metropolis.

Handsome structures are being constantly erected and the city spreading to a wide area. At present it covers a space four times as large as Manhattan Island, three times larger than Berlin and more than twice that of Paris. Every year the municipality offers a prize for the handsomest structure erected. This gives an impetus to both building and architectural beauty, for in addition to the prize, the building is exempted from taxes for a certain period, and, besides, the owner is reimbursed for any sum he may have expended in making an artistic street-front.

There are many splendid residences, great heavily built structures, with beautiful patios, or miniature gardens, in the middle, into which all the rooms open, so that fresh air and privacy can be enjoyed at the same time. It required millions to erect them, and more millions to furnish and equip them, but this is not a cause for wonder when it is considered that there are more millionaires in Buenos Aires than in any city of its size in the Northern Hemisphere. There are many multimillionaires. Every one who has made money in the Argentine Republic comes to Buenos Aires to invest and spend it. The vast "estancias" of from ten to one hundred thousand acres owned by the metropolitan nabobs pour out the teeming riches of their wheat-

LAZAMA PARK, BUENOS AIRES

A DELIGHTFUL WALK, LAZAMA PARK

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fields and cattle ranches and sheep-folds from all the territory within a thousand miles to make of Buenos Aires a metropolis of wealth and grandeur.

Yet there are poor people in this wealth-laden city. Go to a "conventilla"—it may be next to a millionaire's palace—and look through the doorway. There is a courtyard and around it numerous doors. Maybe the place has two stories, if so, doors open on to a balcony above the courtyard. Each of these doors gives ingress to a single room, and in this one room you may find a whole family consisting of parents, children and perhaps grandchildren. Five or six sleep in the same bed and the cooking is done over a charcoal brazier in the courtyard. Talk of the congestion in the ghettos of New York and London!—it is scarcely more intense than what prevails in the "conventillas" of Buenos Aires. Two or three hundred people may have to breathe or move and exist in one of these two-storied enclosures, but fortunately for them the cost of living is not high and old clothes can be easily procured. At any rate they have to work, and work hard, for what they get, toiling at the docks and on the streets, in the mills and factories and elsewhere, truly earning their bread by the hard work of their hands and often both brawn and brain are overtaxed. It is the old, old story of rich and poor the world over.

In addition to the distinctive features already mentioned, Buenos Aires is the most cosmopolitan city in the world, in this respect outrivaling New York and Chicago. On the streets almost any tongue can be heard. Every European language is represented. In the business districts you hear for the most part Spanish and English. The Spanish of the common people is not very pure, it is more like a *patois* than the original language. In the poorer quarters Italian is constantly heard. There are more Italians in this city than those of Spanish birth, enough to make up a town as large as Palermo, there being upward of 310,000. German is quite common, the Teutons being almost as numerically strong as the English. French is also making headway. Then there are Swedes, Norwegians, Portuguese, Poles, Greeks and Russians and many Asiatics and Orientals. Americans from the United States are not in great force. When an American society was being organized a few years ago there was much difficulty in locating three hundred members who acknowledged allegiance to the Stars and Stripes.

We took many walks through this great bustling Southern city, and were much impressed with the spirit of commercialism and progress which animated it. The word "effete" has been so often applied

to these Latin countries that one is surprised to come upon a community which displays not only buusiness activity but that strenuosity of life which characterizes the hustling, go-ahead cities of the United States. There is nothing effete or moribund about Buenos Aires. It is thoroughly alive and eager to command attention as a world metropolis. Of course it snatches a few hours off in the way of relaxation, it has its feast days and holidays, its races, its theaters and pleasure-grounds, and the people are fond of promenading through the streets, but withal the work is not neglected, the wheels of business are kept revolving, effort is never relaxed, activity never takes a back seat, progress is always being made and the future never lost sight of, no matter what the distractions of the present. Buenos Aires is truly a great city, and it is destined to be a greater one as the years roll on.

It is well governed and well protected, as we had opportunity of seeing. One evening, on returning to our hotel, we saw a detachment of police detailed to their different beats for the night. They were uniformed in coarse blue cloth and were all armed with sabers and revolvers. These men are authorized to arrest every one violating the peace or public decency, and to keep the streets clean and orderly. In all there are about 5,000 of them to protect the city, or about one for every 230 of the population. One is usually placed at the intersection of every two streets. The number and efficiency afford security and, on the whole, we think life and property are safer in the midnight streets of Buenos Aires than in many cities of the United States.

PALERMO PARK, BUENOS AIRES

EL TIGRE RIVER, BUENOS AIRES

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CHAPTER XVI

MONTEVIDEO AND ALONG THE COAST

Scenes on the Way to Rio de Janeiro

We left Buenos Aires in the evening by one of the small coasting steamers plying between that port and Montevideo. The soft light was falling across the bay on the muddy, reddish-brown water, which at this place stretches thirty miles across from the Argentinè to the Uruguayan shore. The Rio de la Plata, or Plate River, so-called, is not a river, but a large estuary widening out to the sea and formed by the union of the great Uruguay River and the still greater Paraná, both of which drain fully one-fourth of the entire continent. The estuary is two hundred miles long, and at the open sea between Montevideo and Cape San Antonio on the southern side, more than one hundrd miles wide.

We saw nothing impressive in our leave-taking of the capital city, the scenery was dull in the extreme ,the dominant feature being a great mass of shipping, its funnels and spars and cordage cutting the somber background of the darkening sky, as we steamed away through the gathering shades on another "leg" of our journey, bringing us nearer the end. None of us had any desire to remain on deck, so we repaired below to our cabins to refresh ourselves in sleep for the coming day. When we awoke next morning we found that our boat had already cast anchor in the harbor of the capital of the smallest South American republic—Uruguay.

Uruguay has had a somewhat checkered history. The Spaniards had no easy conquest in this part of the country, for the aboriginal Indians were plucky and determined fighters, and kept the invaders at bay for a long time. There are no aboriginal Indians now. Moreover, the Jesuits from Paraguay, who from 1600 had carried on missions among the tribes farther north, helped to close the country to adventurers and fortune-seekers. But in time it came under the

viceroyalty of Buenos Aires, and probably would have continued a part of Argentine had it not been for its close proximity to Brazil. The Portuguese of that region held it at intervals, sometimes taking it by conquest and sometimes getting it by cession from the Spanish crown. At length the people came to consider themselves as distinct from those on the opposite side of the Rio de la Plata and Uruguay Rivers. The name, Banda Oriental (East Side) was applied to them to differentiate them from the Argentinians on the west side of the river. These colonists, or Orientales ,as they were styled, soon began to assert their independence of Spanish rule. In 1810 they made an effort to throw off the Spanish yoke. The Portuguese of Brazil allied themselves with Spain in defense of the monarchy and invaded the little country, but the brave and partiotic leader, Artigas, gathered his forces around him and after a long and desperate struggle succeeded in setting Uruguay free. But Argentina again stepped in to force it into the federation and kept it in practical subjection till 1821. Then Brazil proved the stronger and ruled it until 1825.

At length the Banda Oriental revolted against outsiders with a vengeance, and after three years of desperate struggling gained complete independence, and both Brazil and Argentina were compelled to recognize Uruguay as a sovereign state. But it has been a land of internecine strife and revolutions since. The invasions and fighting and suffering made the early settlers warlike, and the frequent change of rulers accustomed them to unstable administrations; a restiveness and love of power was engendered, with the consequence that the feeling of unrest came down through the succeeding years, and there have been few periods of permanent peace and tranquillity. Yet the fighting and the frequent disturbances have formed a type of people who love their country and are jealous of every prerogative and right they claim as their own. And it is a country worth loving, an ideal land, a very garden spot, if not exactly flowing with milk and honey, at least well favored by nature in richness of production and beauty of landscape. There is scarcely an acre that cannot be cultivated if necessity arose. With the exception of a few sand stretches on the coast and a barren hill rising up here and there at long intervals, the country is well adapted for tillage, for grazing and for timber growth. The climate is well tempered by the Atlantic, the summers being cool and pleasant and the winters mild. There are large tracts devoted to the cultivation of wheat and maize and many rich vineyards scattered over the whole area. The grass is sweet and luscious, the very best for cattle in all South

PLAZA DE LA CONSTITUCION, MONTEVIDEO

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America, hence large herds of sheep and kine and many horses are everywhere to be seen. The country towards the sea-coast is gently undulating, and inland it rises in gradually swelling downs with ranges of low hills in some places. The most elevated point in the region is less than 2,000 feet. The area is 72,210 square miles, and the present population (1914) about 1,200,000.

Montevideo, the capital, has 300,000 inhabitants. Its port, the chief inlet and outlet of the republic's commerce, has made it a great and powerful city. Here the estuary is much deeper than at Buenos Aires, so that large ships can come quite close to the shore. Breakwaters have been run out and a good harbor constructed capable of accommodating vessels of deep draught. Unlike the Argentine side of the estuary, which is low and flat, the northern side on which Montevideo stands rises well up from the shore, giving a fine view to the city, as well as a splendid view of it from the water approach, the tall buildings and church towers standing out in bold relief against the sky-line. However, there are not many tall buildings, not even as many in comparison to population as in Buenos Aires, and as in the case of the latter, the architecture for the most part is modern, seemingly fashioned after the French style. The main portion of the city, the business section, lies upon a tongue or narrow strip of land jutting out into the river, or rather estuary. This tongue is of limestone formation, having very little of a top-soil and rising in the center to an apex somewhat after the manner of a house ridge. The streets run north and south like a series of terraces, one rising above the other, thus giving a natural drainage which makes the foundations very dry and consequently the place very healthy. Indeed, Montevideo is said to be the healthiest city in the world, and it is by far the cleanest on the continent of South America. In fact there is no city more beautifully situated, and viewed from any direction the prospect is a pleasing one. There is only one drawback, and that is the searching winds known as the *pamperos* which, during the winter, sweep the whole southern half of South America from the Andes to the Atlantic, filling space, crack and crevice, nook and fissure with fine dust. This dust clogs the nostrils and cakes the lips, while the wind parches and cracks the skin at times. 'Tis a consolation that these *pamperos* are confined to one season of the year. When they pass, the city, in regard to climate, to air, to bright sunshine, to scenery and general mode of living, becomes a kind of earthly paradise, where one is fain to linger and forget the cares and worries of the outside world. There are no evidences of squalor

or poverty in this city, the people seem brisk and thriving, there seems to be work for all and money for all, and there is a general look of contentment on the faces of the people you meet on the streets, in the public stores and on the cars. That there are degrees of wealth goes without saying, but the well-to-do classes do not flaunt their riches with the ostentation or outward show that is characteristic of the wealthy Porteños. It looks as if there was a sort of common social intercourse in Montevideo which is as pleasing as it is gratifying to those who look upon mankind as one family on the same plane irrespective of the freaks of fortune or the caprices of fate. All take a common pride in their city and all love to expatiate on its beauties, its importance, its commanding position as a commercial emporium. Almost any one you meet will be willing to point out the sights and enlighten you on any question you may care to ask about the city or its people. If you want to go to any objective point or place of interest you need not be at a loss to find the way. Hail the first one you meet, and the chances are that he will not alone give you the directions, but tell you all about the place and likely he will insist on accompanying you. For instance, if you wish to go to the "Calle Viente y Cinco de Mayo" (the Twenty-fifth of May Street), you will be told not alone how to find it, but will get a history of Uruguayan struggles and proudly be informed that the street is so named to commemorate the day of the national independence of the country.

The nomenclature of many of the places is strange and curious, and in some cases far from applicable. Imagination had much to do with naming some of them. For example, Rio de la Plata means the "silver river," but so far from being silvery it is as muddy looking as a duck-pond in the drought of summer. Again, Argentine means "land of silver," but was not thus called on account of silver mines being found there, simply in anticipation of them, so as to attract settlers. Montevideo means "I see the mountain," and in this instance there was some application, though the mountain that was seen and can still be seen is not much of an eminence. It is merely the hill now called the Cerro, an isolated conical pile on the southwestern side of the bay. There is a picturesque old fortress on its crest, presumably for the purpose of guarding the city, but as far as such guardianship is concerned the place is merely a joke from a practical standpoint. The hill is used as a lighthouse-station, and serves the purpose very well. At night the revolving light on the tower can be seen for twenty-five miles out at sea. When a land

breeze is blowing the position of the hill can be located without the light, for an abattoir, or slaughter-house, is located upon it, from which comes a very strong odor. We made a trip to the Cerro and obtained a very fine view of the harbor and bay with the waters swirling around in their horseshoe enclosure, which is some six miles in circumference.

There are many handsome plazas in the city, artistically laid out, and planted with choice arborage and foliage which captivate the eye. In the center of the city are two large public squares. One is the Plaza Constitucion which is used as a military parade-ground and on which front the Military Barracks and the Government Building. The other is the Plaza Washington, named in honor of our own immortal Washington, though there are few Americans from the United States in the city.

The hotels, clubs, theaters and shops are close together, so that one hasn't to go far afield to see the life of the place. The hotels are on the European plan, and are clean and comfortable. The fare generally consists of a *desayuno,* or morning cup of coffee, an elaborate breakfast at noon and a good substantial dinner with wines at six o'clock. The rate is from $3 to $6 per day. Here I may state that the currency is not the same as in the other republics; money is on a gold basis, and when an exchange is made to native coin, one is surprised to find the number of his dollars decreased instead of increased. In Argentina you can get about $3 for $1, but in Montevideo an American dollar is worth only 96 cents. Therefore, everything is dear and money does not go so far. In Argentina you are charged $8 a day at the hotels, but that rate is one gold dollar cheaper than the $3 rate in Montevideo. There are some silver dollars, and all the small change is in silver and nickel. The "tipping" system is in vogue in the hotels, but, unlike in England and the United States, the attendants do not expect you to "tip" them more than you pay the house. Ten cents will satisfy any one of them, and for fifty he is overcome with gratitude. During my stay I put up at the Grand Hotel Lanata facing the Plaza Constitucion. This is a good hostelry, which is deservedly popular; it is patronized by most tourists and sight-seers. The Hotel Oriental is said to be the best south of the Line. It is a magnificent building, constructed of pure Italian marble and is luxuriously appointed and furnished in keeping with modern ideas and the march of progress.

There are half-a-dozen theaters and an Italian opera-house. The Solis Theater is a roomy, well-appointed building covering two

acres with seats for over 3,000. Many of the greatest artists of the age have appeared in it. It has echoed the nightingale notes of Patti and the silver strains of Bernhardt.

Of course there are many churches. The Cathedral is a solid structure with two towering cupolas at either side in front, surmounted by gilded crosses, and with a massive dome in the rear. Another noteworthy Roman church is that of the Immaculate Conception, erected from the contributions of the milkmen and market gardeners. It is attended better than the Cathedral, and, as in most of these Spanish churches, women make up by far the greater part of the congregations. The State religion, as in the other republics, is Roman Catholic, but Protestantism is freely tolerated and Protestants much better treated than in any of the other large cities of the continent. There are two Protestant churches and several Protestant schools. The city is well supplied with hospitals, homes and philanthropic and charitable institutions. The Hospital de Caridad (Charity Hospital) is in charge of the Sisters of Charity and does good work in behalf of the sick and suffering. It is three stories high, three hundred feet long and has accomodation and beds for between three hundred and four hundred patients. It is maintained by means of a public lottery, that is to say, prizes are donated for which tickets are sold, and nearly all buy on chance of winning something. In this way large sums are annually raised. Another good institution of the same kind, though not so large, is the British Hospital, where there is an excellent staff of physicians and surgeons and well-qualified nurses.

There is a large foundling asylum which it is said receives more than three hundred babies yearly. It is claimed that Montevideo is an immoral city, and the excuse put forward is that the fees of the clergy for the marriage service are so high that the common people cannot afford to marry. This, however, seems a rather poor excuse for transgression of the moral law.

Circling round the bay and fronting the waters are many beautiful villas or "quintas," the residences of wealthy citizens. The buildings show a picturesque style of architecture which is enhanced by the grouping and the floral setting in which they are embowered. They are splendidly furnished without any vulgar display, but with a taste and refinement that would do credit to the finest old mansions of continental Europe. In their general appearance these villas would be attractive to any city.

A large number of the street houses are of three-story dimension,

built of stone, quarried nearby. Some are covered with stucco, painted in bright colors.

As in the other large hives of population ,trade is brisk, and consequently there are many fine emporiums and shops, well-filled, displaying the goods and wares of European and other countries, besides the native products and handiwork. One can find almost as varied and as good a selection from which to choose in the shops of Montevideo as in the big stores of our own country. Many of the merchants reside in the upper floors of their business houses, hence there are but few streets exclusively devoted to private residences.

The men and women of Montevideo dress well, they can afford to do so, but their taste is good and does not incline to extravagance or lavish display. Some travelers go so far as to say that the women and girls of this city are the most beautiful in the world, but it is not for me to give an opinion on this statement. Certainly they appear to good advantage on the streets, yet it seemed to me that many of the elderly ladies showed rather full outlines, in plain language they looked fat and heavy. But the younger ones! Well, it would be hard to do justice to their physical charms, so I will not attempt the task, but leave them "alone in their glory," the glory of a Southern loveliness not encountered in Northern climes. Many are of that dreamy, spirituelle type of beauty such as the old masters loved to give to their Madonnas, and are as modest as they are captivating. Moreover, the women of this capital city of Uruguay are refined, with that polish of manner which education alone can confer. This reminds me, that Montevideo is well equipped with schools. The teachers are well fitted for their work, and consequently are able to train their pupils in a way which reflects credit upon themselves.

There is a large University with about eighty professors and over six hundred students. Besides the ordinary college subjects there are courses in law, medicine and engineering. There are also a military college and an industrial school.

The suburbs of the city are delightful. The Botanical Garden is a lovely spot, with a wonderful variety of trees and flowers, representative of both tropical and temperate climates. There you will see the Australian blue gums thriving better than in their own land, and great red roses which would put to shame the boasted beauties of English gardens. Not far from this is a menagerie or collection of wild animals in grounds belonging to a private gentleman who

takes great interest in the specimens, which include lions, tigers, pumas, jaguars, ant-eaters and several other varieties representing the *fauna* of many lands.

Needless to say, Montevideo is a city of electric-cars and electric-lights. The cars do a rushing business, for there are not many private vehicles, on account of the many hills and the steepness of the streets running up to the apex or ridge of the city. The trucking or heavy hauling is done in carts, to which two or three mules are harnessed abreast, one inside the shafts and one at either side. The driver rides on one of the outside mules and as a rule is not very gentle in his treatment of the poor, toiling beasts. As we returned from the Cerro we passed many of these queer, clumsy wagons, which to us were an unique sight. They have huge wheels from six to eight feet high, with enormous hubs as large as bread-baskets, and shafts as long as clothes-poles. Most of them have only two wheels, the reason of which, as we learned, is accounted for by the fact that these carryalls are taxed according to the numbers of wheels. A two-wheeled wagon pays only half as much as one with four wheels.

Having seen as much of this interesting city as we could for the time at our disposal, we resumed our journey northward by the steamer *Nile,* the same vessel which had brought us from New York to the Isthmus of Panama. We had a delightful sail along the shores of Southern Brazil. The climate is salubrious and the sea was at its best, as we churned through its blue depths, the waves lapping our prow and hull in a dreamy sort of way, their murmuring music having a tendency to lull the listener into introspection, contemplation and meditation. But the charm of sea and sky and land soon draws one away from himself and his own thoughts to the picture which nature unfolds around him.

In places the shore was lined with a luxuriant glittering vegetation, the air was soft and mellow, the water became a vivid blue, the sun shone from a translucent sky, and the long-winged frigate birds followed in our track, like spirits of the sea guarding us on our course. The large steamers go direct from Buenos Aires and Montevideo to Santos and Rio, and are out of sight of land nearly all the time, but the local or coasting steamers keep near the shore, making ports of call and occupying about six days on the thousand-mile trip.

Rio Grande, the most southern port of Brazil, has possibilities for making a fine harbor. It is a good-sized town and is the seat of a seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Other stopping-places are Sao Francisco, Itajahy, Paranagua and Curitiba.

HARBOR FRONT, SANTOS, BRAZIL.

SANTOS, BRAZIL

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We went ashore at Santos, the coffee port par excellence of Brazil. There were ships of many nations lying in the harbor, which has been deepened to accommodate large vessels. The Brazilians, aided by British money and engineering skill, have made this harbor the very best on the coast. It is the only one where steamers can lie alongside the pier and where passengers and stevedores can get from dock to dock, and *vice versa,* without launches and tenders. Formerly this place was a hotbed of yellow fever, and seamen dreaded to enter it. Captains, while in port, were afraid to permit their crews to go ashore. But a great change has been effected in recent years. The deepening of the harbor, drainage operations, other improvements and a strict observance of sanitary laws have made the town comparatively healthy, and "Yellow Jack" rarely breaks out nowadays. An amphitheatre of mountains surrounds the broad, flat valley behind Santos, through which the river flows to form the port These mountains, or rather big hills, are generally covered with mist. Colored buildings and gaily painted houses line the shore, most of them shaded by palm-trees with their long fan-like leaves drooping down toward the white sands of the beach. In the main part of the town the streets are mostly of the three-story type, and painted in all the colors of the rainbow. Along the edge of the harbor are huge warehouses for the storage of coffee. Ships are being constantly loaded with the aromatic beans. All day long, and in season all night as well, there is a string of husky porters carrying sacks from the warehouses and railroad freight-yards to the ships along the wharf. The busy season is from August to January, when from 2,500 to 3,000 tons of coffee are shipped daily to various countries, especially to the United States. At present the value of the coffee exported from Santos amounts to almost $100,000,000 a year. There is evidence of the coffee industry at every turn; you smell coffee in the air; you see coffee carriers in every street. You come to large rooms besides the warehouses where half-clad negroes are shoveling the beans into bags; you find other negroes sewing and closing the bags; you watch men and women sorting the beans into grades, and in the cafés you meet all kinds of people drinking the beverage.

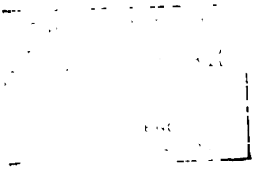
The great trade in coffee gives an enormous traffic to the railway between Santos and Sao Paulo, the metropolis of the coffee-producing interior. This is a very remarkable piece of railway. We made a little journey on it to Serra da Alto, lying in the highlands a few miles back of Santos. It was built in 1867, but its most difficult portion was laid out anew some fifteen years ago along a better line.

This part testifies to the skill of the British engineers who constructed it. As already stated, an amphitheater of high hills surrounds the valley back of Santos; these hills are the beginning of a plateau about 2,500 feet above the valley; on the edge the plateau appears serrated, like a range of mountains and is known as Serra da Mar (Sea Range). In order to reach the plateau from the valley the railroad had to climb 3,500 feet in six miles which means a gradient of about eight per cent from the bottom to the top of the slope. This involved a great feat of engineering. The road is a combination of a funicular and a cable. It is constructed in a series of five inclines on which the trains are operated by steel-cable haulage, each incline having its own power-house and haulage plant. When we arrived at the foot of the plateau after passing over the flat-lands which lead from Santos, our train was attached to a steel cable and hauled for a considerable distance up the mountain to a stationary steam-engine. After reaching this first engine-house another cable was attached, which hauled us to the second, and so on until we reached the top. To insure safety a locomotive brake is attached to the last car of each ascending and descending train; besides, the ascent and descent are made simultaneously each way. There are other precautionary devices too intricate to describe. It was a novel tour to us and relieved the monotony of our sea-voyage. On the short trip from Santos to Serra da Alto we passed through groves of luscious bananas and forests of dreamy palms, mounted steep acclivities and threaded dark ravines under lofty overarching tropical vegetation and trees, between the boughs of which the deep azure of the sky was dimly visible. Arriving at the little elevated station we sipped some coffee, black as ink and strong as brandy, the while enjoying the view and watching the natives lounging about the doors of their small but neat homes, until it was time to return to Santos and our steamer.

It is said that the Sao Paulo and Santos line of railroad ranks next to that of Panama as the best paying one in South America. The dividends assignable to shareholders are restricted, and the large surplus is spent by the directors in making the road not only one of great efficiency but rendering it elegant and sumptuous in every feature. Sao Paulo is now considered the most up-to-date city in Brazil, although it is one of the oldest, having been founded in 1553 by a Jesuit missionary. It has grown rapidly and at present has a population of almost half a million. It is the heart, the radial location of the great coffee region around it, and the volume of trade which passes through it is enormous.

UNLOADING COFFEE, SANTOS

THE CATHEDRAL, SANTOS



It is only a day's steaming from Santos to Rio, a distance of about two hundred and fifteen miles. It was with keen anticipation we entered the channel, leading into the bay of the famous Southern city, a bay which many authorities claim to be the most beautiful in the world, outrivaling that of Naples and surpassing in scenic loveliness our own world-famed Golden Gate of San Francisco.

CHAPTER XVII

IN RIO DE JANEIRO

The Most Picturesque City in South America

Next to Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro is the largest city in South America, its present population being one million in round numbers. It is also the most picturesque city. Here nature has lavished her gifts with no unstinted hand, in fact has scattered her rarest treasures with such a prodigality that probably nowhere else in the world can the traveler come across such a display of beauty in every conceivable shape and form, earth and sky and sea combining to make the place a veritble fairyland of wonders which captivates and entrances at every turn.

The harbor, if not the loveliest in the aggregate, has distinctive features which differentiate it from all others and give it a charm that appeals to all. Even the most blasé globe-trotter, surfeited with the sights and scenes of many lands, to whom little is novel beneath the sun, comes under the spell of its beauties and feels his flagging interests aroused by its wonderful charm. Everywhere the eye takes in a view which is worthy subject for a painter's brush, but no artist is capable of doing justice to the scenes of beauty which spread before the sight. The peculiar blue of the sky, the sheen of the waters, the green of the palms and other arborage, the hues of the multicolored flowers, the varied tints of the houses defy the pen of description; nor can artistic genius copy their combined effect to show even a faint representation of its witching beauty which has a glamor and glory that enthral the senses and enwrap the soul in an ecstasy of wondering delight. The picture is one which indelibly limns itself on the retina of memory, and only memory can call it forth in all its charm and attractiveness. No sensitized plate of the

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF RIO DE JANEIRO

RIO FROM GLORIA HILL

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BEIRA MAR, SHOWING SUGAR LOAF, RIO

STREET SCENE, RIO

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photographer's art can reproduce it in its wealth of details and magnificent coloring. Therefore Rio and its harbor to the traveler can remain but a memory, yet a very vivid one since it fixes itself in such a way that the passing of the years cannot obliterate the impression.

Rio harbor was first sighted by the Portuguese navigator, De Solis, in 1515 and by Magellan the following year. It was called the Nictheroy, or Hidden Water, by the Tamoyo natives who dwelt there. There is a town called Nictheroy lying to the north of Rio, inside the harbor entrance. It was on the first of January, 1532, that De Solis, with a band of Portuguese adventurers, sailed into the landlocked bay. Passing through the gateway or narrow channel into the magnificent bay—an island studded expanse of water surrounded by an amphitheater of mountains, green and glowing in their eternal verdure—De Solis and his companions through it must surely be the mouth of a large river leading into some land of enchantment, and to commemorate the day on which they first looked upon it, they named the place the River of January, and so set it down in their charts. Though it was soon determined that the name was a misnomer, as no large river emptied into the bay, only a few minor streams, the appellation stuck, and Rio de Janeiro it remained, but nowadays the city is popularly and shortly called Rio.

No settlement was made until 1566. Then a few Portuguese colonists made their way hither and soon the nucleus of a township arose above the shimmering waters. First a citadel was built on the hill now known as Morro de Castillo. Then, in keeping with their customs and traditions, the settlers chose a patron saint, their choice falling on San Sebastian. To honor him a church, bearing his name, was erected near the citadel. This ancient structure is still standing as a memorial of that early time and in it repose the remains of the leader of the first colonists, Estacio de Sa.

The wonderful far-famed harbor of Rio, of which artists rave and poets dream, is about one hundred miles in circumference, scooped in granite and walled in by the foothills of the Organ Mountains, whose sides and crests are clothed in perpetual verdure. These fantastically shaped piles, with their forests of palms and other trees and gorgeous coverings of tropical vegetation, form a superb setting to the impressive grandeur of the scene. The approach to the harbor is through a narrow channel about a mile wide, between rocky promontories on which forts have been erected. Were it not for this channel or entrance the bay would be as a lake surrounded on all sides by land. It is not to be wondered at that the early Portuguese

navigators, without further investigation, took it for the mouth of a river.

As we strolled about the steamer just before landing, the water was as a sheet of silver in the sunlight; not a ripple was to be seen to divert our attention from the little emerald isles and verdant shore, nor did a cloud obscure the brightness of the azure sky. All was serene and fair and lovely as a young saint's dream of paradise. It looked as if heaven were smiling on that delightful scene ,and that the waters were reflecting back the smile. A celestial glory seemed to rest on harbor, city and mountain-top, and one could not help thinking that peace and tranquillity, joy and gladness and gratitude and thankfulness should be in the hearts of the people so favored by nature and by heaven with suuch surroundings, but it is to be doubted if the inhabitants ever think of the beneficence of a kindly providence and the beauties which nature strews at their feet.

As we looked shoreward the red-topped roofs of the city stood out plainly distinct against the green-clothed mountains in the background, with the sunlight bathing both in a glorious luster, giving such scenic effect as recalled to memory the stories we had read of the sinless Eden before the Fall. Dull words are inadequate to describe that vista of loveliness, it must be left to the imagination, nor can I portray the buoyancy of spirit and elevation of mind I experienced when looking upon it, nor the feelings it inspired, nor how it raised my thoughts on the wings of reverence and adoration to the Almighty Architect of the Universe who manifests His power in the appealing beauty as well as in the sublimity of His creations.

At the entrance of the harbor to our left rose the famous Pao de Assucar, or old Sugar Loaf Mountain, a conical pile of almost bare granite towering up to a height of 3,000 feet. This hill has often been pictured and is talked of all over the world. It is very steep and can be scaled at but one point, and there by only the boldest climbers. Beyond, and hanging over the city, as it were, towered the still loftier Mount Corcovado (the Hunchback), with its peak seeming to pierce the sky. Next appeared Gavia (the Topsail), with almost perpendicular sides and flat, table-like top. Farther still the eye caught the bold outlines of the Dois Irmaos (Two Brothers), .fantastically formed piles rising to a great height Indeed, mountain after mountain extended away to the sky-line, and the modern city spread out like an ancient Rome over its amphitheater of hills and intervening valleys, resting on its eternal founda-

AN OLD DWELLING ON CASTLE HILL, RIO

OVER RED ROOFS AND THRO' TALL PALMS

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SANTA ANNA CHURCH, RIO

HOTEL INTERNATIONAL, SANTA THERESA, RIO

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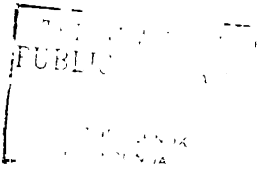

tions of granite, defying tempest and tide to disturb its rock-ribbed repose.

We stopped at quarantine, not far from the Sugar Loaf. At that time the dock-works, now almost completed, were not avaliable for landing, so steamers had to anchor about a mile off shore, while passengers and freight were taken off in lighters. A British firm is carrying out a contract for the harbor improvement and soon Rio will have a wide quay of solid masonry extending along the entire northern front to a deep artificial channel, through which ships of the heaviest draught can pass. There will be all modern facilities for the handling of freight and this will give a great impetus to the trade and commerce of the place.

As it was, passengers had to bargain with boatmen to row them ashore, the charge being about five milreis for each person. All light baggage was examined by custom officials sent on board for the purpose, but the heavier pieces were not allowed on the small boats ,and had to remain until taken off by the tender to the *alfándega,* or custom-house, on shore.

When landed, the next consideration is to look out for a good hotel. At Fifteenth-of-November Square you can hire a tilbury to take you where you wish to go. This is a peculiar conveyance, a two-wheeled gig on springs, with only one seat for the passenger beside the driver. In old Rio there were few good hotels, none to compare with those in Buenos Aires or Santiago, and strangers had to be very careful to avoid the numerous *pensions,* or boarding-houses, most of which were merely disreputable quarters. A great change has taken place and now there are splendid hostelries on the new Avenida and some fairly good ones on the Cottete, or main street along the bay. Formerly travelers were advised to go to hotels at Corcovado or Petropolis to escape the yellow fever and other diseases then common in Rio, but such necessity has been obviated, as modern science, the improvements in the city, the doing away with open street sewers and adherence to sanitary laws have banished "Yellow Jack" and other plagues and rendered Rio as healthy and clean as any other city of its size elsewhere.

However, we did not go to a hotel in the city proper, but chose the Internacional, situated above Rio at Santa Theresa, where old Corcovado, like a huge giant, hung over us as if protecting the place beneath his sheltering crest. We reached it by way of the electric train, following the old gray stone aqueduct, wriggling zigzag fashion like a worm fence through the cool forest. It was a pleasant yet strange

ride. As we looked to the left we could see far below us the Laranjeiros Valley, interspersed here and there with red roofs and white walls, and beyond the blue bay of Rio, with its many green islands appearing so small in the distance that they looked like emerald dots on a sapphire screen. As we proceeded upward the air became cooler and our car passed through dense foliage, which kept the rays of the sun from penetrating. Here the old aqueduct looked very quaint and beautiful in its coating of dark-green moss.

Nearing Lagoinha we came to great sweeps of the immense poinsetta-trees, their deep red leaves glistening against the vivid green; also many other varieties of arborage with climbing parasites and vines and creepers intertwining around their boles and branches; at some places an opening would occur in the dense foliage permitting the sunlight to flood the roadway, making a brilliant contrast with the deep shade beneath the trees . We passed many lovely little villas with yards full of roses and other tropical flowers picturesquely arranged and exhaling a delightful perfume on the still air. On the whole the journey revealed a series of wonderful views, each worthy the brush of a master and none of them commonplace enough to be forgotten in years.

One might wish to be buried somewhere here amid these tropical scenes so indescribably picturesque and sublime, where the swish of the leaves would sigh for him an everlasting requiem and the smile of the sunshine give eternal hope of a resurrection morn.

The view from the hotel embraces the harbor, the Sugar Loaf and the suburbs of Botofogo, and is one which emotionally appeals to all, arousing feelings of rapture and delight which well might excite the envy of angels, and which cause mortals to burst forth in ejaculations of praise and wonder. You can imagine these views in the calm light of sunset, either from the train or from an easy chair in the hotel grounds, when the air is soft and soothing, playing through the translucent leaves of the foliage, when old Mother Nature takes on her gentlest mood ere reposing for the night. If you wish to diversify the view you can rise before dawn on some foggy morning when the scenery changes its sunlight aspect and assumes an appearance indescribable in uniqueness and charm. The mountains below, as they rise up above the mists, look like little islands scattered through a white sea, and as the fog vanishes in the morning glow, the eye can wander in rapturous observation over an endless variety of picturesque and glorious combinations, all presenting a charming aspect of the most diversified and impressive character. On a clear day an

ROYAL PALMS, "CORINTHIAN ARCHITECTURE," RIO

ROYAL PALMS, BOTANIC GARDEN, RIO

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DOM PEDRO MONUMENT, RIO

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area of fifty square miles can be seen by the unaided eye. One of the landmarks in this neighborhood is the old and famous convent of Santa Theresa where, in bygone times, the women were placed for safe-keeping while their husbands were off on military expeditions. The old Carioca Aqueduct, along which we passed when coming up, was constructed in 1744. It was abandoned years ago, yet it is very well preserved, although broken in many places. The water-supply is now conveyed by a new pipe system.

I have seen many seascapes and landscapes in my wanderings over the world—scenes which thrilled the heart of the romancer and gave magic genius to the brush of the painter, but to me the view of Rio and its harbor from the Hunchback Mountain excelled in beauty, wealth of coloring and appealing charm all that my eyes had hitherto rested upon and nowhere else on earth can I hope to see it duplicated.

Since its foundation Rio has experienced many changes. Beginning as a small settlement of adventurers, it has been successively the capital of a Capitancia, a Province, a Kingdom, an Empire and a Republic. For upward of two centuries Brazil was the seat of Portuguese power on the Western continent. The royal family of Portugal sought its shores when the Eagle of Napoleon flapped its wings above a throne, and Rio became the center of the wealth and pomp, the splendor and gayety of an extravagant and powerful Court. When the Eagle's wings were clipped and Napoleon overthrown, Royalty returned to the home land. An independent Empire was then established in Brazil ,and the son of the reigning monarch of Portugal, Dom Pedro I, was chosen as ruler of the new nation. This was in 1822. Nine years later, the people, becoming dissatisfied, this monarch was forced to abdicate. His son, a mere boy, succeeded him as Pedro II. During his minority a regency directed the affairs of the country, but on coming of age, Pedro asserted himself and became a wise and able ruler. He was an enlightened prince, a lover of science, art and letters. The country progressed under him, for he inspired the confidence of European countries so that loans and securities were easily negotiated. He ruled until 1889, when a military conspiracy and the resentment of planters and slave-owners over the abolition of slavery, caused a revolution and Dom Pedro II was dethroned. The revolutionists seized the palace in Rio, the Emperor was taken prisoner and he and his family shipped off to Europe. General de Fonseca proclaimed himself President of the Republic and soon despotism and anarchy took the place of the peace and pros-

perity the country had enjoyed under the sixty years' rule of the good Dom Pedro.

Affairs have much improved in the United States of Brazil since then, though there is still a strong leaven of discontent. Each man and party are out for themselves all the time, endeavoring to further their own interests at the expense of those of others, as is the case in almost all republics. There are many factions in Brazilian politics at the present time. State issues are crossed by federal issues, and in turn, the latter are confused by the former. Still, there is one cause of dissension absent, a cause which has distracted the other Spanish-American Republics and that is the struggle of church and clericalism against the principles of religious equality, for the separation of church and state is complete throughout Brazil and neither church nor religion seems to have any influence whatever upon the thought or actions of the laity.

That great progress has been made ,and within a short time, in material advancement cannot be denied. Large towns have sprung up, the cities have increased in population, their architecture has been remodeled, the laws of sanitation enforced and the mode of living revolutionized. This advancement is strikingly seen in the capital city. Within the past ten years or so Rio has been metamorphosed from a city of antiquated streets and old-fashioned open-sewered, foul-smelling thoroughfares into a splendid metropolis of stately architecture with broad avenues and beautiful boulevards well lighted and having every addenda and appurtenance in keeping with the trend of national progress and prosperity.

The Avenida Central is known as the "eleven million dollar boulevard,'" and is certainly one of the finest streets in the world. It is not as yet fully completed. It extends for a mile, starting at a section of the city called the Maua and continuing through the heart of the capital to the Monroe Palace. It is one hundred and five feet in breadth, with wide pavements of mosaic in unique designs. There are rows of Brazilian palms along each curb and one down the center, which gives an appearance somewhat similar to a French boulevard. Fine buildings of really artistic design line either side. Among these are the National Library, the Opera House, the Municipal Building and the offices of the leading newspapers. This magnificent street was constructed in an incredibly short space of time conisdering the work which had to be accomplished. Its site was a tangle of narrow, ill-smelling streets and lanes which was an eyesore to the city as well as positively deleterious to the health of the inhabitants. The mu-

A BREAD-FRUIT TREE, RIO

STREET HUCKSTERS, RIO

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"FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE HE GOES," RIO

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nicipal government purchased the ground at a large figure and immediately set a force of 3,000 men at work in day and night shifts, pulling down the old buildings and removing the débris. Then the new construction began, and inside of two years the splendid avenue which is now the pride of the city was almost completed, at a cost approximated at eleven million dollars.

It was from this avenue that we set out, on our first morning in Rio, to see the sights of the wonderful city of magnificent views. Buenos Aires, as we have shown, is not entitled to that name, but Rio is entitled to the name of Buenas Vistas, "City of Beautiful Vistas." To get posted on the principal buildings, landmarks and streets, we called at a little card shop to purchase some picture postals. These picture cards are very plentiful but on the whole the photographs are poor, for it is difficult to get good illustrations in Rio. The atmosphere is damp, which renders it hard to successfully develop the films or plates. We picked out a dozen or so of views and then commenced the trouble of finding out how much we were to pay for them. We learned that the total cost was 2,000 reis,—dois milreis. This may sound as a very extravagant price, but when the monetary basis of the currency is considered the large figures becomes less formidable. It is easy to become a millionaire in Rio if you reckon your wealth in reis, for one million reis are equivalent to about $300 of our money. You may feel like a Rockefeller or a Carnegie when you come out of the bank with a package of bills amounting to many thousands of reis, but you are quickly disillusioned when it comes to paying expenses. A few thousand reis go but a small way in settling your hotel bill. It takes three hundred reis to mail a letter, and a street-car ride costs you four hundred. The reis is an infinitesimally small coin, and a thousand of them, that is, one milreis, are equal to only about 30 cents. So our dozen cards, after all, cost us but 60 cents in United States money. The currency is in paper, and very dirty paper it is.

The language is almost as bad as the money. Portuguese is mostly used, but to me it sounded like a *patois* of Spanish. I tried to get along with ordinary Spanish, but failing in this I fell back on French and managed to make myself understood in that language especially with the better class of the natives who more or less understand and speak that tongue.

In order to acquire an acquaintance with the relative bearings of the city and scenery we mounted Castle Hill, from where we enjoyed a fine vista of the red tile roof tops and the waters of the bay,

as well as the windings of the streets climbing up the hills and running down into the valleys. We were able to take in the general "lay" of the city and its environments and get a good idea of its principal landmarks and ramifications.

Returning we took the "Bond" or electric train from the Avenida Central and rode along toward Botofogo passing many narrow streets with houses of different heights and colors, some with stores, above which the proprietors live. As there are no back-yards or gardens ,the only place the people have for taking an airing is in little balconies which extend out from each story of the house.

The "Bonds," as they are called, which are the means of rapid transit in Rio, are simply American trolley-cars run by a company composed of American and Canadian capitalists. There are two classes of these cars, the first-class being devoted to well-dressed persons without bundles and the second to the working-classes with heavy packages. The origin of the name is curious. When the system was first inaugurated, the people had heard much about American *bonds* in connection with the negotiation, hence the name was applied to the cars, and it has clung to them ever since.

Many of the streets were thronged with carts, wagons, pannier mules and donkeys carrying the wares of the peddlers and hucksters, consisting of vegetables, fruits, fowls, fish, bread, cakes and doces (sweets). The vegetables are generally placed in large baskets which are slung over the backs of the animals with a rope attachment, one on either side. Sometimes the venders carry the baskets suspended from a long pole placed across their own shoulders. The cakes and doces are usually in glass cases which are borne around on the head. Bread and confectionery are also carried on the head in receptacles like a baby's crib, lined with red flannel. This head-carrying method is quite characteristic of the place, and reminds one of the Italian burden-bearers of our Northern cities. In fact everything that is not too heavy is hoisted on to the head and, thus laden, the peripatetic merchants make their way from door to door and from place to place. These itinerant street-hawkers keep up a constant and raucous din calling out their wares. Some use tin whistles, some horns, while others clap sticks together to herald their approach. The fowl-peddlers crush as many as twenty live chickens and roosters into a basket and with the cackling and crowing of these and the whoops and shouts of the sellers a very Babel of discordant noise is kept up which is very trying to the ears of strangers.

On the streets we saw people of many shades of color, from the

A CHICKEN PEDDLER, RIO

"CHICKENS FOR SALE"—ANOTHER STYLE

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"DULCES" PEDDLER, RIO

"SWEET DRINKS," RIO

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blond-haired Teuton with pink cheeks and blue eyes to the dark-orbed Spaniard with raven curls and swarthy skin. Of the so-called colored class the representatives ranged in complexion from black coffee to lightest chocolate. Most of the natives are dark-visaged.

Coming to the bay we passed beautiful "palacetes," or residences, commanding a view overlooking the harbor and the shore drive. Here we left the train and turned up the Gloria Hill, but not before taking a rest on a low wall put up to prevent the unwary from tumbling down the steep embankment. The top of this hill recalled to us the Scripture idea of a city on a hill, but not "from the top of Hermon" or any other mount of old was the scene more enchanting. Upon this hill is situated the quaint, old, white-washed church of Nossa Senhora da Gloria, a fitting place to rest and meditate if one is inclined that way. Coming down from the top we passed old gray walls over which hung poinsettas, with their flaming flowers, and other trees rich in foliage and blossoms, many of them entwined with parasitic growths. There were also tangles of vines with great orchids blooming among them, which would command a high price in the cities of the United States.

We took the train again and were whirled along to a beautiful lake of about two miles in diameter, which is connected with the ocean. On the way we passed many handsome residences. The *Chapa,* or conductor, called out "Jardim Botanico," and we got out to view this wonderland of nature. This garden is situated between the Corcovado and the sea. A neat hedge of Brazilian thorn separates it from the dusty road. It is said that there is only one flower-garden in all the world superior to that of Rio, and it is in Buitenzorg in Java. I have seen this garden, and in comparing it with that of Rio I would give the palm, the precedence to the latter. Rio's "Jardim" is simply gorgeous in its loveliness, a treasure-house of tropical beauty which dazzles the eye with the richness of its flowers and plants and trees. Walking along its gravel pathways we saw many strange and novel specimens, among which an amateur botanist might revel for hours. Of the many curious products of nature we observed, the bread-fruit tree appealed to us most, not that we were hungry or in need of partaking of its rough spheroidal treasures, which somewhat resemble a green pineapple, though the covering is not so spiny nor the fruit as long. When fully matured the fruit turns yellow. In its green or unripe state it contains a milky juice, and when the edible stage is reached it resembles fresh bread, being white and mealy. It is then slightly tart. When baked it is sweetish

and somewhat astringent, but otherwise tasteless. It is generally used by being beaten into a paste with cocoanut milk, but sometimes it is served with bananas and plantains. The tree itself grows to a height of about forty feet and the stem or bole is branchless for about halfway up. The leaves are dark green, some three feet long, and have from three to nine lobes. It produces several crops in the year. We saw great clusters of bamboos, some of the stalks being over fifty feet long. The leaves were feathery and very pretty and afforded a fine shade.

In coming out of this paradise of flowers and plants we stopped under the magnificent avenue of palm-trees that is unsurpassed in the world. Rio is the home of the royal palm; it is all over, and as "a thing of beauty" cannot be excelled. These noble trees with their circular columns tower up to a height of from one hundred to two hundred feet. Their symmetrical shafts of silver-gray, smooth as a billiard-ball, are bare to the top, where they end in a canopy of graceful, fern-like green leaves which remind one of a huge feather-duster. Many of the residences are surrounded by them and they serve better than marble columns or fluted pillars. Nowhere are they seen to better advantage than in this splendid avenue of the Botanic Garden, for their great height and bare stems strikingly contrast with the other arborage and vegetation.

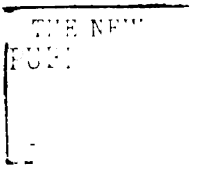
On our ride we had wound around mountains, skirted hills, swept through valleys, passed beautiful villas and looked upon glittering lakes reflecting back the sunshine, yet we had only made a seven-mile trip from where we first started, and measured as the crow flies, it would not have been half that distance.

On our return we stopped just before we reached the Aveni la Central at the "Passeio Publico," or public walks. This is a pretty little park situated near the Monroe Palace. It has very fashionable and popular promenades. The entrance is unpretentious but within there are serpentine canals, lovely walks and some small *jets d'eaux* which flash and sparkle in iridescent beauty in the sunlight. From the terrace, which is neatly constructed, having at each end an octagonal house, there is a splendid view of the harbor, the Sugar Loaf and the Gloria Hill.

Though Rio has been metamorphosed in recent years from an architectural standpoint, many features of the old city still remain. The chief of these is the famous old Ouvidor, a unique street which might be termed the Broadway of the Capital, that is, in a business sense, for it is far from broad as a thoroughfare. In fact it is so nar-

"NOT ALL IS CARRIED ON FOOT," RIO

QUAINT STREET VENDER, RIO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FRONT OF A DRINK SHOP, RIO

THE MONROE PALACE, AVENIDA CENTRAL, RIO

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row that vehicles are not permitted in it at all. It is crowded every minute of the day by throngs of shoppers, business men, loungers and those who simply come to see the sights and gossip. Many of the best stores are here, and there is a café or restaurant at almost every turn. Sometimes so dense is the mass of humanity that it is difficult to make way through the place. A great annoyance is the lottery peddlers, who accost you at every turn, importuning you to take a chance. It is also a great resort for the politicians. Here the office-seeker holds receptions on the sidewalks, here the representatives come to feel the pulse of their constituents, and here the people discuss the relative merits of those seeking their suffrage. Here, also, and too often, are plots laid and hatched which result in crime and bloodshed. The houses which line this street are old, of from one to three stories, but they put forth a brave show as far as paint is concerned, being daubed in all the coloring of the rainbow—pink, yellow, white ,blue, brown and green. Being so irregular in height they cut the sky-line in a serrated appearance like the teeth of a saw, *minus* a tooth here and there.

Some of the stores along the Ouvidor are very good. There are many jewelers' shops. Everybody has heard of Brazilian diamonds. They are very fine stones, although they are not popular with Yankee lapidaries, and the setting does not show as good workmanship as we are accustomed to see in the States. There are large dry-goods emporiums, for the people are very fond of dress. Tailor shops and millinery establishments do a good business. It is somewhat curious and wonderful to see silks and velvets, worsteds and broadcloths marked in the windows at 2,000, 3,000 and 4,000 per yard, but when you come to understand that *reis* are meant curiosity and wonder vanish.

The cafés along this street are always crowded. There the people sit drinking coffee all day long, coffee "as strong as the devil, as hot as hell, as black as ink and as sweet as love." Certainly the coffee is good, and it is cheap. It is said that the inordinate drinking of this beverage has tended to make the people nervous and high strung, and it can be well believed. It is also claimed that the coffee gets into their complexions and makes them more dark-skinned in feature than they otherwise would be. I certainly saw many coffee-colored people, but whether the liquid had any part in making them such I cannot say.

Besides the Ouvidor there are many other narrow streets, relics of bygone time, which seem to defy modern innovation to change

them. And the nomenclature seems strange to a *Norte-Americano* or *Yanqui,* as the Brazilians prefer to call a citizen of the United States. For instance, there is the "Seventh of September" Street and the "First of March" Street and few know why these are so called or what happened on those days. The "Fifteenth of November" Square, of course, commemorates the birth of the Republic. Then religion plays a good part in naming the streets. There are the "Street of Good Jesus," "St. John the Baptist Street," "St. John the Evangelist Street," "San Sebastian Street,' 'and many others called after favorite saints, but if the Saints could see some of them they might not feel honored at this form of saint worship which characterizes the good "Flumenenses," as the inhabitants of Rio are called, from that erroneous conception of the early discoverers that the place was the mouth of a river.

Of the modern thoroughfares the next best to the Avenida Central and practically a continuation of it is the Beira Mar (around the sea) which, beginning at the Monroe Palace, runs between the hills and the bay and follows the outline of the latter. It is a lovely boulevard of double parks and rows of stately palms through which the lights and shades play with charming effect. Along it are many fine residences. The drive leads out past the Praia da Lapa, the Praia da Russell and the Praia da Flamengo until the horseshoe curve of Botofogo is reached, the place where the Exposition of 1908 was held, the buildings of which are still standing.

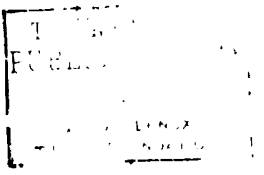
The Rua Uruguayana is another thoroughfare which has been widened and beautified. It is a fairly broad street now, running at right angles to the Avenida Central. On a corner of the Rua Uruguayana stands the Caixa de Amortizacao, or treasury building, where the paper and gold money is exchanged. It is a very beautiful structure of a chaste style of architecture and is much admired by sight-seers.

The Canal do Mangue runs through the center of the Mangue. There are four driveways along it, two on either side of the canal. Leaving the palms the avenue takes a broad sweep and following the course of the canal leads to the new docks, where great warehouses have been erected to take care of freight.

These streets are very busy during the day, when they are animated and brilliant with well-dressed men and women on foot, in carriages and in automobiles. The Avenida Central is especially gay in the afternoons when the *bon ton* come out for drives and prome-

GOOD TYPE OF NEGRESS, RIO

BROOM AND BASKET PEDDLER, RIO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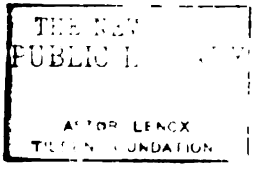
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"SCISSORS TO GRIND," RIO

FISH VENDER, RIO

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nades, the splendid Parisian costumes of the ladies attracting much attention.

Rio can boast many fine public buildings. The Municipal Building is a vast ornate pile, brilliant in color and adorned with statues. A number of royal palms surrounding it give it a splendid setting. The Municipal Theater cost several million dollars and will hold twenty thousand people. There are several other theaters, but none approaches in size or style this great temple dedicated to dramatic art. All, however, are well attended. Performances are given in French, Spanish and Portuguse. In the winter season there is Italian Opera, which is liberally patronized by the upper classes. The National Library and the Museum of Art are also large buildings well worthy a visit, not alone for their architectural grandeur but for the books, pictures, statuary and specimens they contain. The National Museum is hidden away in an immense park on the opposite side of Rio; it was formerly the palace of the Emperor. It contains many collections of scientific interest and many specimens of the animal and insect life of Brazil together with exhibitions of the handiwork of the aboriginal tribes, the descendants of whom are to be found still in different parts of the republic. The Monroe Palace, which is a reproduction of the Brazilian building at the St. Louis Exposition, marks the boundary between the Avenida Central and the Beira Mar. It was specially erected for the sessions of the Pan-American conference which were held in it in 1906.

Other interesting public struuctures rise up in variouus parts of the city. Of these may be mentioned the Casa de Moeda (mint), the Congress and Senate Buildings, the Navy and War Departments, and the Mansion of the President. The Misericordia Hospital, facing the bay, is an enormouus structure and is said to be the largest of its kind in the world. It was founded by the Sisters of Mercy soon after the first settlement was made. The building has been overhauled and remodeled several times. It has accommodation for 1,200 patients.

There are many more structures of interest, but, as the auctioneers' bills say, they are too numerous to mention. The points of interest, the landmarks, the streets, the buildings of Rio would require volumes to describe them, nor can they be seen in a day, a week, or even in a year. The artificial beauty, the man-made features of the city, are many and imposing, but the natural beauties, the impressive grandeur, the effects of mountain and sky and sea and shore are inexhauustible, illimitable, boundless. Something new, something

fresh, something novel, something unique in charm and setting is ever before the eye to claim attention, to captivate and inspire.

There is an old saying which has it,—"See Naples and die." I would improve it and say,—"See Rio de Janeiro and live,—live to keep it green and fresh and fair in memory."

CHAPTER XVIII

AROUND AND ABOUT RIO

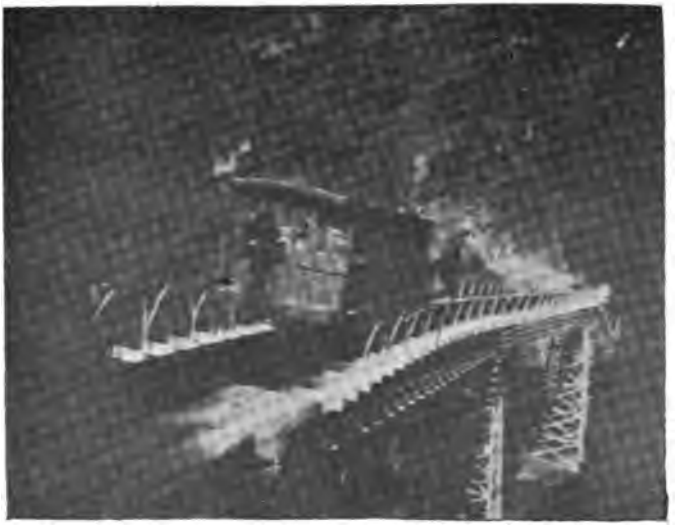
PLACES OF INTEREST AND IMPORTANCE NEAR THE CITY

Rio has many beautiful environs, and some of them are places of much importance, being residental sections of the wealthier classes, or retreats for statesmen, office-holders, politicians and government officials. A number of villages and fairly large towns are within easy reach of the city. Of the latter the first in importance is Petropolis, where good old Dom Pedro II had his palace, and where the kindly, lovable Emperor spent most of his time. It is about thirty miles from Rio, and when we were there the short trip had to be made both by water and by land, the first part being on boat across the blue bay to the Maua landing, thence by train up a steep incline for the rest of the way. Now, I understand it is possible to make the whole journey by rail and in half the time formerly required by the water-and-land route. Yet, if I were there again I would prefer to make the trip as we did, for it is more romantic and affords a better and more diversified view of the country. We had a delightful little sail across the bay, past the Fiscal Island with its imposing edifice, and other islands glittering like jewels in a sapphire setting, as the beams of the morning sun struuck the waters until we came to the projecting wooden jetty of the Maua landing, where we made connection with the oldest railroad in the republic. This is a branch of the Leopoldina System, which is the greatest system in Brazil, being a consolidation of many small lines, and possessing the first rails laid in the country, in 1856, by Viscount Maua. An English Company, about a dozen years ago, took over the bonds of the several subordinate lines, since when there has been a decided improvement in the management, the expenses being less and the income greater.

For a short distance the road runs over a low and rather swampy course, but we soon struck the foothills of the mountains and began a very stiff climb, which in some places marks a gradient of fifteen per cent. When we reached the maximum the incline was so great that some of us thought we were about to emulate the "fly on the ceiling" act with heads down and heels up. The wonderful beauty of the scenery and the views to be obtained more than compensated for any jar our nerves may have sustained in the ascent. The country became rugged and of romantic character. The sides of the mountains, broken and precipitous, are clothed with gorgeous and enormous tropical vegetation. The tall royal palm majestically tops off the rocky crests, and smaller palms and other trees spring forth wherever they can get a lodgment for their roots in the hard soil which sparsely covers the rocks. Deep-green ferns wave their myriad fronds back and forth, and the feathery tops of the tall bamboos rustle in the gentle breeze. Giant orchids of many forms and glowing colors cling from great trees above the jungle of matted green bushes and these, with the parasites and other specimens of air plants which creep around the stems and branches, give a variety and brightness that relieve the density of the thick foliage and vegetation. As the train ascends many and novel glimpses are caught of the blue bay and its islands with the roofs of the big city beyond, and away in the background the towering heights of Corcovado and Tijuca. The cloud effects are magnificent and ever varying. At times the clouds sweep down the mountains in great billowy waves shutting out heights and hollows, trees and vegetation; again they drift in and out in thin lines like gray shadows among the defiles and gorges of the massive hills, as if making their way to some rendezvous of cloud land. But the grandest transformation takes place when the sunbeams drive the vapors before them, and the clouds dissolve away over mountain and sea leaving an unobscured view of land and water, and one can see in all the charm of perspective beauty the red-tiled roofs and white walls of Rio, sitting on its crescent above the shimmering green of the sapphire bay.

Ravines are crossed and overhead massive walls of rock look as if the slightest commotion would topple them from their bases into the yawning chasms beneath. Mountain streams toss and foam through the gorges, and when there is a heavy rainfall these swell and foam with the fury of miniature cataracts. But in fair weather or foul there is always an impressiveness in the scenery and a diversity of view which well repay the traveler for the journey.

VIEW FROM CURVELLO, RIO, SHOWING SUGAR LOAF



EN ROUTE TO CORCOVADO, RIO

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After the *alta da serra*, or top of the mountain, is reached, it is but a short and easy ride down to Petropolis, nestling among the foothills of the Organ Mountains. Situated as it is, needless to say it is a pretty town. The population is almost 20,000, but it fluctuates considerably. There are many delightful homes and pleasant villas, for a good number of wealthy Brazilians have their summer residences here and, besides, it is the headquarters for the Diplomatic Corps or representatives of foreign governments to the Court of the United States of Brazil. This is the only place outside a capital where the legations have their homes the year round. Uncle Sam has one of the finest houses in the whole place. In fact every traveler, whether from the United States or elsewhere, is interested in the home of the American Legation. Although but a one-storied building it has an imposing appearance with its large portico supported by gray Doric columns. It is built of stone and stucco, and the rooms are large and have very high ceilings. The garden and grounds are beautiful, scientifically laid out and ornamented with a profusion of rare plants and trees. There are those indigenous to the tropics and the hardier representatives of northern climes. Masses of color meet the eye at every turn—reds, pinks, yellows, carnations and whites. Camelias, which we are accustomed to see only in hot-houses, bloom here in the open air in flush of growth, and great bushes of rhododendrons put forward their blooms in a wealth of profusion and size not seen elsewhere, while their cousins, the azaleas, raise their evergreen leaves and fragrant flowers in a regal glory all their own. Palm-trees of many varieties skirt the walks of the lawn, and beside the house is a small grove of orange-trees which supply fresh fruit for the breakfast table in season. Bananas, large and luscious, can be picked in the back yard. On the whole the surroundings are ideal and one is inclined to envy the fortunate individual whose lot has fallen upon such pleasant places as the representative of the United States.

Across the way from the American Legation is a magnificent building, formerly the suummer palace of Dom Pedro, but now utilized as a seminary for young ladies. There are several seminaries and schools in Petropolis. One of the best is an American institution under the auspices of the Methodist Church. It is devoted to the education of girls and all the teachers are North Americans. It is sustained by contributions from Methodist women of the United States. The building, which was formerly the home of a rich Brazilian, is situated on a hill above the town which gives it an im-

posing look; the location is very healthy, the view good, the teaching all that could be desired, and these three advantages render the school very popular and cause it to be well attended.

Formerly the education of women was at a low ebb throughout Brazil, but conditions have changed of late years and now the girl is as well looked after as the boy in regard to mental equipment. Although as yet there are no "new women" in Brazil in the sense we understand the term in London or New York, women are well to the front and taking an active part in the arena of every-day life; situations which not so long ago they were deemed unfit to fill have been thrown open to them and in many cases they are preferred to employes of the other sex. There are girl book-keepers, stenographers, telegraph and telephone operators, accountants, secretaries, helpers in financial institutions and in many other capacities, which ten or a dozen years ago were closed to them.

Petropolis, with its surroundings, has been called the Switzerland of Brazil, and the comparison is not inapt. It has many features which recall the little Alp country down here in the latitude of the Southern tropic. There are glens and glades, gorges and defiles, woods and forests, hills, mountains and streams which bring the memory back to the Alpine scenery on the Swiss borders; only snows and glaciers are lacking to add to the resemblance. But no temperate climate can produce such coloring and such varying hues of landscape as are to be seen here. The massive, dense tropical vegetation and the play of sunshine and shadow cannot be duplicated in northern regions.

The narrow streets of Petropolis are always pleasantly cool and shady, which makes a visit to it very refreshing after the heat and glare of the narrow streets of Rio. A stream of water flows through the town and this is crossed in several places by red bridges which fit in well with the general color scheme of the houses and stores. The air is exceptionally pure and invigorating and the place is said to be very well adapted for those suffering from pulmonary affections During the summer months, that is to say, from December to April, it is quite gay, as most of the wealth and fashion of the metropolis pay a visit at some time during this season. The President and most of the Ministry have villas, and there is an interchange of social life which is very agreeable and pleasant.

On the whole Petropolis is a place well worth seeing and the visitor carries away many delightful memories not only of the

scenery and general surroundings but of the courtesy of the people and the kindly way they treat the strangers within their gates.

Returning across the bay from Maua we experienced a sunset that I think can only be seen in this latitude. Here the great golden orb of day does not sink slowly down to the western horizon, leaving long streamers of light behind, as in temperate lands, to prolong the time of twilight, but suddenly drops as it were beneath the rim of earth in a great ball of glowing color, and is gone before you are aware that day has ended and night begun. He does not set,

> As in northern climes obscurely bright,
> But in one unclouded blaze of living light.

As we looked toward the mountains behind Rio we could see the clouds aglow with crimson and purple, blushing, so to speak, where the god of day had imprinted his farewell kiss for the night, but in a few moments the colors faded and somber evening came down covering land and water as with a pall. The faint twilight was so short it is hard to describe. It was not the poetical hour of twilight, when "fades the glimmering landscape," but merely a blink of gray light between the passing of the day and the coming of the night. Presently we found ourselves sailing in intense tropical darkness. Soon the stars of the southern constellations appeared in the vault above, scintillating and twinkling, as if holding conversation with the places which had missed them during the day.

One day we made a trip to Tijuca by train. This village lies in a gorge known as the Alto da Boa Vesta, which is eight hundred and sixty feet nearer heaven than the picturesque city of Rio. The coolness and shade of this place were a great relief from the hot pavements of the city. The views from the mountain here are in keeping with those from the other vantage points round about the city. Lovely beyond description are these scenes in the undulations of the forest-covered hills; so no matter how facile the descriptive pen is it can never do them justice or portray them as they are. Some points we visited on this trip were the "Cachoeinna," or little cascade; "Cachoeira," or greater cascade; the "Emperor's Table" and the "Chinese View." From the last-mentioned we had a vista covering the whole city of Rio with all its hills and surrounding mountains until the eye rested on the blue waters of the faraway Atlantic.

On the bay across from Rio, is the capital of the State of Rio de Janeiro. This is Nictheroy, a town of about 30,000 inhabitants. Ferries run across to it every half hour or so. It has no distinctive

features to distinguish it from the generality of South American towns of the same size. The suburbs of Itajahy and Sacco do San Francisco, on the shores of the bay, are very picturesque, and several of the well-known business men and capitalists of Rio have their homes there.

The days were all too short for our sight-seeing rambles through the big city and excursions into the suburbs, though we tried to utilize every hour to the best advantage. We had some strenuous times in going around, and were always glad to get back to the quietude of our hotel under old Corcovado, where we amused ourselves in the evening after dinner in many ways. One of our principal pastimes was catching different kinds of bugs and moths in specially constructed nets. We scared the insects from the trees in the grounds of the hotel, and as they emerged into the electric light it was easy to pounce upon them with our nets. Among the different specimens captured we discovered the beautiful moth-miller which is peculiar to this place. In fact an entomologist would have been delighted with the results of our efforts, but alas, there was none present to classify and describe our tiny prisoners, so in most cases we let them go back to the trees again. The amusement was novel and more or less exciting. Can any of our home hotels afford a similar pastime for its guests?

When wearied with this form of entertaining ourselves, we would sit on the piazza or on chairs out on the grounds watching the thousands of lights sparkling and glittering and shimmering and scintillating from the towers and roofs and windows and streets of Rio, while large bats circled round our heads and the cool tranquilizing breeze from the mountains fanned our faces like the waft of angels wings in the evening glow. At night Rio with its myriad of lights appears from a distance, like some enchanted city or some place sacred to gods or genii where the denizens of other worlds hold high carnival for the envy of mortals. As we looked upon it lying below us as in a basin, a gentleman remarked to me: "It is as if the heavens were inverted with the stars shining up from a concave vault." That modern fairyland of lights actually fascinated us; it seemed as if each light was a mesmerizing eye which brought us under the power of its enchantment. The scene put us under a spell and lulled us into a sort of dreamland reverie in which we would indulge until the leathery wings of a bat, or the swish of a night-miller would awake us from our trance to the actual surroundings and discover to us that the hour for retiring had arrived.

GATE OF CARIOCO AQUEDUCT, RIO

AT TOP OF CORCOVADO, RIO

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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At last the day of parting came around and we had to say a fond, but let us hope, not a last farewell to beautiful, never-to-be-forgotten Rio.

"All earthly joys must pass away,
The fairest flowers must fade.
To-day must give to-morrow place,
Time cannot be delayed."

As we passed out of the harbor the sun was setting in radiant, glowing, tropical glory, his last beams blending sky, water and land in a picture which can never fade from the memory. A glittering pathway stretched toward the west, and in its track all things were fused in the red and golden tints of the parting sunlight. It was a scene worthy of the land we were leaving, a land indeed to which the words of the old navigator when addressing his sovereign may be fittingly applied: "This is the most beautiful land eyes ever beheld."

With prow turned toward the North and Home the Lamport & Holt steamer *Voltaire* cut the waves of the blue Atlantic bearing us away from lovely Rio and its enchanting surroundings. The coast faded from view in the dying light as we waved back the parting "Adios."

INDEX

INDEX.

PAGE

Along the Western Coast 64-101
Alpaca, The 171
Alps, The Majestic 1
Anconcagna, Mt. 361
Ancon, Canal Zone 55
Hotel Tivoli 61
Andean Huts 360
Andean Passes 360
Andean Scenery 350, 351
Andean Solitudes 361
Antofogasta, Town of 301, 302
Export Trade of 301
Arabia 2
Arequipa 159, 165, 166, 171, 175
Buildings of 166
Fruits and Plants 166
Harvard Observatory 165
Industries of 171, 172
Argentina 367
Arica, Town of 298, 301
Around Rio 457-467
Aspinwall (Colon) 45
Atahualpa, The Inca 94, 198, 205
Butchery of 205
Ransom offered by 198
Athens, Hoary 2
"Athens of the South" 166
Australia 2, 292
Aymara Indians 253

Backbone of the Andes 354
"Balboa" (Vasco Nuñez) 68, 71
Balsas, Lake Titicaca 230, 232
"Banda Oriental," The 398
Bethlehem 2
"Blackbeard," The Buccaneer 44
Blue Mountains, Jamaica 17
Bolivar 151
Bolognesi, Col. Francisco 108
Botofogo, Rio 426
"Bower of the Gods" 37
Brazil 406-467
Brazilian Diamonds 449
Brig *Nancy* 26

Buccaneers, The 38-49
Description of 39, 40
Origin of 39
Buenos Aires 367-394
Busy Streets of 370, 373
Cemeteries of 386
"Conventillas" of the poor 393
Cosmopolitan City 393
Great Trade of 370
Harbor and Docks 369, 370
Hotels and Restaurants 377
Importance of 368
Markets of 389
Milk Shops 390
Mortality of 386
Newspapers of 382, 385
Parks of 378
Police of 394
Population of 369
Public Buildings of 374
Rank and Fashion of 373
Residences of 390
Theaters of 382
University of 386
Water Supply of 390

Cacray, Town of 148
Cailloma, Silver Mines of 176
Callao 94, 101, 152
Canal Zone 46
Supplies for 46
Caracoles, Station at 359
Caribbean Sea 7, 45
Lands Around 7
Casapalca, Town of 148
Cerro de Pasco, Mines of 151
"Ceylon's Lovely Isle" 2
Chagres River 50, 57, 58
Checacupe, Town of 184
Chica, Native Liquor 160
Chicla, Town of 148
Chile 288-305
Nitrate "Fields" 293, 294, 297
Rich in Minerals 297
Chilean Coast 291-293
Chilean *Rotos* 67
Chimborazo, Mt. 76
Chimu Race 89
China, Jealous 2
Chincha Islands 154
Guano Deposits 154
Cholo Indians 267
Chosica, Town of 142
"Christ the Redeemer," Statue of 362
Chuno, Frozen Potatoes 223
"City of the Kings" 102-127
City of Panama 62
Houses and Streets 62
Climbing the Andes 353

Coati Island, Lake Titicaca 237
Coca, The Plant 166
Colisseum, The 2
Colon, Canal Zone 45, 46, 49
Columbia, Coast of 72
Condor, The National Bird 354, 359
Coquimbo, Town of 302
Cortez, Hernando 50
Cossack, Home of 2
Costa Rica 71
Cotopaxi, Mt. 76
Cousino, Señora Isadora 337
Crossing the Andes 350-367
Crucero Alto, ... 183
Highest Railroad Town 183
Cuaca, National Dance 337, 338
Cuba 7, 8
Curitiba, Brazil 406
Cuzco 175-224
Ancient Civilization of 190
Beginning of Incan Era 190
Bells of 215
Buildings of the Present 223, 224
Garden of the Sun 205
Glimpses of the Past 189
House of the Virgins 205
Incan Palaces 197, 198
Incan Ruins 197
Incan Treasures 198
Legends 190
Manco Capac 190
Mama Occla 190
Modern City, The 216
Origin of the Incas 190
Sacsahuaman Fortress 206, 215
Temple of the Sun 197
Cuzco, Valley of 184
Fruits from 184

Davis, Edward, Buccaneer 71
"Death of Atahualpa," The Painting 107
Death of "Balboa" 71
De Lesseps and the Canal 51
Desert of Islay 165
Digging the Big Ditch 50-63
Distances Saved by Canal 61
Donkeys 171
Down the West Coast 64-101

Ecclesiastical Prerogatives, Lima 107
Ecuador 76-84
Education, Canal Zone 57
El Misti, Mt. 160, 176
Empire, Canal Zone 57
Equator, Crossing the 75
Eten, Town of 93
Euphrates and Tigris, Valley of 2
Europe, Byways of 1
European Adventurers and Desperadoes 39

"Fairyland of Flowers and Sunshine" 37
Farewell to Rio 467
Farms of Argentina 367
"Fiesta" Days 345
"Flower of the Antilles" 1-37
Foothills of the Andes 141
Desolate Appearance of 141
Forum, The Roman 2
France, Vivacious 1
"France's Folly" 52
Freight on the West Coast 67
"Freight Train of the Andes" 171

Galera, The 151
Gatun Dam, Panama Canal 61
"Gem of the Southern Pacific" 327
Germany, Classic 1
Gethsemane 2
Gladstone, W. E. 8
Grace, W. R. & Co. 134
Grand Divide, The 183
Great South American Desert 84
Greece, Ancient 2
"Gringos," Origin of 302, 305
Guano 154
Guaqui 241
Guayaquil, City of 76, 80, 83
Exports of 83
Importance of Port 83
Guayas River 75, 84
Gulf Stream 14

Haiti, Island of 8
Highest Railroad 128, 151
Hispaniola, Natives of 39
Hope, near Kingston 13
House of the Virgins, Cuzco 205
Hygiene, Canal Zone 55

Illimani, Mt. 238
Incan Capital 175-224
Incas, The 190, 216
Children of the Sun 190
Garden of the Sun 205
Glory and Greatness of 205
Government of 205
House of the Virgins 205
Legends of 190
Manco Capac 190, 233, 234
Mama Occlo 190, 233, 234
On Lake Titicaca 190
Origin of 190
Palaces of 205
Riches of 198
Skilled in Arts 216
Temple of the Sun 197, 205
Treasures of 198, 234
Virgins of the Sun 205

India, Occult 2
Indian Capital 175
Indian Huts 142
Indians, Cholo 148, 223
Iodine 294
Iquique 301
Irving, Washington 103
Islay, Desert of 165
Isthmian Canal 7
Itajahy 406

Jamaica 8-37
Agricultural Districts 13
Annotta Bay 21
Blue Mountains 14, 26, 31
Climate of 13
Constant Springs Hotel 31
East Indian Coolies 18
Education in 8
Golden Vale of 18
"Nature-Woven Lace" 31
Negro Insurrections 13
Negro Slavery in 8
Population of 13
Port Antonio 14
Port Royal Bay 21
Products of 25
Rio Grande 18
St. Margaret's Bay 21
St. Mary's, Blue Hills of 17
Sugar Plantations of 8
Wag-Water River 21
Japan, Strange 2
Juliaca 183, 229
Hotel Ratti 183
Juncal, Town of 354

Kingston, Jamaica 25, 26
Architecture of 26
Curio Shops 31
Energy and Bustle of 25
Healthy City 26
Hotel Myrtle Bank 25
People of 26
Port Royal 22, 38
Port Royal Bay 22
Public Buildings of 22
Streets and Homes of 26
Kidd, Captain 44
Kaolin, Fine Sand 159

La Boca, Harbor of 68
Lagoinha 426
Lagunillas, The 183
"Land of Flowers" 14
La Paz 242-287
Aymara Indians 253
Bull-fighting 280

Carmelite Nuns 261
Climate of 245
Churches of 254
Danger of Violent Exercise 246
Games of Chance 268, 279
Highest City in the World 245
Houses of 262
Keeping warm 246
Markets of 267, 268
"Mountain Sea-sickness" 246
Quichua Indians 253, 254
Streets of 245, 279
Walls of 242
Lapland, Bluffs of 1
La Prensa, newspaper, Buenos Aires 382, 385
Building and Offices of 382
La Serena, Town of 302
Large Trade of 302
Mines near 302
Lava Tracts 160
Lewis Galdy, Tomb of 32
Lima 102-127
Archbishop of 104
Aspect of City 112
Business Hours 116
Cathedral 112, 122
Church Feasts 120
Church Furnishings 122
"City of the Kings" 120-127
Clubs of 111
Cosmopolitanism of 116
Deceptive Appearance of 115
Dress of the People 119
Ecclesiastical Prerogatives 107
"Fiesta" Days 120
Flimsy Architecture of 115
Founded by Pizarro 103
Holy Inquisition, The 102
Hotels of 112
House of the Viceroys 102
Lottery Gambling 127
National Library 123
Plaza Mayor 104
Population of 116
Public Buildings of 103, 122
Rome of South America, The 120
Rose of Lima, Saint 101
Santo Domingo Church 104
Social Set of 111
Stores and Shops of 116
Street Peddlers of 124
Stronghold of Catholicism 120
Taken by San Martin 107
Tomb of Pizarro 104
University of 123
Women and Girls of 119
Line, Crossing the 75
Liquor of Pisco 152
Llai-Llai, Town of 352
Llamas 171, 176
Description of 171

Nature of 171
L'Ollonois, The Buccaneer 40
Los Andes, Station 352
Los Cuevas, Station 365
Los Loros, Station 354
"Lost Garden of Eden" 37
Los Vacas, Station 365
Lottery Gamblers, Rio 449

Mama Occlo 190, 233, 234
Manco Capac 190, 233, 234
Mantas, Feminine Garments 223
Mareo Montana, ("Mountain Sea-sickness") 246
Maroons 8
Matucana, Town of 133, 145, 146
McKenna, Benjamin Vicuña 332
"Medanos," The 165
Mediterranean, The 1
Meiggs, Henry 128, 129, 130, 133
Mendoza, Town of 365, 366
An Oasis in a Desert 366
Plentiful Fruits 366
Visited by Earthquake 366
Mendoza River 365
Miraflores, Panama Canal 58
Mollendo, Port of 154, 159, 288, 292
Hotel Ferrocarril 159, 288
Importance of 159
Stormy Harbor of 154
View from 292
Montbar, The Buccaneer 40
Montevideo 397-405
Architecture of 401
Around the Bay of 404
Aspect of the City 401
Beautiful Villas of 404
Beautiful Women of 405
Emporiums and Shops 406
Healthy Location of 398
Hotels of 403
Nomenclature of 402
Pamperos (Winds) 401
Population of 401
Public Buildings of 403, 404
Social Intercourse 402
Suburbs of 405
Theaters of 403, 404
University of 405, 406
Well-Dressed Citizens of 405
Morgan, Captain Henry, Buccaneer 40
Mt. Blanc 1
Mt. of Olives 2

Nancy, The Brig 26
Naples, Bay of 1
"Nature-Woven Lace" 31
Nazareth 2
Negroes, West Indian 7
Nictheroy, Town of 216

Nimble Nymphs 38
Nitrate "Fields," Chile 293, 294

O'Connell, Daniel 8
Olives 13
Organ Mountains 419, 461
Orient, The 2
Oroya Railroad 66-151
Branch Line of 134
Bridges of 130
Cost of Construction 130
Difficulty of Construction 130
Galera Tunnel 134
Steep Grades of 137
Wastes of Desolation Seen From 141
Ostriches 367

Palestine 2
Pampas, The 160
Panama, Burning of City of 43
Panama Canal 50-63
A Deadly Region 57
Attacked by the French 51
Big Shovels on 57
Commissariat Department 58
Completion of 1914 58
Cost in Men and Money 52, 53
Culebra Cut 57, 58
Mileage Saved by 58
Number of Laborers Engaged 56, 57
Panama Hats 76, 79
"Paradise of the Pacific" 2
Parangua, Brazil 406
Pascamayo, Town of 93, 94
Payta, Port of 89
A Rainless Region 90
Harbor of 90
Legends of 93
Market Place of 93
Streets of 90
Water-carriers of 96
Pearl Islands 71
"Pearl of the Antilles" 8
Pedro Miguel, Panama Canal 58
Penn, Admiral 8
Persia 2
Peru 89-111
Chimu Race of 89
Developing Industries of 108
Emerging from the Shadow 108
Gallant Resistance of 108
Increasing Value of Exports 111
Shore Line of 84
Spanish Conquerors of 89
Spirit of the Past 111
Spoliation of 108
Stronghold of Catholicism 120
Taking on New Life 111
Treasures of 89

War with Chile 107
Wounds of the Past 111
Vanished Glory of 108
Pisagua, Port of 301
"Peter the Great," Buccaneer 40
Petropolis, City of 457-462
Don Pedro's Palace 461
Home of the Legations 461
Streets of 462
Philippines, The 2
Pierola, Attacks Lima 111
Pisco, Port of 152
Country Around 153
Fruits of 153
Liquor of 152
Mule Tramways 152
Piura, Cotton Center 90
Pizarro 84, 94, 103, 104, 152, 198, 205, 206
Port Antonio, Jamaica 17, 18, 21
Blue Hole, Near 21
Blue Mountain Range 17
Cane Fields Around 18
East Indian Coolies 18
Folly Point Lighthouse 18
Golden Vale 18
Harbor of 17
Hotel Titchfield 14, 18
People of 18
Population of 17
St. Mary's Blue Hills 17
Tropical Scenery 17
Porto Rico 8
Poverty at Panama 62
Puna, Island of 84
Puno, Town of 229, 230
Puno and Arequipa Railroad 175
Costliest Ever Constructed 175

Queen Moon 237
Queen Victoria Lily 22
Quichua Indians 223, 253
Quichua Language 223
Quinua, Fruit 175
Quito, City of 75

Railroad from Valparaiso to Santiago 328
Resguardo, Station at 354
Rhine, The Blue 1
"Ridge of the Penitents" 365
Rimac River 128, 138, 142, 148
Rio Aconcagua River 353
Rio de Janeiro 414-456
Around and About the City 457, 458
Beauty of Harbor 414-419
Botanic Gardens 443
Botofogo 446
Cafés of 449
Corcovado 425, 458, 464
Flowers and Plants 444

Great Progress of 432
History of 431, 432
Hotels of 425, 426
Hunchback Mountain 431
Languages Spoken 437
Lottery Gamblers 449
Lovely Vistas 426
Monroe Palace 444
Public Buildings 432, 437, 455
Red Roofs of 420
Sanitary Improvements 425
Santa Theresa 425, 431
Stores of 449
Streets of 425, 437, 450
Street Names 450
Street Peddlers 438
Street Scenes 438
Suburban Scenery 426
Sugar Loaf Mountain 420, 425, 426
Rio Grande, Port of Southern Brazil 406
Roberts, Captain Bartholomew, Buccaneer 44
Rodney, Admiral 32
Rome, Imperial 2
Rome of South America, The 120

Sacsahuaman Fortress, Cuzco 215
View from 215, 216
Salaverry, Town of 93, 94
San Bartholomé, Town of 145
San Francisco by way of the Horn 51
San Martin, General, Marcl. of 365
Santa Lucia, Rock of 331
Beauty of 331, 332
View from 332, 335
Santa Theresa, Rio 425, 431
Santiago 327-349
Approach to City 328
Bower of Beauty 331
Churches of 332
Climate of 346
"Fiesta" Days 345
Homes of the Wealthy 336, 338, 341
Horse Racing 338
Markets of 345
Metropolitan City of the Andes 328
National Dances 341
Newspapers of 346
Park of Santa Lucia 338
Public Buildings of 341, 342
Railroad from Valparaiso 328
Santa Lucia 331
Shops and Stores of 341
Streets of 336
View from Santa Lucia 338
Santa Rosa, Town of 352
Santos, Coffee Port of Brazil 409, 410
Sao Francisco, Brazil 406
Sao Paulo, Brazil 409, 410
Sargasso Sea 14
Savannas, Broad 7

Secuani, Town of 184, 185
"Shark Papers," The 26
Shovels at Panama 57
Sicily, Sufferers of 25
Slave Stations, Africa 8
"Soldier's Leap," The 354
Sorata, Mt. 230, 237
Sorroche, Mountain Sickness 146, 147, 148, 175
Antidotes for 147
Southern Brazil, Shores of 406
Southern Cross, The 2, 72, 75, 292
Southern Railroad of Peru 159
Spain, Romantic 1
Spaniards 7
Spanish Laborers, C. Z. 57
Spanish Privateers 39
Spanish Town, Jamaica 31
Sparrow, the English Cutter 26
Steamboat *Coya*, Lake Titicaca 230
St. Rose of Lima 107
Sumbay, Town of 176
Switzerland, Rugged 1

Tacna, Province of 301
Taltal, Port of 302
Tarapaca, Province of 301
Teach, English Buccaneer 44
Temple of the Sun, Cuzco 197, 205
Tihuanaco 287
Monolithic Doorways of 287
Monolithic Stones of 287
Monolithic Idols of 287
Antiquarian Interest of 287
Tijuca, near Rio 463
Titicaca, Lake 229-241
Balsas on 230, 232
Coati Island 237
Commerce of 238
Imports and Exports Carried Across 238
Island of 230, 234
Legends of 237
Palaces of 234
Plateau of 229
Steamboat *Coya* 229
Tomb of Pizarro 103
Tortuga, Island of 39
Transandine Road 350, 352
Tropical Glades 14
Truxillo, Town of 94
Tumbez, Port of 84
Turk, Land of the 2

Ugarte, Alfonso 108
University, First in Western World 103
University of Montevideo 405, 406
Uruguay 397
Cattle of 401
Checkered History of 397, 398

Climate of 398
Productions of 398

Valdera, Town of 302
Valparaiso 306-324
A City on Hills 307
Ascensors 307
Barrancas 307
Busiest Port of South America 314
Climate of 320
Clubs of 311, 312
Customs and Manners of 313
Divisions of 308, 311
Earthquake, The Awful 320, 323
Girl Street-car Conductors 317
Great Trade of 317
Harbor and View of 318
Hospitals of 317
"Malecon," The 319
Newspapers of 320
Par of Exchange in 319
Public Buildings of 307
Residences of 311
Royal Hotel 319
Streets of 308, 311, 318
Unique Site of 307
Water and Water-works of 307
Van Horne, the Buccaneer 43
Venables, Admiral 8
Verruga, Pestilence of 133
Vesuvius, Mt. 1
Vicuña, The 171
Vilcamayu River 184
Vina del Mar, Valparaiso 323

War Between Chile and Peru 107
Wart-Water Bridge 145
Watling's Island 14
West Indies 7
West Indian Negroes at Panama 56
Western Australia, Barren Stretches of 160
World, On the Roof of 151

Yellow Fever ("Yellow Jack") 51, 425
"Yerba Maté" (Paraguayan Tea) 378

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MAR 28 1917
APR 27 '17